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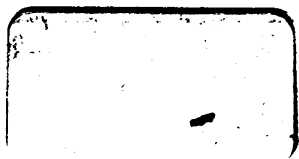
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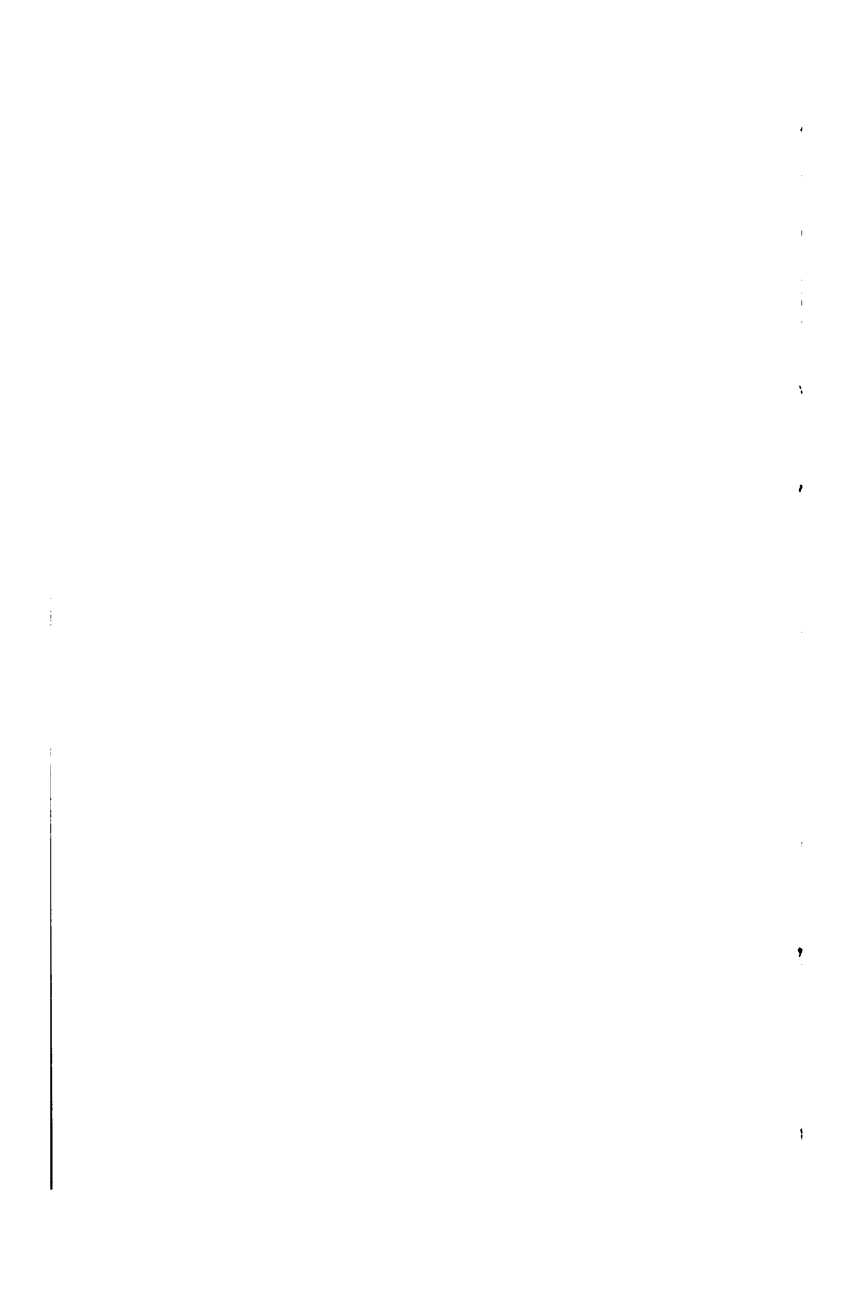
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Lyra Eucharistica.

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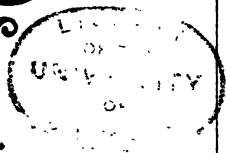
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EDITED BY

THE REV. ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A.

11

Second Edition.



London :

LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, ROBERTS,

AND GREEN.

1864.

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Preface.



THE Second Edition of *Lyra Eucharistica* has been considerably enlarged. One entirely new Part, the Sixth, has been added, which contains Miscellaneous Hymns; and each of the five original Parts has been increased. In all, about one hundred and thirty Hymns have been added, twenty-three in Part I, fifteen in Part II, sixteen in Part III, nineteen in Part IV, ten in Part V, and the remainder in the last Part. Of these about ninety, or three-fourths of the whole, are either original or new translations, or reprints of privately printed or unpublished Hymns. Sixteen are translations from ancient Latin Sources which, with two exceptions, have neither been previously published nor translated; three Hymns are respectively of Spanish and Italian origin; and six are Versions from the German.

This Edition has also been carefully revised, and that in several ways. Many of the Hymns have been critically revised, either by their Authors or with their consent, by which means more polish and a greater finish have been attained. In order to save all available space for the introduction of fresh Hymns, several typographical and other changes and improvements have been made. The references in the Index of Sources have been classified and re-arranged, without impairing its completeness. Secondary titles or texts for the several Hymns have been omitted, and the Sources of the Hymns, with the Authors' names, have been removed from the Text to the Table of Contents and the Index. Many of the Hymns have been shortened, either by the entire omission of the Gloria, by which an element of inevitable sameness in treatment has been avoided, or by the suppression of the Refrain, with the exception in some cases of the first and last verses; or again by the removal of some stanzas and by the union of others. Several Hymns also have been withdrawn, either because their devotional value did not appear, on re-consideration, to be combined with corresponding poetic worth, or because they were duplicated translations, or adaptations of English Hymns of the last Century, or beyond the limits proposed from whence to seek for contributions. And lastly, a few Hymns have been revised, shortened, or withdrawn on controversial grounds.

On the latter alteration I wish to say a few words; and I have used the word controversial intentionally. Some Hymns have been altered on controversial, none on doctrinal grounds. The main object in the publication of *Lyra Eucharistica* was a devotional one: it was not poetical, nor critical, nor dogmatic, nor, least of all, controversial. Doubtless some of these objects, if not all of them, were incidentally included: and it is not too much to say that some poetic beauties found their way into the Collection, nor that some critically valuable translations of ancient and mediæval Hymns were published. Moreover the devotional object certainly included clear and precise statements in doctrine, and indeed was based upon such statements. But the purpose of the work was not to teach the Doctrine of the Real Presence in the Holy Communion. That Doctrine was assumed throughout, and in many places, albeit in poetry and verse, it was stated definitively and with exactitude. And it is hardly needful to add that all such statements remain unaltered and unchanged.

But in the first Edition of *Lyra Eucharistica* there were statements upon and allusions to matters suggestive of controversy, which could not, nevertheless, be for a moment assumed to rank in dignity or importance with that Doctrine. Five Hymns, or six at the most, contained passages thus suggestive; and with one exception

(in which the words, though difficult to understand, were capable of bearing a meaning to which we could not assent) the expressions referred either to ceremonies or to customs which, as a matter of fact, we neither hold nor use, or language was employed with which we are unfamiliar. The omission of a single stanza in two instances, slight verbal alterations in two others, and the withdrawal of the remaining two Hymns, the unity of which would have been marred by contraction, and in which alteration was impracticable, represent the full extent to which revision in this direction has been carried. I wish to be explicit on this point, in order that there may be no opportunity for mistake as to the amount of revision carried out, either in kind or degree. And I may add, on the other hand, that both in the reprint of *Lyra Eucharistica*, as well as in the first Edition, not only have stanzas from printed Hymns been omitted, but also many Hymns themselves have been neglected, which did not appear to enunciate the Doctrine of the Real Objective Presence with sufficient clearness. The changes and omissions, however, on either side are insignificant. They have been made simply with a view to avoid the suggestions of controversy, at all times painful, but singularly out of place in a work the aim of which is devotional.

To one other point I wish to draw attention. It has been made a charge of inconsistency against

the first Edition, that whilst it contained translations of modern German Hymns, those from English sources, by Authors not in Communion with the Church, had been deliberately omitted. The inconsistency I now perceive, and have, in principle, removed. As a matter of fact, in the former Edition two or three Hymns owed their origin to Nonconformists; but, their Authors were at the time unknown to me. Since then, by the obliging help of Friends and by my own researches, I have consulted many of the works of the chief Hymn-writers amongst the Dissenters. But on the subject of the Collection, and with the exception of a single Author, my former inconsistency did not deprive *Lyra Eucharistica*, so far as I have been able to judge, of many contributions of value. For after considerable search, I have found, with but few exceptions, no printed Hymns from this source which satisfied at once critical taste and doctrinal requirements, and which possessed sufficient poetic merit to make me desirous to add them to the Collection. From the published works, however, of one Author, whose Hymns have been kindly placed at my disposal, and from the unprinted verses of a Friend, the second Edition has been enriched by several valuable contributions.

The Second Edition of *Lyra Eucharistica* is also under great obligation to many kind Friends, either for additional or for fresh assistance. All

the Contributors to the first Edition are Contributors to the second: and the majority of those who helped me in the compilation of *Lyra Messianica* have helped me to enlarge the *Lyra Eucharistica*, which is also indebted to the aid of several new Contributors.



The following Collection of Hymns and Verses on the Holy Communion has been made with a twofold object.

It is well known, even to those who are but little acquainted with the subject of Hymnology, that there exists a large number of Hymns, ancient and mediæval, on the Holy Eucharist. A considerable number of these Hymns have, of late years, been made accessible to ordinary students in the collections of Daniel, Mone, and others abroad, and by Dr. Neale, Dr. Littledale, and other Liturgical scholars amongst ourselves. But, in the revived and increasing appreciation of ancient Hymns, those which relate to or bear upon the Holy Communion have, for the most part, been overlooked, or at least unheeded. For this disregard of old Eucharistic Hymns several reasons may be given. That it is not caused by any lack of devotional sentiment, nor by any absence of poetic beauty in the Hymns themselves, will be readily admitted.

Perhaps an adequate reason may be found in the opinion entertained by many, that the English Office for Holy Communion is not sufficiently elastic in character to allow of the introduction of Sacramental Hymns. It is true indeed that at a time at which, speaking ritually, they are sung without authority, before the Sermon, such Hymns are occasionally employed; but as a rule, the custom has not yet obtained of making use of Eucharistic Hymns (other than those which the Divine Office itself already contains) in the place in which they were formerly sung, namely between the Epistle and the Holy Gospel for the Day. On this question, however, which is not an unimportant one, I shall venture to offer a few suggestions at the close of the Preface.

Hence, although we are indebted, at the present day, to ancient Sources for many of the more beautiful of our Hymns, which are also the most popular, yet these Hymns were chiefly composed either for the greater Festivals of the Church, or for the Commemoration of some Holy Day or Season: they were not intended for use at Holy Communion. And since Hymns specially adapted for the Altar Office are seldom required, and still less often employed, it is only natural that such Hymns from Latin and Greek Sources, as well as those of German and other origin, have been but rarely translated into English verse.

To how small an extent ancient Sacramental

Hymns have been translated for public use in Church, may be perceived by an examination of some of the Hymnals most generally employed, and of some of the more popular Collections of Hymns which have of late been published. And this examination will incidentally shew us the poverty of our possessions in English Eucharistic Hymns from any source whatever. Thus, it will be found that in the Collection which has deservedly secured by far the widest circulation of any Hymnal of the present day, under the title of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, out of 273 Hymns from all sources, there are only five Hymns printed in the body of the work on the subject of the Blessed Sacrament, of which two only are translated from ancient Sources; although there are two more, and part of a third, amongst the Introits, all of which are ancient. In the still more recently published Volume of Hymns, edited by Dr. KENNEDY, with the title of *Hymnologia Christiana*, which contains the largest number of Hymns, for the use of the Church, hitherto collected into a single Volume, namely 1500 Psalms and Hymns, only one Psalm and twenty-three Hymns are devoted to the Holy Communion. Several of these are only by an accommodation Eucharistic Hymns, and hardly more than a tithe of them may be referred to ancient Sources for their origin.

If we turn to other Collections of Hymns and Hymnals between the extremes suggested by these

two Books, we shall find the same law, as regards Eucharistic Hymns, to prevail in all of them. Of course it is possible to enlarge the number which I purpose to mention by including those amongst the general Hymns, which may accidentally refer to the Holy Communion, or which may be made to bear an Eucharistic meaning. But in the Sacramental portions of the volumes which I have consulted we shall find the following results; and I only refer to a few instances where many might be quoted. *The Salisbury Hymn Book*, edited by Lord NELSON, contains 204 Hymns, of which only ten are printed under the heading 'Holy Communion,' and of these, two are certainly Hymns on the Passion, and a third can only in a secondary sense be made to apply to the Blessed Sacrament. Of the remaining seven, one only is a translation from the Latin. *The Hymnal*, edited by the Rev. R. R. CHOPE, is another widely used Hymn Book. The new edition contains 300 Hymns, and only seven Hymns are printed in the part appropriated to the Altar Office, whilst but two of these can claim an ancient source, one complete Hymn and one Cento. The Collection, edited by the Rev. W. J. HALL, and known by the name of the *Mitre Hymn Book*, contains four modern Hymns on the Holy Communion out of 303, and no ancient ones. The precursor of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, entitled *Hymns and Introits*, in its fourth Edition contains

a single Hymn on the Holy Eucharist, and that an ancient one. The Hymn Book published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in its enlarged edition of 300 Hymns contains only seven Hymns on the Holy Communion, none of which are of ancient origin. And not further to multiply cases, *The Church Psalter and Hymn Book* out of 510 Hymns devotes ten to the subject of the Blessed Sacrament, in none of which can any ancient features be traced. If we pass from Hymn Books for use in Divine Service to Collections of Hymns for private reading at home, in the most recent compilation, *The Book of Praise*, selected and arranged by Sir ROUNDELL PALMER, out of an aggregate of 412 Hymns, in the first edition, from the whole range of English Hymnology, we find only seven Hymns or Poems on the Blessed Sacrament which are deemed to be of sufficient merit to deserve a place in its pages. One of these is a translation from a Latin Hymn; and two are not the production of the present Century.

The numerical paucity of Eucharistic Hymns in the Hymn Books of the day is only equalled, as a rule, by their poverty in value, and by their lack of variety. Of course some of the finest of the ancient and mediæval Hymns have been translated for, and some of the best of modern English Hymns are printed in, certain Hymnals. But, of either class of Hymns, none of the Collections

contain all, many but a few. Indeed, it forces itself on the attention of any one who will examine most of the recently published Hymn Books, that so little care has been paid to the Collection of Eucharistic Hymns, that the best and most devotional of their class appear almost systematically to be omitted. In no one Hymnal with which I am acquainted are those five or six Hymns from ancient Sources, which are allowed to be the first of their kind, to be found translated. Neither are the best specimens of English verse invariably, or generally met with. And in their place second-rate Hymns appear and reappear over and over again in well nigh every succeeding Collection. In truth there appear to be certain stock Hymns on the Holy Communion with which, being free to every person, every person makes free; and these with more or less variety of reading, according to each succeeding Editor's poetic judgment, in a different order, and mingled with others of similar type and character, are generally to be found in popular Hymn Books. In such Books HEBER's Hymns are not always reprinted; KEBLE is not frequently seen; even OSLER is not invariably used; CASWALL and FABER but seldom; ISAAC WILLIAMS and ARCHER GURNEY hardly more often. But Sacramental Hymns of exceedingly little value critically, whilst devotionally they are altogether unequal to the position in which they are placed, and the part they are forced to play

in Divine Service, help to fill the pages of many Hymn Books ; and with or without the addition of one or more of WESLEY'S, of a WATTS, an ELLIOTT, or a BATTY we usually find in each selection the Hymns of DODDRIDGE, of CONDER, and of J. MONTGOMERY.

As my studies have been directed to the English Office for Holy Communion, its history, ritual and devotions, the question of Eucharistic Hymns naturally forced itself on my attention ; and I soon found how little we had yet gathered, in an English form, from that particular portion of the wide field of ancient Hymnology. It is true that several Hymns on the Blessed Sacrament have been translated into English verse, and some of them very frequently.* But they are chiefly versions, with more or less fidelity and force, by different persons, of the same majestic Hymns which, in their original Latin, have attained world-wide renown. The grandest and most beautiful of these Hymns are, in one form or another, familiar to English readers, but they are few ; whilst many other Hymns and Sequences, which competent judges declare to be only second, and sometimes not at all inferior to the inspirations of S. THOMAS AQUINAS, have

* Of the Sacramental *Pange lingua* there have been at least, and may have been many more than seventeen or eighteen different versions or translations, published of late years ; of the *Adoro Te* about thirteen or fourteen.

been allowed to remain in the language in which, and for the most part, in the position for which they were originally composed.

Until lately, the great body of these Sacramental Hymns, even in their original form, has been unknown to all but Liturgical students. Of late years, however, a large number have been discovered and collected, and have been rendered accessible in the Collections mentioned above. But there is good reason to believe that we are still unacquainted with the extent of the Church's heritage in Hymnological wealth, as further research is continually bringing to light Hymns previously unknown, or long ago forgotten. Many of these treasures which have been obtained from many parts of Christendom, have appeared from time to time, and it is hoped will continue to appear, under the common title of *Sequentiæ Ineditæ* in the pages of the contemporary Periodical, *The Ecclesiologist*. But in these Collections, the Eucharistic Hymns remained in the language in which they were written; and only the favoured few, chiefly those of S. THOMAS AQUINAS, have found their way into Hymn Books or Books of Poetry.

Perhaps one of the earliest attempts during the present revival of the taste for ancient Hymns, (although there have been several incidental efforts in previous Centuries,) to popularise Hymns on the Holy Eucharist was made about the year 1839, by the Rev. ISAAC WILLIAMS, who, in the

Volume of *Hymns translated from the Parisian Breviary*, reprinted in a collected form, amongst others, four out of the five well-known Hymns composed by S. THOMAS AQUINAS. The same four Hymns, together with the *Lauda Sion*, were translated afresh, ten years later, by the Rev. E. CASWALL: and in 1858, several other English renderings of Sacramental Hymns were added to these, which, with his wonted kindness, Mr. CASWALL has allowed to be reprinted, together with several other of his Hymns, in *Lyra Eucharistica*. Between these two dates several other versions and imitations of one or more of these Hymns were issued. In 1852, Dr. NEALE, in *Mediæval Hymns and Sequences*, published two fresh translations of the *Adoro Te devote* and the *Pange lingua*; and to these he added a Sacramental Hymn of the vij. Century. In a later Volume, *Hymns from the Eastern Church*, Dr. NEALE has translated two more Poems of the vij. and viij. Centuries respectively; and the three latter of these Hymns, by the kindness of the Translator, appear in the present Collection.

In 1857 *Lauda Syon* was published; and this, with another publication by the same Author, was the first effort to escape from the accustomed groove in which translators of Hymns on the Holy Communion had hitherto chiefly moved. And in addition to the five usual Sacramental Hymns, seven other Hymns, some of considerable length, have

been translated by J. D. CHAMBERS, Esq., only one of which, it is believed, had previously appeared in English. At the time of its publication, *Lauda Syon* contained the largest number of Eucharistic Hymns that had been collected in one Volume. And it was only by the kindness of the Translator, who was so good as to allow his Hymns to be reprinted, that a Manual of Devotions for the Altar Office, *The Divine Liturgy*, published at the close of 1862, contained a still larger collection of this class of Hymns. But the latest effort to popularise Hymns on the Holy Communion has been made by a 'Committee of Clergy,' which has lately issued some valuable Tracts and Books of Devotion. *Eucharistic Hymns* is the title of a little Book of sixteen pages, which contains valuable translations of seven Hymns, the greater number of which appeared for the first time in an English version. All these Hymns have been generously placed at my disposal, by the learned Translator, for incorporation into *Lyra Eucharistica*; and those of which I have not elsewhere obtained translations, have been thankfully reprinted.

The first main object, then, in the publication of *Lyra Eucharistica*, was the collection into one Book of many of the more beautiful of the ancient and mediæval Hymns on the Blessed Sacrament, not only reprints from Works already published, but also and chiefly new translations. And this

object has been accomplished entirely through the kindness and instrumentality of Friends.

The result has been this—that out of the large number of Hymns from ancient or mediæval Sources which this Book contains, either directly on the subject of the Holy Communion, or indirectly bearing upon it, upwards of forty are new translations.* Some few, indeed, were printed in *The Divine Liturgy*; but these were kindly undertaken at my suggestion, and have been rendered into English in order to form a part of the present Collection; so that, substantially, they now appear for the first time as translations. And although this, in comparison with previous efforts to introduce ancient Sacramental Hymns into our language, is a large advance on the past, yet it is believed that the store, whence these Hymns are drawn, has not nearly been exhausted, and will amply repay further examination.

The dates of the newly translated or recently published Hymns, from ancient and mediæval Sources, contained in this Book extend from the vij. to the xvij. Century; the Hymn written at the latest date being composed by SANTOLIUS of S. VICTOR, and the two which bear the earlier date being respectively of Latin origin, from the Antiphonary of Bangor, and from a Greek source, by S. ANDREW, Archbishop of Crete. The period,

* These and all future numbers refer to the details of the Second Edition of *Lyra Eucharistica*.

however, which appears to be the richest in Eucharistic Hymns is that which began in and succeeded the age of S. THOMAS AQUINAS, from the xlij. to the xvj. Centuries ; and for the causes of this increase in the number of Hymns on the Holy Communion at this particular time, there is obvious evidence in the History of the Church. The institution of the Feast of CORPUS CHRISTI, with its Octave of Commemorative Services, of itself was sufficient to create a demand for additional Sacramental Hymns ; and many were those who must have been inspired by, even if they did not actually imitate, the compositions of the Poet and Doctor of the Church, who supplied the authorized Hymns and Sequences for that and other Festivals of Western Christendom.

The dates of all these Hymns cannot be ascertained. In most cases, however, it is believed that the date assigned represents the latest Century to which the Hymn can probably be attributed. But if there is uncertainty with reference to the dates, there exists absolute ignorance about the Authors of many of the Hymns from ancient Sources in the following Collection ; so that the Hymns, for the most part, have to be distinguished by the locality in which they were discovered, the Office Book in which they are enshrined, or even the Collection in which they may now be found. For although the names of S. ANDREW of Crete, of S. JOHN DAMASCENE, of S. ANSELM, S. BER-

NARD, S. THOMAS and S. ALPHONSO, of GUYETUS, of HUSS, of ANGELUS and SANTOLIUS, and of S. TERESA, are attached to some of the Hymns, yet many more are lacking in any clue for the discovery of their authorship. Most of them may be claimed by some Continental Church or Conventual Establishment. Canterbury, York, Salisbury, and Bangor, however, have contributed their quota to the Collection. But the Office Books of the Gallican and Spanish Churches, of Strasburg, Carlsruhe, Munich, and Mayence, of Liege, and Augsburg, of Freising in Bavaria, Drontheim in Norway, Prague, and the famous Benedictine Abbey of Reichenau, an Island in the Lake of Constance, have supplied the chief materials for that older portion of *Lyra Eucharistica* which is now first published.

The second main object in the publication of *Lyra Eucharistica* was this—the collection into a single Volume of many scattered Hymns and Verses, either already published, or not yet in print on the subject of the Holy Communion. Those who will give the matter consideration may remember, that in many recently published Books of Poetry, amongst the miscellaneous Poems, may be found a single one or more on the Blessed Sacrament. Also in those Magazines of the day, which have more or less of a religious aim, such short pieces of Verse may often be found. It is

true, that neither of these two Sources of Eucharistic Hymns have been drawn from to the extent to which they might, possibly, have been made to contribute. Still, there are many Poems thus collected which have either attained temporary notice and have then been forgotten, or have been printed in Volumes, the scarceness of which at the present day proves that they are now but little known. And these it is believed many persons will be glad to possess in a more accessible, as well as more permanent form.

In addition to these reprints, there are many Hymns in the following pages which are neither forgotten nor scarce. And *Lyra Eucharistica* is indebted to several Collections of the present day for some of the most beautiful of its Poems. The only difficulty in the selection was to know where to stop, or what to abstain from taking, where permission was kindly given to choose. But in a Collection which aimed to a certain extent at completeness, it was thought wise to admit many Hymns well known and deservedly appreciated, which otherwise it would have been needless to reprint.

To these two classes of modern Hymns and Verses has been added another, that of original and unpublished Poems. And this is a distinction where a distinction is not needless. For whilst *Lyra Eucharistica* contains many Original Hymns, written for this Work, it also contains many which,

although hitherto unpublished, were not written expressly for it. It is perhaps not strange, that in the present wide-spread teaching of the true Doctrine of the Holy Communion, and in the consequent revived dignity and honour in which It is esteemed, and the care and frequency with which It is celebrated, the minds of many persons should find relief from devotion and meditation on the Mystery of the Holy Eucharist, in poetic composition. Such, however, is the fact : and it needed only the knowledge that such a Collection of Poems as *Lyra Eucharistica* was contemplated, to produce from many quarters Hymns, written some of them long ago, which have been with much courtesy placed at my disposal.

This is the second object with which *Lyra Eucharistica* was printed ; and, as far as regards unprinted Verses, the result has been this, that between eighty and ninety original or unpublished Hymns have been added to our formerly but scanty stock of Poems on the Blessed Sacrament. And all of these, I have to acknowledge with gratitude, are due to the kindness and courtesy of known or unknown friends.

In addition to Hymns from the Sources indicated above, there have been added several Hymns of much beauty from the Italian, the Spanish, and the German, both new translations and reprints of former translations. Hymns of German origin are

generally full of devotional beauty ; and I only regret that *Lyra Eucharistica* possesses so few specimens of Communion Hymns, either of Catholic or Protestant origin, from that Source. The paucity of translations, however, of Hymns on the Holy Communion, which has been observed in the case of ancient and mediæval Hymns, is equally apparent in that of Hymns from the German. For whilst *Sacred Hymns from the German*, by Miss Cox, contains but a single Eucharistic Hymn, Miss Winkworth's *Lyra Germanica* possesses only seven Hymns out of about 225 (in both series), and the volume published under the title of *Hymns from the Land of Luther* has only one Poem specially on the subject of Holy Communion : all of which translations have been kindly placed at my disposal, and most of which will be found below. There will also be found sixteen or seventeen new translations by Friends, from the German, which have not previously been published.

Lastly, scattered through the Collection, there are Hymns and Verses, original, newly translated, and reprinted, which, although they are not directly Eucharistic in character, are indirectly connected with the Doctrine of Sacrifice which is involved in the Holy Communion, or may be made to bear an Eucharistic signification. For these too, I owe many thanks to several Contributors ; and it is hoped that these miscellaneous Hymns, whilst not

out of harmony with the subject-matter of the Volume, will tend to prevent too much sameness in its treatment.

Thus I have endeavoured to combine Hymns ancient and modern, and by the mutual contrast to enhance the relative value of both. The subjective devotion and tenderness of modern Hymns, will be strengthened by the definite Theological statements of those of ancient and mediæval origin; and the systematic Theology and the enunciation of the highest objective Truths in the old Hymns, will be softened and brought home to the inner consciousness by the contemplative elements in the new. In addition to this double benefit, monotony and sameness will be avoided, which could hardly fail to result from a Collection of Hymns on the Holy Communion from any one single Source: whilst, in the case of *Lyra Eucharistica*, additional variety is ensured by the introduction of miscellaneous Hymns, not out of harmony with those with which they come in contact.

I have now to express my sincere gratitude to all the many friends—as Contributors, as Authors, or as Publishers—who have assisted me in the compilation of *Lyra Eucharistica*. Where all have been kind, it would be invidious to refer to any,

unless reference were made to all. The names or initials or signatures of all those to whom this Collection is indebted, together with whatever information as to the origin of the various Hymns I am enabled to give, will be found in the Table of Contents, and the Index of Sources. All the Hymns which have been reprinted in the following pages have been reprinted *verbatim*, except in a few instances of adaptation, which have been duly acknowledged. In all cases, where it was either practicable or needful, and in many in which it was not necessary, I have obtained permission from those concerned to reprint the Hymns which are now republished. On this subject, I have only to add, first, that as a rule, the Hymns in this Volume are not meant for public worship, nor for singing. Some of the Verses, it is true, are intended for both purposes; and some have either had music set to them, or have themselves been written for music. Secondly, that the Collection contains specimens of many kinds of rendering. Literal versions have been placed side by side with those that are freer in translation and that seek to convey the sense of the original, rather in corresponding than in absolutely equivalent terms. And thirdly, that no Contributor is responsible for the statements or sentiments contained in the contributions of other persons.

The Hymns in *Lyra Eucharistica* have been arranged according to the fivefold Division into which the English Office for the Holy Communion is separable; whilst the concluding Part contains miscellaneous and unarranged Poems, both ancient and modern. In many cases this division of the Verses is arbitrary. But it was thought better to attempt some arrangement, even an imperfect one, than to print the Hymns under no system: and to arrange them according to their subject-matter, as far as possible, rather than in their chronological order, or under the headings of their Authors' or Translators' names. The Altar Office has ever been divisible into five Ritualistic portions; and although the Office in the Book of Common Prayer has received several additions to, and has suffered from many transpositions in its component parts, from its earlier and purer form, yet these five Divisions can still be distinctly traced. The Introduction reaches from the beginning of the Office to the Creed. Then follows the Oblation, which includes the Offering of the Elements, and the collection of the Alms, and extends to the Prayer of Humble Access. Thirdly, comes the sacred Act of Consecration, or as it was anciently termed, the Canon. After that, the Communion of the People follows: and the Office is concluded with the Thanksgiving. Now the first and last Divisions of the Office are easily supplied with Hymns; for many of the Eucharistic Hymns were composed

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for use either in Preparation for, or in Thanksgiving after the Blessed Sacrament. In the Part entitled the Consecration, it was thought well that the majority of the Hymns should be from ancient or mediæval Sources. The difficulty of arrangement is therefore chiefly confined to the second and fourth Parts ; and in these two Divisions, German Hymns and reprinted English Hymns have been combined with original Verses and translations from the Latin or Greek, in such a manner as to produce the least amount of sameness in the combination.

In conclusion may I venture to ask why we do not more extensively make use of Eucharistic Hymns in the Celebration of the Holy Communion ? The principle of singing even the Hymn of DODDRIDGE, the Communion Hymn on Sacrament Sundays, as they were wont to be called, whatever may be thought of the practice, I apprehend to be found—the principle, that is to say, of singing a special Hymn on the subject of the Blessed Sacrament in the Office for Holy Communion. And this is only an extension of the same principle by which we sing Hymns suitable for Holy Days, Sundays, and Saints' Days in Divine Service, morning and evening, after the Third Collect. The use of the Introit, at the beginning of the Altar Service, of course has authority and

custom for its support and sanction. And where it is possible to sing Eucharistic Hymns at a later stage of the Office, one would not willingly see this use lightly set aside. Yet, even in this case, when Introits are constantly repeated, the same words to the same music, Sunday after Sunday, it would seem to be well, occasionally, to forego the customary portion of the Psalms on behalf of some Eucharistic Hymn. But in cases wherein the usual Introit is not employed, it is difficult to discover why Hymns specially adapted for Communion are not more frequently sung. The time before the commencement of the Celebration would seem to be very suitable either for teaching persons, or for reminding them of the Truths of the Holy Sacrament through the medium of Hymns.

But this is not the only position in the Liturgy in which Hymns may be used, or in which they are employed. A very wise discretionary power appears, on all hands, to be left with the Parish Priest as to the introduction of Hymns in Divine Service, not only with respect to the compositions themselves, but also to the time at which they may be sung. It is true that this licence is carried to an extent which ignores the ritual time for singing Hymns in favour of times for which there is no authority. But the latitude very fairly allows of additional opportunities for singing, when the ordinary and regular demands of the Office have been complied with. And in our search for precedent in

this matter, we find that Hymns were formerly sung before the Holy Gospel for the Day. Of course there could be no valid objection to a return to such an use ; but the general consent of Churchmen, it is feared, would hardly be obtained in favour of singing 'Sequences' at this point in the Office. The widely spread custom of singing the Nicene Creed, which thus becomes devotionally a Hymn of Praise, as well as doctrinally a Confession of Faith, would appear to many a sufficient reason for not adding to the length of the Service by the introduction of a Eucharistic Hymn in this place. And in this practical objection there is much weight. So that we are obliged to consider some position in the Office, other than immediately after the Creed (which adds to the practical objection a grave ritual one) for the introduction of a Hymn. Such a position may be found at the Offertory ; and in this place Eucharistic Hymns, after the saying of the Antiphon or Sentence, are now wont to be sung. And not only may no practical reason be urged against congregational singing in this portion of the Office, but devotionally it would appear to be helpful. To some minds there seems to be needed a sort of connecting link between the Sermon and the remainder of the Service ; and the interval between instruction, specially in the case of powerful or able Sermons, and worship, in a return to the Office, is fitly occupied with Acts of Praise by singing. Whilst the

Collection of the Alms during the singing would obviate any practical difficulty arising from an increase in the length of Divine Service.

The question, however, is a wide one, and is not suited for discussion here. But a suggestion for the more extended use of Eucharistic Hymns in the Altar Office is not wholly out of place in the Preface of a Book which is enabled to give publicity to several new Hymns on the Blessed Sacrament, which are not intended for, although they may be used in, Public Worship. I therefore venture to suggest that the custom of those Churches, not only where a Hymn is sung kneeling after the Consecration (which is the more common practice), but also (which is the less usual) where Eucharistic Hymns are sung during the Collection of the Offertory, may be followed with benefit and edification.

ORBY SHIPLEY.

Whitsun-Tide,
A. D. 1864.




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Lyra Eucharistica.



Hymns and Verses on the Holy Communion.

PART I.

The Preparation.

THE INTRODUCTORY PORTION OF THE DIVINE OFFICE.

Duo me, Deus, amore.



Y GOD, what lack I more when
Thou dost blest?

Deep calleth unto deep when Thou
Bendest from Heaven o'er my un-
worthiness

Hastening to pay its vow ;
For me Thou comest to Thy Altar holy,
For me, O Love beyond all ken !
Priest of the most High God, yet Victim lowly,
Giver, yet Gift to men.

The Preparation.

Here no slain beasts, nor birds of air are resting,
 Not with earth's fruits the Soul is fed,
 But Sweets of Paradise, Thy Love attesting,
 Here are full lavishèd ;
 With love for that vast Love, with strong self-
 loathing
 Thee in this Sacrament we hail ;
 Thee we do worship, clothed in that poor Clothing,
 Veiled in that lowly Veil.

Farewell then all ! The LAMB's blest Supper
 waiteth ;
 Farewell then all I loved before !
 Farewell, farewell for aye ! my heart repeateth,
 Ye have my heart no more :
 O Bethlehem, whence springs the Bread of
 Heaven,
 O Jordan, whence is Drink Divine,
 Not earthly husks, nor Abana's wave be given,
 Only my LORD be mine.

Sweet is the Grape in fair Engaddi's valley,
 Sweet was the Manna sent to blefs
 The weary fainting people, wandering daily
 In the great Wilderuess ;
 But Thou, O Flour of Wheat, O Vine of Glad-
 ness,
 Only for Thee I thirst. Do Thou
 Come to Thy lowliest Graft and cheer his sadness,
 So shall he pay his Vow.

Sing, each Mountain.



ING! each mountain; joy! each vale;
Hushed be mortal plaint or wail;
Glorious, awful Banquet, hail!

As the flame doth upward tend
Would our Souls to GOD ascend,
GOD, our being's Source and End.

Lo! our trembling prayers are said;
Lo! Thine Altar, LORD, is spread;
Thou art nigh for all Who bled.

Yea, to us, whose sins did slay,
Com'st Thou in Thy wondrous way,
Bread and Wine yield CHRIST this day.

O, let all who seek Thee here
At Thy Right, O GOD, appear.
Heart, adore! Thy Maker's near.

The Living Bread.



HENCE shall a man buy bread
The fainting crowds to blefs,
When day is gone and night comes on
The lonely Wildernefs?

The Preparation.

Not from the deathful waste
With Manna overspread ;
Though Angel dewes each morn renews,
And turns the stones to bread.

LORD, in Thy FATHER's House
The meanest slave has Bread
Enough to share, and still to spare,
When every Soul is fed.

LORD, day by day with Bread
Our fainting hearts restore ;
The Living Bread which lifts the dead,
LORD, give us evermore.

Verbum a Patre prodiens.



THOU from the FATHER sent, O WORD,
O very Light from Light outpoured,
GOD, come most lowly from the sky,
MAN, visible to mortal eye ;
Thou Who hast made the Law give place,
Grant us the guidance of Thy Grace,
Wherewith Thou makest secrets clear
And lightenest our darknes here.

O CHRIST, draw nigh our Souls to save
Through shedding of Thy Precious BLOOD,
Grant resurrection from the grave
To all for whom Thy FLESH is Food :

Come unto Me.

5

That with Thy Saints in Bliss for aye
Our ceaseless praises we may pay,
And evermore in triumph sing
Unto the world's Creator-King.

Come unto Me.



H, for the time gone by, when thought
of CHRIST
Made His Yoke easy and His Burden
light ;
When my heart stirred within me at the sight
Of Altar spread for awful Eucharist ;
When all my hopes His Promises sufficed,
When my Soul watched for Him by day, by
night,
When my lamp lightened and my robe was
white,
And all seemed loss, except the Pearl unpriced.
Yet, since He calls me still with tender Call,
Since He remembers Whom I half forgot,
I even will run my race and bear my lot :
For Faith the walls of Jericho cast down,
And Hope to who so runs holds forth a Crown,
And Love is CHRIST, and CHRIST is All in all.

The Preparation.

Thou art fair, My Love, there is no
spot in thee.



WOULD that I were fairer, LORD,
More what Thy Bride should be,
More meet to be the sharer, LORD,
Of Love and Heaven with Thee ;
Yet if Thy Love with me Thou'lt share,
I know that Love can make me fair.

O, would that I were purer, LORD,
More filled with Grace Divine ;
O, would that I were surer, LORD,
That my whole heart is Thine ;
Were it so pure that I might see
Thy Beauty, I would grow like Thee.

O, would that I could higher, LORD,
Above these senses live,
Each feeling, each desire, LORD,
Could wholly to Thee give ;
The Love I thus would daily share,
That Love alone would make me fair.

Thy Goodness and Thy Beauty, LORD,
Shall robe and mirror be ;
With ornaments of duty, LORD,
I'll deck my Soul for Thee ;
Till all Thy Love beyond compare
Pass into me, and make me fair.

Uba, Uba, Gesu, che per mio bene.



**AIL ! JESUS, hail ! Who for my sake
Sweet BLOOD from Mary's Veins didst
take**

**And shed It all for me ;
Oh, blessed be my SAVIOUR'S BLOOD,
My Life, my Light, my only Good
To all Eternity.**

**To endless ages let us praise
The Precious BLOOD, Whose Price could raise
The world from wrath and sin ;
Whose Streams our inward thirst appease,
And heal the sinner's worst disease
If he but bathe therein.**

**O Sweetest BLOOD, that can implore
Pardon of GOD and Heaven restore,
The Heaven which sin had lost ;
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
What JESUS sheds still intercedes
For those who wrong Him most.**

**Oh, to be sprinkled from the wells
Of CHRIST's own Sacred BLOOD, excels
Earth's best and highest bliss ;
The Ministers of Wrath Divine
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
With those red Drops of His.**

The Preparation.

Ah, there is joy amid the Saints,
And Hell's despairing courage faints
 When this sweet song we raise ;
Oh, louder then, and louder still,
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
 The Precious BLOOD to praise.

Hier ist mein Herz.



HERE is my Heart—my GOD, I give it
 Thee ;
 I heard Thee call and say—
Not to the world, My Child, but unto
 Me—

I heard, and will obey :
Here is Love's offering to my King,
Which in glad sacrifice I bring—
 Here is my Heart.

Here is my Heart—surely the gift, though poor,
 My GOD will not despise ;
Vainly and long I sought to make it pure
 To meet Thy searching Eyes ;
Corrupted first in Adam's fall,
The stains of sin pollute it all—
 My guilty Heart.

Here is my Heart—my Heart so hard before,
 Now by Thy Grace made meet,
Yet bruised and wearied it can only pour
 Its anguish at Thy Feet :

It groans beneath the weight of sin,
It sighs Salvation's joy to win—
My mourning Heart.

Here is my Heart—in CHRIST my longings end,
Near to His Cross it draws ;
It says—Thou art my Portion, O my Friend,
Thy BLOOD my Ransom was :
And in the SAVIOUR it has found
What Blessedness and Peace abound—
My trusting Heart.

Here is my Heart—Ah, HOLY SPIRIT, come !
Its nature to renew,
And consecrate it wholly to Thy Home
A Temple fair and true :
Teach it to love and serve Thee more,
To fear Thee, trust Thee and adore—
My cleansed Heart.

Here is my Heart—it trembles to draw near
The Glory of Thy Throne :
Give it the shining Robe Thy Servants wear
Of Righteousness Thine own :
Its pride and folly chase away
And all its vanity, I pray—
My humbled Heart.

Here is my Heart—teach it, O LORD, to cling
In gladness unto Thee ;
And in the day of sorrow still to sing—
Welcome, my GOD's Decree ;

The Preparation.

Believing all its journey through
That Thou art Wise and Just and True—
My waiting Heart.

Here is my Heart—O Friend of friends be near
To make each tempter fly ;
And when my latest Foe I wait with fear
Give me the victory :
Gladly on Thy Love reposing,
Let me say when life is closing—
Here is my Heart.

Draw near with Faith.



UNTO Thy holy Altar, LORD,
Our heads and hearts bowed low,
Where Thou art most to be adored
We come Thy Grace to know.
Wearied and wounded in our strife
With Satan and with sin,
We come to Thee, the Bread of Life,
New Strength and Hope to win.
We do not ask how it can be,
That Thou Thyself shouldst give
Into our hands and hearts ; but we
Receive Thee there and live.
Oh, dwell within us when we turn
Back on our earthly way ;
And may we by Thy Presence learn
To love Thee more each day.

Salve, Saluberrima.

HAIL! Thou, Who from Heaven on high
 Health to all sickness bearest ;
 Hail ! Unto the darkened eye
 Thou of all light the fairest ;
 Hail ! Desire which life transcends
 Of all Thy Saints departed ;
 Hail ! Who to Thy loving Friends
 Art e'er the Loving-hearted.

Hail ! Thou Bread of Angels blest,
 Most sweet and ever-precious ;
 Hail ! Who with Divineſt taſte
 Doſt in Thy Paths reſreſh us ;
 Thou in very truth art He
 Whom my whole Soul deſireth ;
 GOD and MAN I worſhip Thee,
 To Thee my faith aſpireth.

When in conſcience or in thought
 Guilt or dark error dwelleth,
 Faith, by Thy dear Preſence brought,
 All gloom and woe diſpelleth :
 Make me all the fervour feel
 Of that Thy Fire Divineſt ;
 Now Thyſelf unſeen reveal
 Who e'er in ſecret ſhineſt.

The Preparation.

Let the clouds, which dim my Soul,
Before Thy genial Splendour
Hence away far distant roll,
And leave it pure and tender.
Come ! O CHRIST, King ever blest,
Come ! Thou our Consolation,
In my heart a welcome Guest
Fix Thy glad habitation.

May that golden shaft of Love
Which once so deeply smote Thee,
And from Heaven, Thy Throne above,
Into this sad world brought Thee,
Wound anew Thy tender Heart,
That Thou in Glory reigning
Mayst to me Thy SELF impart,
From all Thy Wrath refraining.

Here Thy blessed sojourn make,
Fragrance and Joy diffusing ;
Rest in my sad bosom take,
Therein Thy mansion choos'ing.
God of Love and Clemency,
Now to Thyself unite me ;
And transgressor though I be
Ne'er in displeasure slight me.

LORD, of Thee this Gift I claim,
For this one Mercy pleading ;
For Thine ever-blessed Name,
For that Thy Love exceeding,

Lord, to Thine Altar let me go. 13

Which erst made Thee deign to be
Of our frail flesh partaker ;
With Grace and Kindness visit me
Thy Servant, O my Maker.

Choose me for Thy dwelling-place
O GOD of my Salvation ;
Fold my heart in Thine Embrace,
Sweet Guest, take here Thy station :
Think not how I am with Thee
A vile and weak transgressor ;
Rather how, made MAN, for me
Thou art an Intercessor.

By that mighty Love which moved
Thee on that Cross ascending,
When thereon Thy Limbs beloved
Thou wast meekly bending,
So with loving, kind Embrace
Cast now Thine Arms around me ;
And by the bounties of Thy Grace
Give proof that I have found Thee.

Lord, to Thine Altar let me go.



ORD, to Thine Altar let me go,
The Child of weariness and woe,
My Home to find ;
From sin and sense and self set free,

The Preparation.

Absorbed alone in love to Thee,
Able to leave in liberty
This world behind.

JESUS, be Thou my Heavenly Food,
Sweet Source Divine of every Good,
Centre of Rest ;
One with Thy Heart let me be found,
Prostrate upon that holy Ground,
Where Grace and Peace and Life abound
Drawn from Thy Breast.

There let me lean and live and lie,
As fast the fleeting moments fly
Sands in a glass,
Which Time may shake with restless hand,
Yet only at Thine own Command,
Till to a dearer, happier Land
My Soul shall pass.

Then, then unveiled wilt Thou appear
To those, who walking with Thee here
These wilds have trod
In faith, that with the Cherubim,
The Saints and Hosts of Seraphim,
They too may join th' eternal Hymn
To Thee, O GOD.

The Morning of Reception.



It is a Day of fear :

Rise up betimes, go forth alone

With tongue fast sealed and heart bowed
down,

Because thy LORD is near.

Leave not thy thoughts to roam
Hither and thither, where they would ;
Left fretful cares on thee should crowd,
Forgetful of thy Home.

Let not thine eye go free ;
Look on the earth beneath thy feet,
The pit that for thy sins was meet
Had GOD been just with thee.

Bethink thee of thy sin—
A stifling cloud, a festering sore,
A rotting canker at the core
That gnaws thy heart within.

Good art thou to the sight ;
But would thy cheek be dry as now,
As gay thy smile, as bright thy brow,
If all were brought to light ?

Yet, not in gloomy sadness
Be thy heart bowed and eye down cast ;
Is not the night of sorrow past ?
Is't not a Morn of gladness ?

The Preparation.

Think on the Holy Feast,
On His dear Love and gracious Name
Who sanctifies Himself, the same
Both Sacrifice and Priest.

Go and be One with Him ;
Dwell thou in Him and He in thee ;
Him freely love Who sets thee free,
Though but in shadow dim.

For it shall not be so
In that great Day, when faithful Souls,
Whom flesh doth sway and sin controls,
As they are known shall know,

To be for ever One
With Him Whom, with the FATHER High
And SPIRIT, Angels tremblingly
Adore as GOD alone.

Bless, LORD, Thy Child, oh, bless ;
Strengthen my weakness ; soothe my grief ;
Forgive and help mine unbelief ;
Restore my faithlessness.

Salve, festa Dies.



AIL ! festal Day, for evermore adored,
The Virgin-Church salutes her Bride-
groom LORD.

This is GOD's Palace, House of Peace and Health,
Here the poor enter to their FATHER's Wealth.

Mein Jesu, der du vor dem Scheiden. 17

Here David's SON abides, Who makes us kin
To GOD and man these Mother-walls within.

Ye are the wedded Band, the nuptial Ring,
If keeping truth your Heavenly troth ye bring.

Here New Jerusalem descendeth bright,
Fresh decked with jewels from the Halls of Light.

Here fruits of Faith, that spring from holy Love,
The King of Justice waters from above.

This David's Tower of Strength—Oh, run with
speed,
Here shalt thou find the Pledge of Heaven indeed.

This is GOD's Ark that, while the faithful roam,
Bears them o'er trembling waters safely Home.

Mein Jesu, der du vor dem Scheiden.



LORD, Who on that last sad eve,
Ere Thou didst die to save our race,
The Fruits of this Thy Death didst leave,
In our New-covenant Meal of Grace ;

For this, of all Thy Gifts the best,
Thy holy Name be praised and blest.

New Life, from Thy Life-giving BLOOD,
This Sacramental Cup bestows ;
We take and eat this hallowed Food
In memory of Thy dying Woes ;

The Preparation.

**Thy Wounds, Thy Cross, Thy bitter Pain,
Our thoughts recall them all again.**

**We hail an added Sign and Seal
Anew on burdened hearts impressed,
That Thy deep Wounds our wounds can heal :
Thy Love has set our fears at rest,
Cancelled the debt we could not pay,
Torn up and thrown the bond away.**

**The cords more firmly here we tie,
That close with Thee our Souls unite ;
The flame of Love mounts up on high,
And rules with all-subduing might :
This sacred Rite can Grace afford,
To make us one with Thee, O LORD.**

**With that new Strength from Thee derived,
The Strength Thy FLESH and BLOOD impart,
Here feels his inner Life revived,
Each Guest who comes with faithful heart :
With fresh resolve once more begin
The works of Faith, the wars with sin.**

**With all Thy Members, CHRIST, our Head,
We cherish thus Communion sweet ;
To drink One Cup, to eat One Bread,
This makes our Union more complete :
One Soul unites our Brother-band
Possessors of this Covenant land.**

The Spirit and the Bride.

19

Thy FLESH a solemn Pledge conveys,
That our weak flesh, though here it dies,
Like herbs brought forth by dews and rays,
A glorious Body shall arise,
Which, when this pilgrim state is o'er,
Shall live with Thee for evermore.

O LAMB of GOD, such precious Gifts
Are in this holy Banquet stored,
The Soul from earth to Heaven it lifts
In faith to feed at this Thy Board :
How high the Feast, the gain how vast,
Where Thou Thyself art our Repast.

Location of the Spirit and the Bride.



WHAT solemn Joy should be
In people and in Priest !
CHRIST on the cruel Cross we see ;
And yet ! it is a Feast.

His FLESH is Meat indeed,
And Drink indeed His BLOOD ;
For, if by living faith we feed,
They yield immortal Food.

No fitting place hast thou
These hallowed Walls within,
If in thy heart and on thy brow
Be unrepented sin.

The Preparation.

But let the trustful Soul
On JESUS' BLOOD rely,
Give all its powers to Love's control,
And—Abba, Father—cry ;

Then—Come—the SPIRIT calls,
The Bride repeats the sound :
Wide open are the royal Halls,
And richest Sweets abound.

All at this Feast of Love
In wedding robes are drest ;
But one the Bridegroom's Hand hath wove
For every willing Guest.

Hodiernae Lux diei.



THE Sun that lights this happy day
For risen man on toil intent,
For us lights up a surer ray,
Renews the Holy Sacrament,
Wherever contrite Love hath place,
A healing Balm, a quickening Grace.

To-day th' eternal Promise comes,
Th' eternal Hand is open spread,
We scarcely looked for falling Crumbs,
We win the children's Pilgrim-Bread ;
As Bread of old from Heaven was sent
He comes, a Gift most excellent.

A Processional Hymn.

21

That was the bread which Moses gave
The tribes in Sinai's wilderness,
Fruit of a Law which could not save—
But this is Bread of Angels ; This
He gave Who sits upon Heaven's Throne,
At His Last Supper to His Own.

Hast thou a Spirit pure and free
In yearnings, hating nought but sin ?
Life of the world yet given for thee,
This Bread renews the heart within ;
Vain such a Mystery to show
Are eyes. Have Faith—and thou shalt know.

Hail ! Bread Immortal ; Hail ! Sweet Food,
Sweet unto those Thou feedest thus ;
Hail ! Everlasting LAMB, Whose BLOOD
Is our Salvation. Come to us ;
We thirst ; we tremble ; we implore
Thy Grace. Oh, feed us evermore.

A Processional Hymn.



O ! in wondrous Condescension
JESUS seeks His Altar-throne ;
Though in lively Symbols hidden,
Faith and Love His Presence own :
When the LORD His Temple visits
Let the listening earth be still ;
May the SPIRIT's sweet indwelling
Each believing heart fulfil.

The Preparation.

Here, in Figure represented,
 See the Passion once again ;
 Here, behold the LAMB most Holy
 As for our Redemption slain ;
 Here the SAVIOUR'S BODY broken,
 Here the BLOOD which JESUS shed—
 Mystic Food of Life eternal—
 See, for our Refreshment spread.

 Here shall highest praise be offered,
 Here shall meekest prayer be poured,
 Here with body, Soul, and spirit,
 GOD Incarnate be adored :
 Holy JESU, for Thy Coming
 May Thy Love our hearts prepare ;
 Thine we fain would have them wholly,
 Enter, LORD, and tarry there.

The Holy Feast.



O! the Feast is spread to-day ;
 JESUS summons, come away
 From the vanity of life,
 From the sounds of mirth or strife
 To the Feast by JESUS given,
 Come ! and taste the Bread of Heaven.
 Why, with proud excuse and vain,
 Spurn His Mercy once again ?
 From amidst life's social ties,
 From the farm and merchandise,

Jesus, Source of every Blessing. 23

Come ! for all is now prepared,
Freely given, be freely shared.
Blessed are the lips that taste
Our Redeemer's Marriage-feast ;
Blessed, who on Him shall feed,
Bread of Life and Drink indeed ;
Blessed, for their thirst is o'er,
They shall never hunger more.
Make then once again your choice ;
Hear to-day His calling Voice :
Servants, do your Master's Will ;
Bidden Guests, His Table fill ;
Come ! before His Wrath shall swear—
Ye shall never enter there.

Jesus, Source of every Blessing.



IESUS, Source of every Blessing,
JESUS, every Joy possessing,
Come and repose upon my breast
And make Thy Child and creature blest.

Oh, silent, silent, soft and slow
With streams of Love our hearts o'erflow,
And in its waters pure and deep
Our wearied Soul and senses steep.

Loft in the solemn sweet delight
Of holding Thee, my SAVIOUR Bright,
My spirit faint with love doth say—
Stay with us, JESUS, JESUS, stay !

The Preparation.

Stay with Thy Children, JESUS, stay !
While the Sun goes its onward way ;
Stay with us, JESUS, when the night
Pursues its course through stars of light.

Stay with us, JESUS, when the smile
Of joy doth all our steps beguile ;
Stay with us, JESUS, when we weep
With Thee on Calvary's mountain steep.

Through smiles and tears, through night and day,
Stay with Thy Children, JESUS, stay !
And when we bend our heads in death,
Stay and receive our parting breath.

And silent, silent, soft and slow
With streams of Love our hearts o'erflow,
'Till on Thy sweet and sacred Breast
We sleep at last, for ever blest.

The Heavenly Shepherd's Charge.



WITH the Bread of Life eternal
Feed My Flock when I am gone ;
By clear streams, through pastures
vernal,

To fair Zion lead them on :
They are in a land of strangers,
Sorely tempted and oppressed ;

In their path lie many dangers ;
 This is not their place of rest.
 Be their Shepherd ; watch them kindly ;
 Guide the young ; support the old ;
 Bring the wanderer back who blindly,
 Led by Folly, leaves the Fold ;
 Lest the Wolf, in ambush lying
 For some lost one gone astray,
 Weary, faint, deserted, dying,
 Seize the unresisting prey.
 Take My Crook—for them I bore it—
 And in no wise lay it down,
 Till I call thee to restore it
 And receive thy Heavenly Crown.

Ecce, dulcis Anima.



ASTE ! my Soul, thou Sister sweet
 Who all my being sharest,
 For thy Spouse a chamber meet
 Now see that thou preparest ;
 For a kind and gentle Guest
 To visit thee intendeth :
 All that Heaven hath fair and best
 To greet thee condescendeth.

 He Whose Presence e'er imparts
 A Joy which passeth measure,
 He Whose Friendship on all hearts
 Bestoweth boundless pleasure,

The Preparation.

Would possess this breast of thine,
 With thee His sojourn making,
 With thee at thy board recline,
 With thee His Supper taking.

Arise! and run to meet thy LORD,
 E'en now His Steps are near thee;
 Thine heart a hallowed shrine afford
 For Him to dwell and cheer thee;
 Oh, hold Him fast in thine embrace,
 Let Him go from thee never,
 Till with the fulness of His Grace
 He blest thee here and ever.

The ceaseless Intercession of Christ.



FATHER of Love, Who didst not spare
 For us Thine Only SON,
 Oh, look on Him, and hear the prayer
 Of Thy poor suppliant one:
 Behold His pierced Hands and Feet,
 Pleading for us e'en now;
 Behold that wounded Heart so sweet;
 Behold, upon His Brow
 The traces of the thorny Crown;
 Behold the stripes He bore;
 By these He claims us for His Own,
 His Own for evermore.

The ceaseless Intercession of Christ. 27

Oh, look on Him, and let the Cry
Of this our BROTHER'S BLOOD,
Who Guiltless for our guilt did die,
Ascend to Thee our GOD.
Wilt Thou refuse His Love, His Toil,
The one Reward they crave?
Shall His most deadly Foe despoil
The Souls He died to save?
FATHER, oh, that be far from Thee,
That Thou should'st turn away
When in that Name's high Merits we
Kneel humbly down to pray.

For this is Thy Beloved Son
In Whom Thou art well pleased;
Who for the sins that we had done
Thine Anger just appeased.
Clothed in His Raiment we appear,
Kneeling before His Throne,
Besprinkled with that BLOOD so dear,
The Garment Thou wilt own;
And for Its sake, the sinner vile
Is made Thy Wedding-Guest—
E'en such an one as her, erewhile
By seven Fiends possessed.

No depths of sin can drown that Love,
No water quench its fire:
Desponding Soul, arise! and prove
Its Might, its strong Desire:

The Preparation.

Come ! yea in lowliest confidence
 Approach in JESUS' Name ;
 Greater His Love than all offence—
 FATHER, that Love we claim :
 Bending before Thine Altar low
 We offer It to Thee :
 The purest Offering earth can know,
 Or Heaven look down to see.

Penitence before Holy Communion.



NEEL lowly down,
 Poor recreant Child of Heavenly SIRE ;
 Take ashes from the fire,
 And where the great Creator placed
 the crown
 Let largely scattered, thickly lie
 The emblems pale of thy mortality.

Strip, strip thee bare,
 Poor worshipper of Mammon's gaudy vest,
 Better were shirt of hair
 Than thus to be dishonourably dressed ;
 And whilst good Angels shade thy brow,
 Thy self-revenge and indignation shew,

Yea, lowly kneel :
 And as the dropping wears the stone,
 Or sand the griding steel,
 So fast and frequent fall thy sorrows down,
 Nor let the haughty-hearted say—
 He knows to peace and Heaven a surer way.

For on thee kneeling,
In lowly plight and tearful guise,
The soft balm-dews are stealing,
And Heaven reopens to thy ravished eyes ;
While CHRIST Himself intones the Voice
That bids thee sweetly through thy tears rejoice.

Jesu, Jesu, komm zu mir.



JESU, JESU, come to me,
Longest all my Soul for Thee :
Thou my Friend and Comfort art,
Clasp, oh, clasp me to Thy Heart.

Life without Thee is but pain ;
Drooping hearts Thou dost sustain ;
Oh, how sighs my heart for Thee ;
Good LORD JESU, come to me.

Nothing that on earth I see
Can my spirit's solace be ;
Only Thy dear Love, O LORD,
Peace and quickening can afford.

Therefore long I after Thee,
Haste, LORD JESU, come to me ;
Falling on my wounded heart
Let Thy Balm heal all its smart.

Thou didst die upon the Rood,
Giv'st Thy Body for my Food :

The Preparation.

Let my grateful love for Thee
Sing Thy Praise eternally.

Sinful, LORD, I stand confest
All unfit to be Thy Guest ;
Speak the Word unto my Soul,
Straight that Word shall make it whole.

Grant me Thy Forgiveness free
In Death's awful agony ;
Be my Guardian in that strife ;
Raise Thou me to endless Life.

Prayer and Sacrifice.



H, weak are my best thoughts, and poor
Is all that I can say,
Whether I lift my voice in praise
Or kneel me down to pray :
Wherefore I thank Thee, Gracious LORD,
Whose Love provides for me
A higher and more perfect way
Of drawing nigh to Thee—
The Way of Sacrifice—ordained
When earth was in its prime ;
Used by the hoary Patriarchs
All through the olden time ;
To Israel's Children in the Law
Of trembling Sinai given ;
To us in later days confirmed
By CHRIST Himself from Heaven.

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Eletum D Frumentum.

O sweet ecstatic thought ! 'tis mine
To offer as of yore
A Sacrifice, and One in Power
Excelling all before ;
For me upon an Altar fair
Is pleaded, day by day,
The BODY and the BLOOD of Him
Whom Heaven and earth obey :
And as the scarcely buoyant plank,
Knit in the vessel's side,
With ease careers across the waves
O'er leagues of ocean wide,
So too, though weak my prayer, O LORD,
Though poor my praises be,
Yet, knit with this high Sacrifice,
They win their way to Thee.

Eletum D Frumentum.



HOLY Wheat elected,
When wilt Thou come to me ?
Stay of my heart dejected,
It would Thy Temple be.
Even as Thy Will hath spoken
It lies beneath Thee broken ;
O when, O when the token
That it hath Thee ?

Keen be my faith and steady,
Far be all stain of sin ;

The Preparation.

O GOD, my heart is ready ;
 O JESU, enter in.
 Shall my love fail ? Oh, never ;
 This be my one endeavour,
 Here be Thy rest for ever,
 Grant I may win.

Eucharistic Precept and Prayer.



UNTO Thy Feast with heart deep hushed
 And lowly bended knee,
 As Thou commandedst, Blessed LORD,
 I come, remembering Thee.

With thankfulness that weeps its joy,
 I listen tremblingly
 Unto the Words of Love Divine—
 My BLOOD was shed for Thee :
 My BODY given—JESU, LORD,
 Through all I fly to Thee ;
 In life, in death, at every hour
 Do Thou remember me.

Grant Thou me Food to stay my Soul
 That I in Thee may live ;
 Till I have left this mortal strife
 Vouchsafe that Food to give.

When fought the Fight and kept the Faith
 Death comes to set me free,
 Receive me, JESU, LORD, receive,
 In Love remember me.

The Fount of Healing.



CHRISTIAN, haste ! thy LORD invites
thee,

Lo ! His Banquet is prepared,
And the Food that Angels taste not
May by sinful man be shared.

Sorrow-stricken, heavy-laden,
To the living Waters flee ;
Cast thy load of guilt and sorrow
At His Feet Who died for thee.

Wending to His Presence-chamber,
Is thy drooping spirit crost
By unbidden thoughts evoking
Phantoms of the loved and lost ?

He Who waiteth to enfold thee
In the everlasting Arms,
Other ties shall weave around thee,
Ties Death sunders not nor harms.

He Who drained the Cup of anguish
Human grief can sanctify ;
He shall give thee joys that bring not
Tears and sad satiety.

See ! for way-worn feet and bleeding
Wide His Palace-gate He flings,
Blind and lame and halt are welcomed
By th' anointed King of kings.

The Preparation.

In the old world's blissful Garden,
 'Eat not,' was the Law Divine :
 'Eat,' breathed low the fallen Angel
 'And undying Life is thine.'

Now, O Mystery deep and wondrous !
 Now the Mandate is reversed,
 'Eat,' proclaims the Voice from Heaven,
 'Eat not,' whispers the Accurst.

Tarry not then, Child of Adam,
 Gird thee for the coming strife ;
 Ere the shadow darken o'er thee,
 Eat the Bread of deathless Life.

Liebe die du mich so milde.



LOVE, Who formedst me to wear
 The Image of Thy GODHEAD here ;
 Who soughtest me with tender care
 Through all my wanderings wild and
 drear ;

O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who ere life's earliest dawn
 Thy choice on me hath gently laid ;
 O Love, Who here as MAN wast born
 And wholly like to us wast made ;
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe ;

O Love, Who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal Joy might know ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, of Whom is Truth and Light,
The WORD and SPIRIT, Life and Power,
Whose Heart was bared to them that smite
To shield us in our trial hour ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who thus hast bound me fast
Beneath that gentle Yoke of Thine ;
Love, Who hast conquered me at last
And wrapt away this heart of mine ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who lovest me for aye,
Who for my Soul dost ever plead ;
O Love, Who didst my Ransom pay,
Whose Power sufficeth in my stead ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours ;

The Preparation.

O Love, Who once o'er yonder skies
 Shall set me in the fadeless bowers ;
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

Emmaus.



OUR heart burned in us on the way—
 I hear these wondering Brethren say ;
 They felt the Look, the Speech Divine—
 Is ever such experience mine ?

In holy Services have I
 Been conscious that the LORD was nigh ?
 As worship kindled could I say—
 The LORD was with me on the way ?
 Through holy Emblems do I see
 The Living SAVIOUR near to me ?
 In kindling zeal of praise and prayer
 Does CHRIST reveal His Presence there ?
 Though dark my path, I will not fear
 If only I may feel Him near ;
 My spirit warmed I know not how,
 Till Faith reveals, LORD, it is Thou.

From the Canticles.



H, sometime draw the veil aside
 When I look up above,
 And let the weary-hearted Bride
 At last behold her Love.

I see in thought and weeping trace
 Those Lineaments of Thine,
 Th' eternal Beauty of the Face
 Which makes all Heaven Divine.

The darkness still is unwithdrawn,
 The stars shine through the blue ;
 I have culled my daisies ere the dawn,
 My lilies in the dew.

I gathered them while others sleep—
 A crown for Thee to wear ;
 Till Thou and Daylight come, oh, keep
 My blossoms fresh and fair.

Preparation.



COME, O LORD, to Thee—
 In sad and grievous thought I hear Thy
 call—

And I must come, or else from Thee I fall
 Deeper in misery.

I have not kept Thy Word,
 And yet Thou biddest me to taste Thy Love,
 Shaming my faithless heart that e'er could rove
 From Thee, O Gracious LORD.

Shame wraps my heart around,
 Like morning gloom upon the mountains spread ;
 Indignant memory, avenger dread,
 Deepens each restless wound.

The Preparation.

Yet must I come to Thee—
Thou hast the Words of Life, and Thou alone—
Thou sitt'st upon the Mediator's Throne—
Where should a sinner flee ?

Nor Saint nor Angel's will
Could lift the burden from this loaded breast ;
Weary I come, and Thou wilt give me rest,
Thou wilt Thy Word fulfil.

I come to Thee ; since all
To faith is possible, in faith I come ;
As blind and deaf and halt and maimed and dumb,
Before Thy Feet I fall.

Whom didst Thou turn away ?
From what distress was hid Thy pitying Face ?
What cold rebuke e'er checked the cry for Grace ?
Can I unheeded pray ?

SAVIOUR ! O come to save !
Speak but the Word—Thy Servant shall be whole ;
Turn, LORD, and look on me ; quicken my Soul
Out of this living Grave.

For Thou art here most nigh :
Strength in this Bread, Refreshment in this Wine
Lie hid, in earthly things Thy Power Divine,
My sins to crucify.

Enter my opening heart ;
Fill it with Love and Peace and Light from
Heaven ;
Give me Thyself—for all in Thee is given ;
Come—never to depart.

A Spanish Sonnet.



REBELLIOUS Reason, thy bold wit
confine ;
Yield captive. Who commands? The
Glorious GOD.

And why? Because thy doubtful pride, unawed,
Bows not to greet Heaven's Sacrament Divine.
Who shall arrest such freeborn power as mine?

Th' obedient Will, where Love's meek ardours
burn.

And who shall keep me bound? No jailer stern,
But Faith whose bond is Wisdom's discipline.
And what the Prison? The Holy Church of GOD.

O Prison, the brightest home of earth below,
Whose Treasure turns to joy all mortal pain :
To those who loathe not thy mysterious Food,
Such streams of Sweetness and of Glory flow,
As all the Bliss of Eden bring again.

Corpus Christi.



REJOICE! ye Angels, and thou Church
This day triumphant here below ;
He comes in meekest Emblems clad,
Himself He cometh to bestow.

That BODY which thou gav'st, O Earth,
He giveth back—that FLESH, that BLOOD,
Born of the Altar's mystic birth,
At once thy Worship and thy Food.

He Who of old on Calvary bled
 On all thine Altars lies to-day,
 A bloodless Sacrifice but dread,
 The LAMB in Heaven adored for aye.
 His GODHEAD on the Cross He veiled,
 His MANHOOD here He veileth too ;
 But Faith has eagle eyes unscaled,
 And Love to Him she loves is true.

I will not leave you orphans. Lo !
 While lasts the world with you am I :
 SAVIOUR, we see Thee not, but know
 With burning hearts that Thou art nigh.
 He comes. Blue Heaven, thine incense breathe
 O'er all the consecrated sod ;
 And thou, O Earth, with flowers enwreath
 The Steps of thine Advancing GOD.

Out of the Deep have I called unto Thee.



UT of the deeps how often hath my cry
 Gone up to GOD on the wild wings of
 prayer !
 Even so often hath He deigned to hear ;
 So often hath He said—Thou shalt not die ;
 So often—Stand upon thy feet once more ;
 So often—Serve Me better than before.
 But I, the river of my pain being past,
 Slighted His Succour Who had borne me through,

Kommt herein, ihr lieben Glieder. 41

Daily deferring the sweet service due,
Till seemed that Mercy's self might scarce refrain
Her patient hands from vengeance at the last.
But Thee, still seeking Thy reluctant Sheep
Mid thorny-tangled brakes that pierce Thee deep,
Iron ingratitude repels in vain.

Kommt herein, ihr lieben Glieder.



FRIENDS in **JESUS**, now draw near,
Brothers, Sisters, enter here ;
Filled with humble, glad emotion,
Bowed in lowly, deep devotion :

Come ! approach the sacred Board,
'Tis the Supper of the **LORD** ;
Where the choicest Things of Heaven
From His loving Heart are given.

He Who leaving Throne and Crown
To our fallen world came down,
All our wants and woes to share,
All our sins and griefs to bear ;

He Who journeyed weary years
In the land of toil and tears,
Onward to the Cross and Grave
Hastening the lost to save ;

The Preparation.

He devised this Feast of Love,
Thus the coldest heart to move,
Thus to bring Himself more near,
Thus to make Himself more dear.

On the sacred Symbols feasting,
All the Love of JESUS tasting,
All the SPIRIT'S Grace and Power,
Oh, the sweetness of the hour.

Who can tell the joy, the bliss
Of Communion such as this ;
Sink, my Soul, in deep prostration,
Lowly, fervent adoration ;

Earth-bound hearts, at length arise ;
Reason, soar beyond the skies ;
At Thine Altar, LORD, we bend,
Let the Fire from Heaven descend.

Hush your Anthems, Cherubim ;
Stand astonished, Seraphim ;
Men on earth, your Brothers lowly,
Dare to join your ' Holy, Holy.'

LORD, may Grace imparted here
In our future lives appear :
These have been—let others say—
At the gates of Heaven to-day.

Salbe, Suavis et Formose.



WEET and Beauteous, hail to Thee !

GOD Who so hast loved me,

JESU Gentle, JESU Dear,

When I stand Thine Altar near

Grant me to be ranked among

Those Elect who round Thee throng,

Fill me with Thy fullest Grace.

Hail ! O CHRIST, Thou SAVIOUR Blest,

Only Hope of Souls distressed,

Hear, oh, hear me as I pray,

Purge, O LORD, my guilt away ;

And to baffle Satan's art

Give me faintlinefs of heart,

Every evil from me chase.

Hail to Thee ! O Royal Head,

Which beneath the thorns hast bled,

Marked with spitting and with Gore,

Whence the Hair Thy foemen tore ;

Bow down, LORD, Thyself, and hear,

To Thy Servant's prayer give ear,

Hearken, O Redeemer mild.

Hail to Thee ! my SAVIOUR's Side,

Whence poured forth the mingled Tide,

When the BLOOD and Water flowed

Where the Spear had made a road ;

The Preparation.

In that Fountain wash me, LORD,
Thoroughly cleanse the guilt abhorred
Of my Soul by sin defiled.

Hail! O Stream, when washed by Thee
All the world from stain is free,
From a spotless Heart and pure
Thou hast flowed to work our cure :
May the voice of faintly prayer
Rise to CHRIST for me, who dare
Of this Chalice drink to-day.

Hail! O SON of GOD most High,
What I longed for now have I ;
Through this precious Gift once more,
When this life is past and o'er,
Guard me from my cruel foe,
Grant me, LORD, Thy Face to know
And to dwell with Thee for aye.

Our Daily Bread.



GIVE us our daily Bread,
O God, the Bread of strength ;
For we have learnt to know
How weak we are at length :
As children we are weak,
As children must be fed ;
Give us Thy Grace, O LORD,
To be our daily Bread.

Give us our daily Bread,
The bitter Bread of grief :
We fought earth's poisoned feasts
For pleasure and relief ;
We fought her deadly fruits,
But now, O God, instead,
We ask Thy healing Grief
To be our daily Bread.

Give us our daily Bread
To cheer our fainting Soul ;
The Feast of Comfort, LORD,
And Peace to make us whole ;
For we are sick of tears,
The useless tears we shed ;
Now give us Comfort, LORD,
To be our daily Bread.

Give us our daily Bread,
The Bread of Angels, LORD,
By us so many times
Broken, betrayed, adored ;
His BODY and His BLOOD,
The Feast that JESUS spread,
Give Him, our Life, our All,
To be our daily Bread.

Latus Salvatoris.



HERE is an everlasting Home
 Where contrite Souls may hide,
 Where death and danger dare not come,
 The SAVIOUR's Side.

It was a cleft of matchless Love
 Opened when He had died,
 When Mercy hailed in worlds above
 That wounded Side.

Hail ! Rock of Ages, pierced for me,
 The grave of all my pride ;
 Hope, Peace and Heaven are all in Thee,
 Thy sheltering Side.

There issued forth the double Flood,
 The sin-atoning Tide,
 In streams of Water and of BLOOD
 From that dear Side.

There is the only Fount of Bliss
 In joy and sorrow tried ;
 No refuge for the heart like this,
 A SAVIOUR's Side.

Thither the Church, through all her days,
 Points as a faithful guide,
 And celebrates with ceaseless praise
 That spear-pierced Side.

Herr Jesu Christe, mein getreuer Hirte.



LORD JESUS CHRIST, my faithful Shep-
herd, hear ;

Feed me with Thy Grace, draw inly
near ;

By Thee redeemed, in Thee alone I live,
All I need 'tis Thou canst give.

Ah, LORD, thy timid Sheep now feed
With joy upon Thy Heavenly mead ;
Lead us to the crystal River
Whence our life is flowing ever.

For Thou art calling all the toil-oppressed,
All the weary to Thy Rest ;
The pardon of their sins is here bestowed,
Thou dost free them from their load.

Ah, come ! Thyself put forth Thine Hand,
Unbind this heavy iron band ;
Set me from my sorrows free,
Give me strength to follow Thee.

Thou fain wouldst heart and Soul to Thee incline ;
Take me from myself and make me Thine ;
Thou art the Vine and I the branch ; oh, grant
I may grow in Thee a living plant.

Μέγα τὸ Μυστήριον.



CHRIST, we turn our eyes to Thee
 And this mighty Mystery :
 Habakkuk exclaimed of old,
 In the HOLY SPIRIT bold—
 Thou shalt come in time appointed
 For the help of Thine' Anointed.
 Taste of Myrrh He deigned to know
 Who redeemed the source of woe :
 Now He bids all sickness cease
 Through the Honeycomb of Peace ;
 And to this world deigns to give
 That sweet Fruit by which we live.
 Patient LORD, with loving Eye
 Thou invitest Thomas nigh,
 Showing of that wounded Side ;
 While the world is certified
 How the third day, from the Grave,
 JESUS CHRIST arose to save.
 Blest, O Didymus, the tongue
 Where that first Confession hung,
 First the SAVIOUR to proclaim,
 First the LORD of Life to name ;
 Such the Graces it supplied—
 That dear touch of Jesus' Side.

Herein is Love.



LOVE, strong as death, nay, stronger,
 Love mightier than the grave,
 Broad as the earth and longer
 Than ocean's widest wave :
 This is the Love that fought us ;
 This is the Love that bought us ;
 This is the Love that brought us
 To gladdest day from saddest night,
 From deepest shame to glory bright,
 From depths of death to Life's fair height,
 From darkness to the joy of light :
 This is the Love that leadeth
 Us to His Table here ;
 This is the Love that spreadeth
 For us this royal Cheer.

The Cross the Anticipation of the Altar.



TALK not of Bread ; the Soul entranced
 but eyes
 That Heavenly FORM so buffeted
 and bruised :
 Talk not of Wine ; the Soul entranced descries
 That Brow, that Side with Healing BLOOD
 suffused :

The Preparation.

Nor tell me of a consecrated Board;
 Hence with the wings of wafting Faith I rove;
 On Golgotha before th' Expiring LORD
 I bend in grief, astonishment and love.

Sweet is the liquid grape to him that glows
 With gasping thirst, or bread to starved distress;
 But sweeter far a SAVIOUR'S Death to those
 Who thirst and hunger after Righteousness.
 Oh, as the branch is nourished by the Vine—
 Thou, SAVIOUR, art the Vine, the branches we—
 Still may our Spirits in this mystic Wine
 Drink life, health, beauty, joy, festivity.

An Eucharistic Meditation.



ESU, we laud and worship Thee,
 The veiled Incarnate DEITY,
 Since sinful man eats Angels' Food,
 The BREAD of Life, the Precious
 BLOOD.

Oft as we seek Thine Altar-Throne
 Help every Soul in suppliant tone,
 As Love's own voice comes whispering by
 To ask with tears—LORD, is it I?

LORD, is it I who doubt if Thou
 Art really Present with us now,

Present to calm each aching breast,
To give the heavy laden rest ?

LORD, is it I who turn away
And go like Judas to betray,
As if no Paschal BLOOD had gleamed
On lips which Grace has once redeemed ?

JESU, what Love can Thine transcend,
Love without measure, time or end,
Which gives to those who seek Thy Feet
Thy BLOOD to drink, Thy FLESH to eat ?

O Glory, that no tongue can tell,
O Presence most ineffable,
Hidden in Forms of Bread and Wine
Faith now adores her LORD Divine.

Yes, spotless Victim, sinless Priest,
We hail Thee in this awful Feast ;
And pray through It our Souls uplift
To Thee, the Giver and the Gift.

In hours of woe, in time of wealth,
Be this sweet Food the Spirit's health,
Till in this Strength we reach our home,
Till to the Mount of GOD we come.

There we shall see, unveiled at last,
When Holy Sacraments are past,
The Presence which on earth we own,
And know even as we are known.

The Preparation.

JESU, all laud and praise to Thee,
 At this high Feast our prayer shall be,
 That we, who hymn this mighty Grace,
 In Heaven may see Thee Face to face.

Unita Crux Dei Cruore.



WITH the Precious BLOOD anointed,
 Thee we hail, O hollest Tree !
 Life at thy blest touch returning
 Owns thy wondrous potency ;
 Such thy glory, such thy virtue
 Since our SAVIOUR hung on thee.

Fount of universal Blessing
 Which the Wounds of JESUS yield,
 Let the wounded gaze upon thee
 And their wounds shall straight be healed ;
 Only let them look believing,
 They shall prove what CHRIST revealed.

Holy Cross, thou Seat of Judgment,
 Where the Just ONE sat enthroned
 To pronounce the righteous Sentence,
 Yet His righteous Ire disowned
 When He bare the Wood of healing,
 Who the Rod of vengeance owned.

Thou in Whom all things are holy,
 Whence alone things holy flow,

Though our sins be dark and fearful
Thou canst make them white as snow ;
Let thy healing dews refresh us
When we meet our last sharp woe.

The Bread of Life.



THOU givest us the Bread of Life
Without the strife,
The weariness of heart, the toil, the care
With which our earthly tables we prepare.

The world is full of deep unrest :
But we are blest
Who see our Loving FATHER's Table spread,
E'en in the wilderneys, with daily Bread :

Nor Bread alone, but also Wine ;
The living Vine
Supplies us daily from th' unfailing store,
That we may never thirst nor hunger more.

Thou lovest us—we need not fear
To draw so near ;
Thou longest all Thy weary Ones to feed,
For Thou alone canst satisfy our need.

Speak gently to the Erring.



PEAK gently to the Erring—
Ye know not all the power
With which the dark Temptation came
In some unguarded hour :
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came
And sadly thus they fell.

Speak kindly of the Erring—
Oh ! do not thou forget
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy Brother yet ;
Heir of the self-same Heritage,
Child of the Self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the Erring—
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace are gone,
Without thy censure rough ?
It surely is a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear ;
And they who share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak kindly to the Erring—
 Thou yet mayst lead him back,
 With holy words and tones of love,
 From Misery's thorny track :
 Forget not thou hast often sinned,
 And sinful yet must be ;
 Deal kindly with the erring One
 As God hath dealt with thee.

Food of the Hungry.



FOOD of the hungry,
 Hope of the sad,
 Rest of the weary,
 Bliss of the glad ;
 Stay of the helpless,
 Strength of the weak,
 Life of the lifeless,
 Joy of the joyless,
 Crown of the meek :
 Nurture of Angels,
 Manna from Heaven ;
 Comfort of Mortals,
 Quickening Leaven ;
 Pardon of sinners
 Contrite become ;
 Guide to all wanderers
 Seeking their Home ;

The Preparation.

Pledge of Salvation,
 Refuge in death,
 Sacred Oblation,
 Seal of our Faith ;
 Peace to the troubled
 Tempest-tossed mind ;
 Balm to the wounded,
 Eyes to the blind :
 Hail ! SON of Mary,
 Sacrifice pure ;
 Hail ! we adore Thee ;
 Hail ! we implore Thee,
 Keep us secure
 Bound to Thine Altar,
 Bound by Thy Love,
 Bound till hereafter
 With Thee in Light,
 Reigning in Glory,
 Filled with Thy Mercy,
 We shall for ever
 In Thine own sight
 Banquet above.

Ecquis hinas Columbinas.



WOULD my Soul could fly for refuge,
 As the Dove flies to her nest,
 To the Cross where JESUS dying
 Spreads for me His Arms of Rest,

Where the great Desire of Nations
Hangs in slow-consuming pain,
All the shame of sin upon Him
Whom the worlds cannot contain.

Seek, my Soul, His sweet Compassion ;
Seek it in His riven Side ;
In Thy sacred Wounds, O JESU,
May Thy Servant safely hide :
Let me rest within the rampart
That doth Thy Beloved enclose ;
Here to dwell in Peace unceasing
Be the ending of my woes.

O my GOD, my Best and Dearest,
Art Thou suffering for me ?
SAVIOUR of the all-unworthy
Art Thou nailed upon the Tree ?
For the Robber, Gracious JESU,
Thou in shame art raised on high ;
Freely for my vile transgressions
Thou, my very Life, dost die.

JESU, far beyond my merits
Is the Love Thou hast for me :
Why am I amongst the living
If so loved I love not Thee ?
Blessed in its mighty power
Be the Love that conquers all,
Love on which like fleeting visions
Death's fell arrows vainly fall.

Me Thy Love at first created,
 Me when lost Thy Love redeems :
 Shed then on my dull cold Spirit
 That bright Love's enkindling beams :
 Draw to Thee my heart's affection,
 Make me glow with perfect Love,
 Keep me Thine in closest union
 Never from Thy Side to rove.

An Imitation from the Anglo-Saxon.



FATHER of All, to Thee we pray,
 Bend down from highest Heaven this
 day.
 Oh, raise our feeble hearts to Thee ;
 That Thy great Name may hallowed be.
 To quick and dead Thy Grace afford ;
 Hasten Thy Kingdom, Gracious LORD.
 Thy Will be done through CHRIST ; for we
 Are one with Him as He with Thee
 If our faint Souls from Thee be fed
 On His Own FLESH, the daily Bread ;
 That we, forgiving all, may be
 Forgiven our sins through Him by Thee.
 Thy Church defend : if flesh rebel,
 FATHER, close fast the gates of Hell :
 For Thine the Kingdom, Thee we own—
 This earth Thy Footstool—Heaven Thy Throne :
 All Glory Thine : By sons of men
 Be ever praised Thy Name. Amen.

The Two Accusations.



F CROSS stands black against the last
pale glow
Of that dread Day that twice was
veiled in night ;
The FORM that quivered there when noon was high
Rests low amidst the shrouds and spices now,
And reverent hands have wiped that thorn-
crowned Brow ;

But where It bowed at noon, death-dewed and white,
The Roman's Accusation meets my sight,
Earth's homage rendered in her own despite,
Proclaiming in three tongues Thy Right Divine.

Yet, as I gaze, my heart discovers there
Another Accusation, black and clear—

These were the crimes that slew Thee ! They
are mine !

But it is torn and blotted with Thy BLOOD ;
No more a Sentence, but a Pardon sealed of God.

This Do in Remembrance of Me.

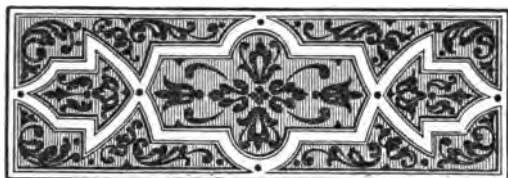


F by a Parent's dying bed
Some Child in seeming sorrow kneeling,
Waiting to catch the last faint word
Ere yet the silver cord doth sever ;

Should hear one sad request preferred
By lips soon to be sealed for ever ;
Who with a heart so cold, so dead,
So lost to shame, so lost to feeling,
Could rise unmoved and go his way,
Nor that last sad request obey ?

And can we kneel His Cross beside,
And there recall His dying Token ;
And hear the scoffs, the cry, the scorn
Of furious foes exulting round Him,
And see the nails, the spear, the thorn,
The scourge that smote, the thongs that
bound Him ;
And then, His last Request denied,
His Wine unpoured, His Bread unbroken,
Pass proudly on, despise, forget
Of Grace the Pledge, of Love the Debt ?

Is not that Bread, the FLESH, the Meat,
The Manna which from Heaven proceedeth ?
Is not that Wine in truth the BLOOD
From His deep wounded Side fast flowing ?
Can Souls which loathe far choicer food
Than Angels' Food in Grace be growing ?
Or live who fail to ' rise and eat,'
When CHRIST with His Own BODY feedeth ?
Oh ! Death for Life they surely choose
Who their Dear LORD's Command refuse.



PART II.

The Oblation.

THE OBLATORY PORTION OF THE DIVINE OFFICE.

The Offering of the New Law.



ONCE I thought to sit so high
In the Palace of the sky ;
Now, I thank God for His Grace
If I may fill the lowest place.

Once I thought to scale so soon
Heights above the changing moon ;
Now, I thank God for delay—
To-day, it yet is called to-day.

While I stumble, halt and blind,
Lo ! He waiteth to be kind ;
Bless me soon or bless me slow,
Except He bless I let not go.

The Oblation.

Once for earth I laid my plan,
Once I leaned on strength of man,
When my hope was swept aside
I stayed my broken heart on pride :

Broken reed hath pierced my hand ;
Fell my house I built on sand ;
Roofless, wounded, maimed by sin,
Fightings without and fears within :

Yet, His tree, He feeds my root ;
Yet, His branch, He prunes for fruit ;
Yet, His sheep, these eves and morns
He seeks for me among the thorns.

With Thine Image stamped of old,
Find Thy Coin more choice than gold ;
Known to Thee by name, recall
To Thee Thy home-sick prodigal.

Sacrifice and Offering
None there is that I can bring,
None, save what is Thine alone :
I bring Thee, LORD, but of Thine Own—

Broken BODY, BLOOD Outpoured,
These I bring, my GOD, my LORD ;
Wine of Life and Living Bread,
With these for me Thy Board is spread.

A Lamb as it had been slain.



EA, Thou wast once a Victim slain,
Thy MANHOOD in th' atoning Pain
Was offered once and ne'er again.

But, LORD, in their Immortal Worth
Thy FLESH and BLOOD are still set forth
Before GOD's Throne in Heaven and earth.

For Present wherefoe'er they be,
By Nature's rule or Mystery,
We have Thy Sacrifice and Thee.

And Present truly and indeed
In Sacrament our Souls to feed
That FLESH and BLOOD are strong to plead.

For in Them never fails nor dies
The Might of Thy dread Sacrifice
That stands before the FATHER's Eyes.

And thus on lowliest Altar-floor,
E'en as within th' eternal Door,
They show Thy Passion evermore.

O Thou Whose Love can thus combine
The earthly with the Heavenly Shrine,
Let this pure Offering keep us Thine.

Sursum Corda.



HY art thou weary, O my Soul,
 And why cast down within thee?
 Though floods of sorrow o'er thee roll
 Thy FATHER's Eye hath seen thee:

From dangers thus thy life He keeps,
 From shallow shores to safer deeps
 The storm is sent to win thee.

All things within, without, around
 Must prove unsatisfying:
 And comes there not from all a sound,
 The echo of our sighing,
 Telling that earth may never be
 Our Home of Immortality,
 Or Rest for Souls undying?

FATHER, I hear Thy warning Voice
 'Midst fears the Soul appalling;
 No sunny days of earthly joys
 Could stay the shadows falling:
 Sun-lighted times are types of Heaven,
 Dark nights to calm the heart are given
 Man to his GOD recalling.

Lift thyself up! O weary Heart,
 And claim thy high election:
 Strength for thy Cross will He impart
 Who tasted earth's rejection.

Joint-Heirs with CHRIST, on Things above,
The Joys of GOD's eternal Love,
Must set their own affection.

Lift up thy Heart ! His Church's chant
Tells of the Joy before us :
Such Blifs as Heavenly Love can grant
His Promises assure us.
Sing all our Souls with full accord—
We lift them up to Thee, O LORD,
In Eucharistic chorus.

Τὸ μέγα Μυστήριον.



H, the Mystery passing wonder,
When reclining at the Board,
Eat—Thou saidst to Thy Disciples—
That true Bread with quickening
stored ;
Drink in faith the healing Chalice
From a Dying GOD outpoured.

Then the glorious Upper-Chamber
A Celestial Tent was made,
When the Bloodless Rite was offered
And the Soul's true service paid,
And the table of the feasters
As an Altar stood displayed.

The Oblation.

CHRIST is now our mighty Pascha
Eaten for our mystic Bread,
As a Lamb led out to slaughter
And for this world offerèd ;
Take we of His Broken BODY,
Drink we of the BLOOD He shed.

To the Twelve spake Truth eternal,
To the Branches spake the Vine—
Never more from this day forward
Shall I taste again this Wine,
Till I drink It in the Kingdom
Of My FATHER and with Mine.

Thou hast stretched those hands for silver
That had held th' Immortal Food ;
With those lips that late had tasted
Of the BODY and the BLOOD,
Thou hast given the kifs, O Judas ;
Thou hast heard the Woe bestowed.

CHRIST to all the world gives Banquet
On that most Celestial Meat ;
Him, albeit with lips all earthly,
Yet with holy hearts we greet,
Him the sacrificial Pascha,
Priest and Victim all complete.

A Lenten Plea.



IESU, ever present
 With Thy Church below
 In the day of gladness,
 In the night of woe
 From Thy holy Altar
 Life Divine bestow.

There we kneel before Thee
 Pleading Face to face ;
 There with awe adore Thee
 Thirsting for Thy Grace,
 That our hearts, O SAVIOUR,
 May Thyself embrace.

We are frail and sinful
 And no Love can claim,
 But withhold not from us
 By Thy sacred Name
 Light to keep our footsteps
 From the paths of shame ;

Strength to fight the battle
 With the powers of death ;
 Truth to hold us stedfast
 In Thy holy Faith ;
 Comfort to sustain us
 To our latest breath.

The Oblation.

JESU, ever present
 With Thy Church below,
 Hear us in our sadness,
 Hear us in our woe ;
 Faint our Souls and hungry,
 Bread of Life bestow.

Our Father.



OUR FATHER ! Thou Who art in Heaven,
 Hallowed be Thy Name, Creator
 LORD :

May Thy Kingdom come, and praise be
 given

To Thee, King of Heaven and earth adored.

As in Heaven Celestial Powers obey Thee,
 As Thy Will is ever done on high,
 So on earth may we glad homage pay Thee,
 Like the radiant Spirits of the sky.

In our need, O FATHER, we implore Thee,
 For Thy Bounty thus Thy Children pray,
 In sweet hope we bend the knee before Thee,
 Give, O GOD, our Daily Bread this day.

As we pardon all who may offend us,
 Do Thou, LORD, forgive our sins to Thee :
 Grace in peril and temptation send us,
 And from evil ever keep us free.

They were offended at Him.



STORE of Grace in CHRIST resides,
 Only faith this Store revealeth ;
 Useles all this Grace abides
 Until faith the Fount unsealeth.

If the eye of faith be bright,
 Those far off may see Him clearly ;
 If be dark that inward light,
 They see least who see most nearly.

When His earthly Race to run
 Our Dear LORD from Heaven descended,
 The mean garb of Joseph's SON
 Men beholding, shrank offended.

Even thus in Bread and Wine,
 And meaner things, where judgment carnal
 Nought can see, to faith Divine
 Dwells abundant Grace supernal.

Worldly wisdom seeketh how
 Grace in Means thus humble lurketh,
 Unconvinced unless it know
 Whence Power springeth, why it worketh.

They their Master's Love who share
 Ask not how His SPIRIT moveth ;
 This their only, constant care
 To rest in faith on Him Who loveth.

Sacris Solemnis juncta sint gaudia.



ET this our solemn Feast
 With holy joys be crowned,
 And from each loving breast
 The voice of gladness sound ;
 Let ancient things depart,
 And all be new around
 In every act and voice and heart.

Remember we that Eve,
 That Supper last and dread,
 When CHRIST, as we believe,
 The Lamb and leavenless Bread
 Unto His Brethren brought,
 And thus the Law obeyed
 Of old time to the Fathers taught.

But when the Law's repast
 Was o'er, the Type complete,
 To His Disciples last
 The LORD His FLESH to eat,
 The Whole to all, no less,
 The Whole to each doth meet
 With His own Hand, as we confess.

He gave the weak and frail
 His BODY for their Food,
 The sad for their regale
 The Chalice of His BLOOD ;

Christmas Midnight Celebration. 71

And said—Take ye of This,
My Cup with Life imbued ;
Oh, drink ye all this Draught of Blifs..

That Sacrifice so He
To institute did will,
And by a sure Decree
That Office to fulfil
To Priests alone confide,
To whom pertaineth still
To take and to the rest divide.

Lo ! Angels' Bread is made
The Bread of mortal man ;
Shows forth this Heavenly Bread
The end which Types began ;
Oh, wondrous Boon indeed,
Upon his LORD now can
A poor and humble Servant feed.

Christmas Midnight Celebration.



ALLELUIA ! LORD most Holy,
In Thy Manger-throne we hail Thee ;
Alleluia ! Meek and Lowly,
Never shall our worship fail Thee.
Alleluia ! Choirs of Angels
Sing at midnight-hour Thy Glory,
To the watchful Shepherds telling
From the skies Thy natal story.

The Oblation.

Alleluia ! CHILD of Mary,
 Low the Shepherds bend before Thee ;
 Alleluia ! eastern Monarchs
 With their costliest gifts adore Thee.
 Alleluia ! still unended
 Rings the Angel-note above ;
 From our Altars sweetly blending
 Echoes earth's response of love.
 Alleluia ! shine the tapers,
 Gleams the holly's burnished spray ;
 Alleluia ! chant the Credo,
 CHRIST, we welcome Thee to-day.

He came unto His Own, and His Own
 received Him not.



OUT on the world, unheeded, came there
 ONE at midnight hour,
 A lowly Maid His Mother, and a
 Manger-stall His bed ;
 Out on the cold, cold winter when the snow lay
 on the ground,
 He came a Tender INFANT to Bethlehem's humble
 shed.

Out on the world, unheeded—for none knew that
 He was GOD,
 Save His Parents and the Shepherds and the
 strangers from afar ;

These were His sole adorers—these the courtiers
of the King,
The world saw not the rising of the bright and
morning Star.

Out on the world, forsaken, poor He comes to sin-
ners still,
When storms are raging fiercely and 'tis night
because of sin ;
Out on the cold, cold winter—to their thankless
hearts He comes,
And they turn their faces from Him and will not
take Him in.

Out on the world, neglected—careless Christians
love Him not
While on our Altars dwelling, veiled in Mystery
most high ;
Unbelieving they reject Him—they will not own
their LORD,
Out on the cold, cold winter—for they pass un-
mindful by.

Out on the world, forsaken—but the faithful take
Him in,
As to her Breast did Mary on that first glad
Christmas night ;
And where'er the Consecration tells of the Hidden
God,
They bend the knee and worship Him Who is the
Light of light.

And every lowly bosom which receives Him
tenderly
He strengthens with His Presence, and His Blessing
comfort brings ;
What joy to that poor dwelling when the LORD
of Glory comes—
Another Bethlehem's Manger to enthrone the
King of kings.

Such be my heart, LORD JESUS, this blessed Christmas
morn ;
Cold, cold the world unheeding, but my Guest
vouchsafe to be ;
Though mean and poor the dwelling, true my
heart's glad welcome is,
And this my prayer unceasing—Stay Thou ever-
more with me.

Out on the world, forsaken—Oh, regard Thy
Children's love—
Our tears be Reparation for the slights upon
Thee thrown ;
May the Church's great Thanksgiving, this Holy
Sacrifice,
Avail for all the thankless, and for all our sins
atone.

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Sing every tongue with joy ;
He comes to dwell amongst us, our sweet Sacra-
mental King ;

A Carol for Christmas-tide. 75

Raise up to Heaven your Anthems, let them
join the Angel-songs,
Telling out to every people this great and wondrous
thing.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Till Death our voices hush,
Till we join the Church Triumphant and reach
the Fount of Grace;
There no more the hidden Presence nor Eu-
charistic Rite,
But the Bridegroom's Marriage Supper and to
see Him Face to face.

A Carol for Christmas-tide.



NOW lift the Carol, Men and Maids,
Now wake exultant singing,
This day the Well of Life first sprang—
Who shall declare Its springing?
It is the Birthday of our Peace;
Now first our sorrows tasting
That Holy ONE in time was born
Who is from everlasting.

He was not born in such sweet days
As we of yore remember;
It was not sunny summer-time,
Oh, it was bleak December:

But like the Sun above the snows
When Nature's life is lying
Fast bound in Winter's icy chains,
So came He to the dying.

He did not bring a royal train,
A host no man could number ;
Nor lay begirt by damask folds,
Nor lulled by harp to slumber ;
Oh, He was wrapped in swathing bands
Whose Might o'erspans the Heaven,
And a poor trough whence oxen fed
For His first rest was given.

But there were Shepherds at the fold
Who heard the wondrous tiding,
How there was joy in Heaven that night
For Peace on earth abiding.
They went in haste to Bethlehem,
And saw, and told the story
Of CHRIST the LORD, a Little CHILD,
And Angels singing—Glory.

He lies not in the Manger now—
Far o'er the sapphire portal
At the Right Hand of Power He sits,
Who was this day made Mortal :
All in the highest holiest Place
Where there may dwell none other,
There our own Manhood sits enthroned,
There is our Elder BROTHER.

He has gone up into His Home—
Will there be no returning
Until His awful Sign is seen,
And Heaven and earth are burning?
O Brother, He will come : He came
Once in our nature Lowly ;
But now in lowlier Wine and Bread
We take the Ever-holy.

Lo ! He is coming ; lo ! the Bride
Her purest white is wearing ;
Lo ! the twin Tapers shed their gleam
The Two-fold CHRIST declaring ;
And lo ! the Priest, His Minister,
Stands between earth and Heaven
To speak the ancient Law anew
Before its end be given.

The Birthday of our GOD and King—
Lo ! we are called to greet Him ;
The everlasting Bridegroom comes,
O, go ye out to meet Him.
This is the End of all below,
The crown of Love's blest story ;
CHRIST stands and knocks—O happy Souls,
Receive the King of Glory,

An ancient Hymn for Maundy Thursday.



IN those dark hours of bitter Woe,
 When depths of Agony
 Bound Me to dust, I bade It flow—
 My BLOOD, in Streams for Thee :
 I stood alone, My Hands were bound,
 Beneath the scourge I stood ;
 From their long furrows to the ground
 Fast fell the Holy BLOOD.
 My Child, and this was all for Thee ;
 Oh, hast Thou ever thought of Me ?

They put on Me a Robe of scorn,
 Bade thorns My Crown to be ;
 I gladly bore it, could have borne
 More still for love of thee ;
 They gave Me then the Crofs to bear,
 And many a word was said
 Against My holy Name, but ne'er—
 Love from My Heart ne'er fled.

Behold Me lifted up on high
 Praying midst all My Woe,
 With parched Lip and closing Eye,
 My FATHER for each foe,
 And then, with Heart-wrung Wail and Groan—
 My GOD, My GOD—I said ;
 It seemed that I was left alone
 And My true Comfort fled.

The Gentile's spear hath pierced My Side ;
 Lo ! from My Heart within
 Water and BLOOD, a priceless Tide,
 Flow forth to cleanse from sin.
 Have I left any thing undone
 So thou by it might'st be
 Brought back, My lost, My lovèd One ?
 Have I not died for thee ?

For Thee I was content to die,
 To shame and anguish moved ;
 And now upon My Throne on high
 I love as then I loved ;
 To thee My FLESH and BLOOD are given—
 The pure Soul's mystic Food—
 And thou shalt be with Me in Heaven
 When thou hast passed Death's flood.
 My Child, and this was all for Thee ;
 Oh, hast thou ever thought of Me ?

Here, O my Lord, I see Thee Face to face.



ERE, O my LORD, I see Thee Face to
 face ;
 Here would I touch and handle Things
 unseen ;
 Here grasp with firmer hand th' eternal Grace,
 And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the Bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal Wine of Heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

This is the hour of banquet and of song;
This is the Heavenly Table spread for me;
Here let me feast, and feasting still prolong
The brief bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon:
It is enough, my LORD, enough, indeed;
My strength is in Thy Might, Thy Might alone.

I have no wisdom, save in Him Who is
My Wisdom and my Teacher, both in One;
No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise,
No teaching do I crave, save Thine alone.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the Righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the Cleansing
BLOOD;
Here is my Robe, my Refuge and my Peace;
Thy BLOOD, Thy Righteousness, O LORD my
GOD.

I know that deadly evils compass me,
Dark perils threaten, yet I would not fear,
Nor poorly shrink, nor feebly turn to flee;
Thou, O my CHRIST, art Buckler, Word and
Spear.

Easter Celebration of Holy Mysteries. 81

But see ! the Pillar-cloud is rising now
And moving onward through the desert-night ;
It beckons and I follow, for I know
It leads me to the Heritage of Light.

Feast after Feast thus comes and passes by,
Yet, passing, points to the glad Feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal Joy,
The LAMB's great bridal Feast of Bliss and Love.

Easter Celebration of Holy Mysteries.



THOU that on the first of Easters
Cam'st resplendent from the Tomb,
Leaving all Thy linen Cerements
Folded in the Cavern's gloom,
Come with Thine 'All hail' to greet us,
Come our Paschal joy to be ;
Let our Altar clad in brightness
Yield a Throne of white for Thee.

This shall crown the Queen of Sundays ;
Grant but this—our cup runs o'er ;
Hymns that welcomed in Thine Easter
Made us long for this the more :
All the Paschal Alleluias
Craved to see the LAMB appear ;
Come the hour when Faith shall tell us—
He is risen, and He is here.

The Oblation.

Thou Whose All-transcendent MANHOOD
 Knew not aught of bonds imposed,
 Rising ere the stone was lifted,
 Passing where the doors were closed,
 Present here in very Effence
 Is there aught too hard for Thee?
 Fill us with Thy Light and Sweetness,
 From our darkness make us free.

AGNUS DEI! we are guilty;
 PANIS VITÆ! we are faint;
 But Thou didst not rise at Easter
 To be deaf to our complaint;
 Come! oh, come to cleanse and feed us,
 Breathing Peace and kindling Love,
 Till Thy Paschal Blessings bear us
 To the Feast of feasts above.

Ad Regias Agni Dapes.



T the LAMB's high Feast we sing
 Praise to our victorious King,
 Who hath washed us in the tide
 Flowing from His piercèd Side.

Praise we Him Whose Love Divine
 Gives His Sacred BLOOD for Wine,
 Gives His BODY for the Feast,
 CHRIST the Victim, CHRIST the Priest.

Thursday before Easter.

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Where the Paschal BLOOD is poured,
Death's dark Angel sheathes his sword ;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.

Praise we CHRIST Whose BLOOD was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread ;
With sincerity and love
Eat we Manna from above.

Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie ;
Thou hast conquered in the fight ;
Thou hast brought us Life and Light :

Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthrall ;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy Saints shall rise.

Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy ;
From Sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O LORD, in Thee.

Thursday before Easter.



HIS is My BODY, take and eat,
Drink ye this CUP full mixed and red ;
To you indeed My FLESH is Meat,
To bring you Life My BLOOD is shed.

The Oblation.

I ask not, LORD, the Mystery hidden
 Beneath those Words so dark and deep ;
 I would but do as Thou hast bidden,
 In simple faith Thy Mandate keep.

The Bread I eat, the Cup I drink—
 I know Thee present and adore :
 I look into myself and shrink—
 I look to Thee and want no more.

Though veiled to sight, in faith I see
 Beneath those sacred Signs Divine
 My nature, renovate and free,
 In mystic Union joined to Thine.

And as at this tremendous hour,
 When Thou didst meekly bow Thy Head
 To break of Sin th' accursed power
 And call the living from the dead,

As at this hour Thou deign'st to give
 For me this Life-sustaining Food,
 May It my fainting Soul revive
 And bear secure through death's dark flood,

The Mystery of Mysteries.



THE Mystery of Mysteries !
 Now let the pure in heart draw nigh
 While every pulse is beating high
 With love and holy fear ;

The Mystery of Mysteries.

For CHRIST hath risen at break of day,
And bids us from the world away
And haste to meet Him here.

The Mystery of Mysteries !
The Angels and Archangels come
On wings of Light from out their home,
In ranks of glory wheeling ;
Our Souls shall mix and blend with theirs
In loud thank-offerings and prayers,
Before the Altar kneeling.

The Mystery of Mysteries !
The Souls that still in dimness dwell
Deep in the Church invisible
From doubt and care remote,
They too shall keep the Feast to-day,
And to their cells though far away
The Hymn of joy shall float.

The Mystery of Mysteries !
Oh, far and wide through all the earth
Emotions of unwonted mirth
And feeling strange shall be ;
And secret sounds shall come and go,
Harmonious as the throbbing flow
Of the mysterious sea.

The Mystery of Mysteries !
The dead and living shall be one,
And thrills of fiery transport run



The Oblation.

With sweetest power through all ;
 For one in heart and Faith are we,
 And moulded one our Head through Thee,
 The Body Mystical.

The Mystery of Mysteries !
 From east to west the world shall turn,
 And stay its busy feet to learn
 The musical vibration ;
 While Saints and Angels high shall raise,
 In one vast Choir, the Hymn to praise
 The Feast of our Salvation.

The Two Thrones.



IFT up your songs, ye Angel-choirs,
 Lift up your heads, ye golden gates ;
 Before your jewelled portals, lo !
 The King and LORD of Glory waits :
 His Robes are dyed with royal hues,
 A purple glow proclaims the fight ;
 Jesus has won the world to GOD,
 And triumphed by His Princely Might.

Hark ! Heaven's enraptured chorus swells
 To welcome back th' Eternal SON ;
 While every glittering Wound shows forth
 At what a cost the strife was won.

Hail ! JESUS, our ascended King ;
Hail ! SON of Mary, SON of GOD ;
No mind can e'er conceive Thy State,
No tongue can publish it abroad.

At GOD's Right Hand Thou dost abide,
The Sea of Glafs before Thee spread,
And like unto an emerald,
The Rainbow round about Thy Head :
Yet, wondrous thought, while JESUS there
With GOD the FATHER intercedes,
The Victim in the bloodless Rite
On Earth's ten thousand Altars bleeds.

Oft as the high mysterious Words
Are duly breathed o'er Bread and Wine,
JESUS, the GOD Incarnate comes
And seeks His holy Altar-shrine—
A Mystery too deep for speech ;
The starry Heavens their LORD restore,
And wondering Angels hover near
While loving, trembling hearts adore.

No longer led by shadowy Type
We grope our way to Love's abode,
The Cross marks out the narrow path,
Thy glorious Wounds light up the road :
E'en now the eye of Faith upturned
Beholds the golden Robe of Light,
Which wrapt Thee round when on the Mount,
Which veils Thee still from mortal's sight.

The Oblation.

Ah ! If no outward Sign be near,
 Yet we can kneel and worship Thee ;
 Each Altar is a Glory-Throne
 Where Thou for love of us wilt be :
 Thus throned in Heaven and throned on earth
 We worship Thee, the Victor dread :
 Thou Who the Heaven of Heavens dost fill,
 Abide with us, O Living Bread.

Ascension Communion.



ORNE on triumphal clouds
 The King of Glory soars,
 While each tranced faithful heart below
 In wondering love adores.

Farther and farther yet
 From wistful gaze is drawn
 The glorious Car which bears away
 The Joy of hearts forlorn.

Their LORD, their Life is gone ;
 The deeps of Heaven resume
 Their wonted calm, serenely bright,
 Forbidding thoughts of gloom.

For He will ne'er forget :
 E'en in His Glory hour
 He sends the Heavenly Message down
 To comfort them with Power.

He hath not left His Own :
Where Faith illumines the sight,
And Love the dwelling-place prepares,
There He abides in Might.

Return into your hearts
And ye shall find Him there ;
He hath but risen that ye may rise
And breathe of Heaven's pure air.

Yea, brightening Faith shall soar
Beyond the clouds of earth,
And hail her LORD in glorious chant
Of Eucharistic mirth.

Ascended and enthroned
At the Right Hand above,
He re-descends to dwell with men
In His blest Feast of Love.

And even as He went,
So shall He daily come
Enfolded in mysterious Cloud
To make in us His Home.

O SAVIOUR, cleanse our Souls
To see and own Thee near ;
That we with Thee may rise and dwell
As Thou art with us here.

The Gospel in the Eucharist.



O Gospel like this Feast
 Spread for Thy Church by Thee ;
 Nor Prophet nor Evangelist
 Preach the Glad-news so free :
 All our Redemption cost,
 All our Redemption won ;
 All it has won for us the lost,
 All it cost Thee the SON ;
 Thine was the bitter Price,
 Ours is the free Gift given ;
 Thine was the BLOOD of Sacrifice,
 Ours is the Wine of Heaven.

For Thee, the burning Thirst,
 The Shame, the mortal Strife,
 The broken Heart, the Side transpierced ;
 To us, the Bread of Life :
 To Thee, our curse and doom
 Wrapt round Thee with our sin,
 The horror of that mid-day gloom,
 The deeper night within :
 To us, Thy Home in Light,
 Thy ' Come ! ye Blessed, come !'
 Thy bridal Raiment pure and white,
 Thy FATHER'S welcome Home.

Here we would rest midway
 As on a sacred height,

The Celebration at Emmaus. 91

That darkest and that brightest Day
Meeting before our sight ;
From that dark depth of woes
Thy Love for us hath trod,
Up to the heights of blest Repose
Thy Love prepares with God :
Till from self's chains released
One Sight alone we see—
Still at the Cross as at the Feast,
Behold Thee, only Thee.

The Celebration at Emmaus.



HEY talked of Jesus as they went ;
And Jesus all unknown
Did at their side Himself present
With Sweetness all His own.

Swift as He oped the sacred Word
His Glory they discerned ;
And swift as His dear Voice they heard
Their hearts within them burned.

He would have left them, but that they
With prayers His Love assailed—
Depart not yet ; a little stay—
They pressed Him, and prevailed.

And Jesus was revealed as there
He blessed and brake the Bread :
But while they marked His Heavenly air,
The Matchless GUEST had fled.

The Oblation.

And thus at times as Christians talk
Of JESUS and His Word,
He joins two friends amidst their walk
And makes unseen a Third.

And oh, how sweet their converse flows,
Their holy theme how clear,
How warm with Love each bosom glows
If JESUS be but near.

And they that woo His Visits sweet
And will not let Him go,
Oft while His broken Bread they eat
His Soul-felt Presence know.

His gathered Friends He loves to meet
And fill with Joy their faith,
When they with melting hearts repeat
The Memory of His Death.

But such sweet Visits here are brief,
Dispensed from stage to stage
(A cheering and a prized relief)
Of Faith's hard pilgrimage.

There is a Scene when JESUS ne'er,
Ne'er leaves His happy Guests,
He spreads a ceaseless Banquet there
And Love still fires their breasts.

Signum Crucis nobae Federis.



SAFE to the Haven of their rest,
O blessed Cross, thou bear'st the lost,
Sign of a Covenant new and blest,
Ark of a world long tempest-tost.

In vain doth the Avenger raise
With angry might his red right hand ;
Thy silent Power his wrath allays,
Forgotten sinks the fiery brand.

Let him who writhes in agony
Because the Serpent's bite was sore
Lift up his eyes and gaze on thee,
And lo ! He feels the pain no more.

Equal with God, the Holy ONE
A Sacrifice upon thee lay,
Dear Altar, whence the Blessed SON
His FATHER's Anger soothed away.

O holiest, O sweetest Cross,
Thou with the Precious BLOOD art dyed ;
And all amended is our loss
Since on thy bosom CHRIST hath died.

Eucharistical.

The Real Presence.

KNOW that Thou art here, I know
not how ;

While others argue I Thy Word
adore ;

Body and Soul before Thee lowly bow ;

Thy Word hath spoken it, I ask no more—
Who eateth Me, the same shall live by Me—
O Soul-subduing Voice, O Mystery ;
My whole heart thirsteth after Thee, LORD CHRIST,
Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

The Sacrifice of the Altar.

That Which He offered at the Paschal Feast,
That Which He offered on the fruitful Tree,
The once-slain Victim, Prophet, King and Priest,
FATHER, we offer here in Mystery ;
Behold the Merits which we could not win ;
Behold His Griefs Who bore the whole world's sin ;
Behold, LORD GOD, the Face of Thine Own
CHRIST

Shown forth to Thee in Thy dread Eucharist.

The Communion of Saints.

Ye Saints of God, Sweet Jesus' Body glorious,
From Abel to the babe baptized but now,
Ye that in Paradise take rest victorious,
Ye that on earth beneath the Cross still bow,

Ye lightning-vifaged Hofts Angelical,
Here at this Holy Feaft I meet you all ;
Heaven and earth are one in Thee, LORD CHRIST,
Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharift.

Sacramental Likeneſs.

They grow alike who dwell in love together ;
And gentle holineſs doth tame and faſhion
Tenderly, as the influence of calm weather,
The vagrant heart which owns no law but paſſion ;
And ſince for Thy dear Likeneſs, LORD, I yearn,
And wandering ever, once again return
To dwell in Thee and Thou in me, LORD CHRIST,
Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharift.

Penitence in Communion.

Deep penitence was hers, who bathed Thy Feet
In tears that welled from out a broken heart ;
High was her lot, when Thou didſt make her meet
In quiet love to chooſe the better part ;
More bleſt when ſhe, unſparing and deep-loving,
Did what ſhe could and heard Thy kind Approving :
So let me gather Grace on Grace, LORD CHRIST,
Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharift.

The Buſineſs of Life.

To tread the way Thy holy Feet have trod,
To keep that flinty path and never ſtray,
To live the hidden Life with Thee in GOD,
To bear the Croſs with cheerful heart away,

The Oblation.

Learning to live that I may know to die,
 And wait in hope Thy coming Majesty,
 This, this is what Thou willest, O LORD CHRIST,
 Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

The Will of God.

Thy Will be mine ; for nothing will I long ;
 Thy perfect Will shall be my only care ;
 Give as Thou wilt, pain, sickness, grief or wrong,
 Chill failure, or success more hard to bear :
 But grant that saturate with Grace Divine,
 My heart may beat in harmony with Thine ;
 For Thou, O GOD, art Very MAN, LORD CHRIST,
 Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

Supplication at the Altar.

Ask and it shall be given unto you,
 More than ye think and better than ye ask :
 Seek, ye shall find that I am Just and True ;
 My powerful Love ye cannot overtask :
 Knock and it shall be opened.—LORD, I knock,
 I seek, I ask ; do Thou Thy Store unlock ;
 For here Thy Store is richest, O LORD CHRIST,
 Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

Dryness before Reception.

A weary body and an o'er-wrought brain,
 No wish to long for Thee, no heart to love,
 In hard, dull apathy, a painless pain,
 Yet will I come and Thy deep Mercy prove :

For not in plastic feelings of the mind
Celestial Comfort must I seek and find ;
But in true Presence Thou art here, LORD CHRIST,
Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

Sorrowing yet rejoicing.

So many disappointments, woes and cares,
Fightings without, misgiving fears within,
Heart-desolating joys, bewildering snares,
So great a daily load of unknown sin,
So wearily goes the world, so heavily,
That it were better could I cease to be—
Yea, but for Union unto Thee, LORD CHRIST,
Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

Sacramental Reception.

A rushing sound as of a mighty Wind
Came down from Heaven, and cloven Tongues
of Flame
On every faithful brow their place did find :
Not so He cometh now ; yet aye the Same,
With soft low Breathings on the inmost heart
His unseen Fire of Love He doth impart,
But chiefly at Thine Altar, O LORD CHRIST,
Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

Awakening to Realities.

I gazed on phantom shows and called them good,
Dulling mine eyes with empty weariness ;

I ate the husks of sin and thought it food,
 Till my poor cheated Soul sank down in dreariness ;
 God's Grace awoke me ; and I cried aloud—
 Oh, fill my hungry Soul ; scatter this cloud ;
 There is no Light, nor Food but Thou, LORD
 CHRIST,
 Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

Thirst for CHRIST.

Not through mere shrinking from the griefs of Hell,
 The worm that dies not and the quenchless fire,
 Not through mere longing evermore to dwell
 Among the radiant Hosts of Heaven's Choir,
 (For Heaven were Hell if Thou Thy Face shouldst
 hide,
 And Hell were Heaven if Thou shouldst there
 abide :)
 Thyself, Thyself I long for, O LORD CHRIST,
 Therefore I come to Thy dread Eucharist.

Union with CHRIST.

Thou art ascended : we may touch Thee now
 By holy Faith which dwells in things above,
 By holy Hope enduring things below,
 By Love, outstripping both, repentant Love ;
 Yea, and by this combining all in One,
 Faith, Hope and Love in vast Communion,
 This more than Heavenly Teaching, O LORD
 CHRIST,
 This Gift of Gifts, Thy glorious Eucharist.

All Things are ready.



UNTO this holy Fane,
The Palace of our King,
We come to keep the Feast again
And thankful Offerings bring.

We come with shoeless feet
To tread the hallowed ground,
And looking towards the Mercy-seat
Accepted would be found.

Behold ! the great High Priest
Invites us to draw near ;
And GOD, through Him, unto the least
Lends a propitious ear.

With hope no less than awe
We venture to the Throne ;
Our Surety hath fulfilled the Law,
Nor Justice reigns alone.

As out of darkness Light
Shone forth at His Behest,
His glorious Grace in deeper night
By Jesus is exprest.

Arise, O Church, and shine,
For, lo ! thy Light is come :
The Sun of Righteousness Divine
Will scatter all thy gloom.

Though all men Faith had banished.



HOUGH all men Faith had banished,
Still true I'd prove to Thee,
That gratitude quite vanished
From earth might never be.
For me hast Thou borne Sorrow,
For me Death's bitter smart ;
Then gladly would I offer up
To Thee one constant heart.

That Thy dear Life should perish
My burning tears deplore,
While many Thou wouldst cherish
Forget Thee evermore.
Only by Love's compulsion
So greatly hast Thou done,
Yet art Thou passed from earth away
And no one thinks thereon.

With true Love filled, unshaken,
Thou standest each beside ;
E'en though by all forsaken,
Faithful dost Thou abide.
The truest Love must vanquish,
Its power at last complete
Melts the strong heart and childlike clings
Submissive at Thy Feet.

Thee have I found—O never
 Leave me forlorn again !
 Bound up in Thee for ever
 Let my whole Soul remain.
 My Brethren, too, Thy Glory
 Might they but once behold,
 Soon would they turn and joyful seek
 Thy Love's protecting Fold.

Melchisedek.



MITTED with Spoils from battle's wreck,
 Who art thou, Melchisedek ?
 Blessing as the mighty blest,
 King of Peace and Righteousness,
 Blessing him within whose breast
 Lies the Promise of all blest,
 Faithful warriors to prepare
 Went not, CHRIST, Thy SPIRIT there ?

By Thy Feast of Wine and Bread
 With the rescued from the dead,
 By Thy Priesthood all Divine
 Sprung from no ancestral line,
 Pure as GOD, as Manhood mild,
 Holy, Harmless, Undeiled,
 Saved, Thyself, as Sons that fear,
 SON of Man ! I see Thee near.

Priest for ever made for me,
 JESUS ! let me pray with Thee ;

The Oblation.

With Thy sympathising Brow
 Meet me, feast me, bleſs me now ;
 SON, Thyſelf Obedience taught,
 GOD, with all our ſorrows fraught,
 Touched with Prayer's unuttered groan
 In the Garden, on the Throne.

Recolamus ſacram Coenam.



CHRIST ſits at His own Board ;
 The Brethren twelve receive
 The Gift of Gladneſs ; O my heart,
 Call up the ſolemn Eve.

He is our Maker, He
 Died on the Croſs for us ;
 O let us keep the memory
 Of His Laſt Supper thus :

He was about to leave
 The world and paſs away
 Unto the FATHER ; when He gave
 What He will give this day.

He ate the Paſchal Lamb ;
 He kept unto the laſt
 The Law He iſſued ! while He ate
 That Law's ſtern letter paſſed.

Into His ſacred Hands
 He took the Holy Bread ;

He brake ; He blessed each Fragment ; then
Unto His Brethren said—

Now take and eat ye This,
This is My BODY given,
This is the Life laid down for you,
This the New Law of Heaven.

And drink ye of This CUP ;
Oft as ye drink of Me,
I will ye do this I have done
Unto My Memory.

He spake ; before them all
Still Perfect MAN He stood,
Though what He ate and drank He named
His Very FLESH and BLOOD.

He gave unto the Twelve
(Not to His MANHOOD's loss,
Not to Its outward change) the Gift,
Fruit of the bitter Cross.

And ever since that Day
(Who may the Wonder tell ?)
The Faithful eat of CHRIST, yet He
Abides Unchangeable.

Whoever eats and drinks
Aright shall perish never ;
Whoever eats and drinks amiss
Shall dwell in death for ever.

The Oblation.

So let him cleanse his Soul
 Who wills what JESUS saith
 A Blessed and an Awful Thing
 Set unto Life or Death.

O Living Bread, O Life,
 O Holy JESUS CHRIST,
 Who art the same in Heaven though Thou
 On earth art sacrificed ;

Who in this lower world
 Dost feed the pure in heart,
 O grant us at the last to be
 In Glory where Thou art.

The Christian Altar.



REMBLING we know that Thou, O
 LORD,
 Dost know us through all thought and
 word ;

But shed o'er all Thy BLOOD we see,
 So gladly hail our CHRIST in Thee.

Thus finding, as we have been found,
 Thy festive Table we surround ;
 In Thee contained, in Thee combined,
 Bring Thee one Offering and one mind.

Thou Bread of Life, upon Thy Tongue
 When famished thousands closely hung,

Didst make the fainting body whole
Come! strengthen and refresh our Soul.

Thou when the bridal wine ran dry
A draught far richer didst supply,
With real fulness of that hour,
Come! cheer our Souls, Thy BLOOD outpour.

So bid us from Thy Board depart
With all Thy Presence in our heart,
And bear It far into the night
Of world and sin, Thy Lamp of Light.

Christ All in All.



AY! art thou wounded, feeble, weak?
In JESUS thy Physician seek;
Does fever strike or parching thirst?
He is thy Fountain, best and first;

Or art thou bowed beneath sin's load?
He is thy Justice—fly to GOD;
Does Soul or body sickness thrall?
He is the Health of both and all:

Lift ye for help? Be not afraid,
He is thy near and ready Aid;
Does Death affright thee drawing near?
He is thy Life, and wherefore fear?
Long you for Heaven's eternal Day?
Walk boldly on, He is the Way;
He is thine Aid, His Life was given
To ope for thee the gates of Heaven.

If thou wouldst fly the mists of night
 The Sun of Justice is thy Light ;
 He bids the tongue-tied Spirit speak,
 Unties it in Confession meek :
 Or seek ye Food ? He gives thee Bread ;
 Thou art by Heavenly Manna fed :
 O Hidden GOD, what harm can fall ?
 He gives Himself, He gives thee All.

Erlaffen ist der Sunden Schuld.



LOOSED are the bands thy Soul which
 chained,
 My FATHER's Love and Grace re-
 gained—

Such are the Words by which to-day
 My SAVIOUR chafed my grief away.

'Tis even so ; His Death and Pain
 God's Favour have restored again ;
 For me my highest Good is won,
 The work of Grace is fully done.

Here Righteousness and Peace abound,
 The festal Robe I here have found
 Which, covering all my guilt and sin,
 Has made my Soul at peace within.

This CHRIST hath wrought, my Blessed LORD,
 Who feeds me at His gracious Board ?
 And gladness fills my heart and mind
 To think that pardon here I find.

Sancti, venite, Corpus Christi sumite. 107

Into my FATHER's Presence dread
No longer now I fear to tread ;
The SON's Atoning BLOOD alone
Gives access to the FATHER's Throne.

He now regards me as His Child,
Since I through CHRIST am reconciled ;
And washed in BLOOD from JESUS' Side,
Heaven's gate to me is opened wide.

Thy HOLY SPIRIT, CHRIST, impart,
Work true repentance in my heart,
And e'en from sin's remotest brink
With deep abhorrence make me shrink ;

That so I may not fall again
By sinning into Satan's chain,
Nor throw my FATHER's Grace away
By going any more astray.

So shall I die at peace with Thee,
From sin and sinner's doom set free,
And evermore when Time has ceased
Sit down at CHRIST's Own Marriage Feast.

Sancti, venite, Corpus Christi sumite.



DRAW nigh and take the BODY of the
LORD,
And drink the Holy BLOOD for you
outpoured.

Saved by that BODY, hallowed by that BLOOD,
Whereby refreshed we render thanks to GOD.

Salvation's Giver, CHRIST the Only SON,
By that His Cross and BLOOD the victory won.

Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the Victim and Himself the Priest.

Victims were offered by the Law of old,
That in a type Celestial Mysteries told.

He, Ransomer from death and Light from shade,
Giveth His holy Grace His Saints to aid.

Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere
And take the safeguard of Salvation here.

He that in this world rules His Saints and shields,
To all believers Life eternal yields,

With Heavenly Bread makes them that hunger
whole,
Gives living Waters to the thirsty Soul.

Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
All nations at the Doom, is with us now.

Schmucke dich o liebe Seele.



DECK thyself, my Soul, with gladness,
 Leave the gloomy haunts of sadness,
 Come into the daylight's splendour,
 There with joy thy praises render
 Unto Him, Whose boundless Grace
 Grants thee at His Feast a place ;
 He Whom all the Heavens obey
 Deigns to dwell in thee to-day.

Hasten as a bride to meet Him,
 And with loving reverence greet Him
 Who with Words of Life immortal
 Now is knocking at thy portal ;
 Haste to make for Him a way,
 Cast thee at His Feet and say—
 Since, O LORD, Thou com'st to me,
 Never will I turn from Thee.

Ah ! how hungers all my spirit
 For the Love I do not merit :
 Ah ! how oft with sighs fast thronging
 For this Food have I been longing :
 How have thirsted in the strife
 For this Draught, O Prince of Life,
 Wished, O Friend of man, to be
 Ever one with GOD through Thee.

The Oblation.

Here I sink before Thee lowly,
Filled with joy most deep and holy,
As with trembling awe and wonder
On Thy mighty Works I ponder,
On this Banquet's mystery,
On the depths we cannot see ;
Far beyond all mortal sight
Lie the secrets of Thy Might.

Sun, Who all my life dost brighten,
Light, Who dost my Soul enlighten,
Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth,
Fount, whence all my being floweth,
Here I fall before Thy Feet,
Grant me worthily to eat
Of this blessed Heavenly Food,
To Thy praise and to my good.

JESUS, Bread of Life from Heaven,
Never be Thou vainly given,
Nor I to my hurt invited ;
Be Thy Love with love requited ;
Let me learn its depths indeed
While on Thee my Soul doth feed ;
Let me here so richly blest
Be hereafter too Thy Guest.

Our Daily Bread.



AND does the Ruler of the sky
Upon our lowly Altars lie ?
Can He Who fills all time and space
Receive an earthly dwelling place ?

While Angels in amaze profound
The awful Mystery surround,
O careless men, why haste not ye
Before your LORD to bend the knee ?

Who, though His Glory shines above,
On earth more wondrous in His Love,
On earth for us He toiled and bled
And gives Himself, our Daily Bread.

O BLOOD-bought Souls ! for you He died ;
He feeds you from His bleeding Side ;
Why melt ye not and seek relief
In tears of joy, or tears of grief ?

Let earth and sin and all depart,
For Thou, O GOD, hast touched my heart ;
Oh, let it then for ever be
A garden sealed to all but Thee.

A glorious Sacrifice is here.



GLORIOUS Sacrifice is here,
For now, most wondrous height of
Grace,
We bring our **LORD** and **SAVIOUR** Dear,
Thou **LORD** of Lords, before Thy Face.

We plead that one sole Sacrifice
Which merit in Thine Eyes could win ;
We count once more the costly Price
He paid before He entered in.

Beneath His Mantle rest would we ;
His Death and Passion forth we set,
And yield, Memorial-wise, to Thee
Himself. O spare us sinners yet !

O cleanse our hearts, Almighty **LORD**,
That we not all-unworthy prove
To kneel around the **SAVIOUR**'s Board,
And seek and find Himself by love.

Bread of Heaven, on Thee I feed.

BREAD of Heaven, on Thee I feed,
For Thy FLESH is Meat indeed ;
Ever may my Soul be fed
With this True and Living Bread,
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the Life of Him who died.

Vine of Heaven, Thy BLOOD supplies
This blest Cup of Sacrifice ;
'Tis Thy Wounds my healing give ;
To Thy Crofs I look and live :
Thou my Life, oh, let me be
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

The Shelter-Tree of Life.

HAIL ! saving Crofs, hail ! sacred Sign,
More precious this than gold approved
By threefold fire or brightest gem :

Here at thy foot I would recline,
Most sure by this how GOD has loved
The Catholic Jerusalem.

Here would I lay my weary thought,
Too weary long, too long oppress'd
Beneath the weight of sinful load :

Here would I seek repose, long sought
But sought in vain, in the unrest
And tumult of destruction's road.

Here 'neath the Shelter-Tree of Life
Is refuge from the pelting blast
And shadow from the heat of day :

Here from the burthen, jar and strife
Of empty trifles passing, past,
Here would I rest alway.

The troubled heart finds here repose,
And here the angry passions lull,
The sensual appetite is checked,

And here increase of Love still grows
More pure, till its fruition full
Unclouds the opening intellect.

Hail ! saving Crofs, hail ! saving Sign,
What gems of earth may countervail
That source of Love, that spring of Faith :

O wondrous depth of Love Divine,
Once and again the Crofs I hail,
Our only Hope in life and death.

The Eucharistic Advent.

HE cometh—on yon hallowed Board
 The ready Feast doth duly show,
 Where wait the Chalice and the Bread
 Like gems within their veil of snow.

He cometh—as He came of old
 Suddenly to His FATHER'S Shrine,
 Into the hearts He died to make
 Meet temples for His Grace Divine.

He cometh—as the Bridegroom comes
 Unto the Feast Himself has spread ;
 His FLESH and BLOOD the Heavenly Food
 Wherewith the wedding Guests are fed.

He cometh—gentle as the dew
 And sweet as drops of honey clear,
 And good as GOD'S Own Manna-shower
 To longing Souls that meet Him here.

He cometh—let not one withdraw,
 Nor fear to bring repented sin ;
 There's BLOOD to wash, there's BREAD to feed,
 And CHRIST Himself to enter in.

He cometh—praises in the Church
 And Hymns of praise in Heaven above,
 And in our hearts repentant faith
 And love that springs to meet His Love.

Quantis micas honoribus.

GOOD Priest, where art thou hid from
 human eyes
 In calm Repose,
 Haply to tread the marble-shining skies
 After life's woes ;
 Where GOD's Own Presence hath His People blest,
 Himself their happy Guerdon and their Rest.
 Those Virtues in whose steps thou here didst toil
 And strive to go
 Are not put off with this thy fleshly coil
 And left below ;
 They now are turned to rays of Light Divine
 And glorious Crowns, which on thy temples
 shine.
 And they for whom thou toiledst in second birth
 With many a sigh
 Are with thee, like thy children, fled from earth
 And through the sky
 They share thy victory the blest Choirs among,
 And lift with thee the new mysterious Song.
 Thou here below, dim-veiled from earthly eyes
 In shadows dread,
 Didst offer up th' Unbloody Sacrifice
 On CHRIST to feed ;
 He now Himself, with Unveiled DEITY,
 Of Spirits Immortal the Repast shall be.

Wilt Thou not remember me. 117

And as a daily Sacrifice may we
Be lifted up
Bearing our daily Crofs, and share with thee
Thy Master's Cup :
We prefs, like shipwrecked sailors on the wave,
To Shores where CHRIST doth stretch His Arms
to save.

Wilt Thou not remember me.



REE of Life ! that, in the desert
Fasting, became Angels' food
For those Souls which from the Garden
Disobedience did exclude ;
Oh, if in Thine hour of weakness
I my hidden strength can see,
When Thou comest to Thy Kingdom
Wilt Thou not remember me ?

Crowned with thorns, arrayed in purple,
O my SAVIOUR, how Divine
Art Thou in Thy Robe of meekness
With that bleeding Brow of Thine.
Oh, if through the scorn of others
My poor heart can loyal be,
When Thou comest to Thy Kingdom
Wilt Thou not remember me ?

SAVIOUR ! when the world insults me
I to Thee will turn instead,

The Oblation.

See the mockers spit upon Thee,
 Take the reed and smite Thy Head ;
 Oh, if then my Soul aſhamèd
 For Thy ſake can gentle be,
 When Thou comeſt to Thy Kingdom
 Wilt Thou not remember me ?

CHRIST ! the Rock from whence for thouſands
 Once the healing Waters burſt,
 Now my wounded, Dying SAVIOUR
 Crying with parched Lips—I thirſt :
 Oh, if I through faith can only
 Find my freſheſt ſprings in Thee,
 When Thou comeſt to Thy Kingdom
 Wilt Thou not remember me ?

The True Uſine.



WHEN Iſrael lay in Kadeſh where
 Paran's wilds expand,
 Into the north twelve mighty men
 were ſent to ſpy the Land ;
 Each Tribe gave in its kinglieſt before the hoſts of
 light
 Roſe up all in JEHOVAH's Name to ſpoil the
 Amorite.

Down in the fertile valley where Eſhcol's waters
 roll
 They felled the lordly Cedar-tree and wrought it
 to a pole,

And then they turned them south again and bare
to Israel's line
The first-fruits of the gift of God, the first-ripe of
the Vine.

And what to us (the World exclaims) that Vine-
branch borne of two ?
O fools and blinded ! is it not a figure of the
True ?
It is the sum of all things ; yea, that deed of pre-
science done
Speaks of two Dispensations and the Gift that
made them one.

They who were Grace-expectant, they who lived
and died in Grace—
They who saw CHRIST far off, and they who see,
though veiled, His Face—
Those went before ; these follow : they are all
one Brotherhood,
And in the midst the True Vine hangs upon the
holy Rood.

O Tree of Life ! O Vine of God ! Thou art amid
us now ;
The Bread we break, the Wine we bless, are they
not very Thou ?
Veiled in His Creatures comes our God ; He
comes Who dwells above,
The altogether Lovely and the Fount and Life
of Love.

The Oblation.

O come, ye heavy-laden, and henceforth restful be ;
O come, your weary weight of sin long since was
laid on Me—

This is Thy Call, O Merciful ; to all who will is
given

To eat Supernal Bread and drink the Mystic Wine
of Heaven.

Ah, in our bosom's Hebron the Son of Anak dwells
'Mid pride-built walls, embattled towers and
Heaven-high citadels ;

More faithless than the faithless ten we will not
break that sway ;

We think to win the pleasant Land but not the
Cross's way.

Oh first with Grace preparing, then with Gift no
tongue can show,

Lion of Judah, visit us ; true Joshua, smite our foe ;
Come from Thy Altar to our hearts, our Health,
our Food to be ;

And cast imaginations down and subject all to Thee.

Then not alone the Fathers Thy Presence shall
bring nigh :

Angels, Archangels sing with us, and all Heaven's
Company ;

And now, what reck we ills to come ? They can-
not mar our rest ;

Our Love is ours and we are His ; we want not ;
we are blest.

Salvete, Christi Vulnere.



AIL! holy Wounds of JESUS, hail!

Sweet Pledges of the saving Rood

Whence flow the Streams that never
fail,

The purple Streams of His Dear BLOOD.

Brighter than brightest stars ye show,

Than sweetest rose your scent more rare,

No Indian gem may match your glow,

No honey's taste with yours compare.

Portals ye are to that dear Home

Wherein our wearied Souls may hide,

Whereto no angry foe can come,

The Heart of JESUS crucified.

What countless stripes our JESUS bore,

All naked left in Pilate's hall;

What copious floods of purple Gore

Through rents in His torn Garments fall.

His beauteous Brow, oh, shame and grief,

By the sharp thorny Crown is riven;

Through Hands and Feet, without relief,

The cruel nails are rudely driven.

But when for our poor sakes He died

A willing Priest by Love subdued,

The soldier's lance transfixed His Side,

Forth flowed the Water and the BLOOD.

The Oblation.

That bitter Torment he endured
 Full Ransom for our Souls to give,
 Till from His racking Frame was poured
 Each Drop of BLOOD that we might live.

Come ! bathe you in that healing Flood
 All ye who mourn by guilt opprest,
 Your only hope is JESUS' BLOOD,
 His sacred Heart your only rest.

Hail, Sinless Jesu, Saviour Mild.



AIL ! Sinless JESU, SAVIOUR Mild !
 Conceived amidst a fallen Race
 Immaculate and Undeiled,
 Pure River, Fountain of all Grace.

GOD would not that the blight of sin
 Should on His Own Beloved rest,
 That taint of Earth should enter in
 To dim Thy Beauty, SAVIOUR Blest.

The Powers of Hell can never boast
 That once they held Thee in their chain ;
 Nor Satan's pride, with all his host,
 Upbraid Thee with the sinner's stain.

No ! cloudless didst Thou rise, Bright SUN,
 Dispelling all the Soul's dread fears ;
 Nor mist, nor shadow ere might come
 To dim Thy bright eternal Years.

Which Things are an Allegory. 123

Incarnate SON, our Staff, our Life,
Anointed Thou, GOD's chosen Seed,
Our Souls restrain from envy's strife
Who on Thy Sacred BODY feed.

Fount of all Good, Love's primal Birth,
First Promise of a fallen Race,
How can we utter half Thy Worth ?
How tell the fulness of Thy Grace ?

Sweet Lily, Rose without a thorn,
Sole Refuge in our misery,
To Thee we sigh ; to Thee, forlorn,
In this sad Vale of tears we cry :

When trials come then hold us fast ;
From Hell's assaults preserve us free ;
And, JESUS, when life's day is past,
Oh, grant that we may rest with Thee.

Which Things are an Allegory.



HONEY in the Lion's mouth,
Emblem mystical, Divine,
How the sweet and strong combine ;
Cloven Rock for Israel's drouth ;
Treasure-house of golden grain,
By our Joseph laid in store
In His brethren's famine sore
Freely to dispense again ;

Dew on Gideon's snowy fleece ;
Well from bitter changed to sweet ;
Shewbread laid in order meet ;
Bread whose cost doth ne'er increase
Though no rain in April fall ;
Horeb's Manna freely given,
Showered in white dew from Heaven,
Marvellous, Angelical ;
Weightiest Bunch of Canaan's Vine ;
Cake to strengthen and sustain
Through long days of desert pain ;
Salem's Monarch's Bread and Wine :—
Thou the Antidote shall be
Of my sickness and my sin,
Consolation, Medicine,
Life and Sacrament to me.





PART III.

The Consecration.

THE SACRIFICIAL PORTION OF THE DIVINE OFFICE.

Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem.



AUD! O Sion, thy Salvation,
Laud! with Hymns of exultation,
CHRIST thy King and Shepherd
true;

Bring Him all the praise thou
knowest;

He is more than thou bestowest;
Never canst thou reach His Due.

Special theme for glad thanksgiving
Is the Living and Life-giving

BREAD, to-day before thee set;
From His Hands of old partaken
As we know by faith unshaken,
Where the Twelve at Supper met.

The Consecration.

Full and clear ring out thy chanting,
 Joy nor sweetest grace be wanting ;
 From thy heart let praises burst :
 For to-day the Feast is holden
 When the Institution olden
 Of that Supper is rehearsed.

Here the new Law's new Oblation
 By the new King's Revelation
 Ends the ancient Paschal Rite ;
 Now the New the old effaces,
 Truth away the shadow chases,
 Morn dispels the gloom of night.

What He did at Supper seated
 CHRIST ordained to be repeated,
 His Memorial ne'er to cease ;
 And His Rule for guidance taking
 Bread and Wine we hallow, making
 Thus our Sacrifice of Peace.

Wondrous truth by Christians learnèd,
 Bread into His FLESH is turnèd,
 Into Precious BLOOD the Wine ;
 Sight hath failed nor thought conceiveth,
 But a dauntless faith believeth
 Resting on a Power Divine.

Under diverse Forms existing,
 Signs of earthly things confisting,
 Things of priceless Worth are veiled :

BLOOD for drinking, **FLESH** for eating,
CHRIST Himself, the Faithful meeting
Wholly Present there is hailed.

Whofo of this Food partaketh
Rendeth not the **LORD** nor breaketh ;
 CHRIST is Whole to all that taste :
Thousands are, as one, receivers ;
One, as thousands of believers,
 Eats of Him Who cannot waste.

Bad and good the Feast are sharing :
But what different dooms preparing,
 Endless Death or endless Life :
Life to these, to those damnation ;
See how like participation
 Is with unlike Issues rife.

When the Sacrament is broken,
Doubt not but believe 'tis spoken,
That each severed outward Token
 Doth the very Whole contain :
Nought the precious Gift divideth,
Breaking but the Sign betideth,
Jesus still the same abideth,
 Still Unbroken doth remain.

Lo ! the Angels' Food descending,
Given to Pilgrims homeward wending ;
Bread the Children's steps attending,
 Which on dogs may not be spent :

The Consecration.

See the Truth Its Types fulfilling,
 Isaac bound, a Victim willing ;
 Paschal Lamb its Life-Blood spilling ;
 Manna to the Fathers sent.

Very Bread, Good Shepherd, tend us,
 JESU, of Thy Love befriend us ;
 Thou refresh us, Thou defend us,
 Thine eternal Goodness send us
 In the Land of Life to see :
 Thou Who all things canst and knowest,
 Who on earth such Food bestowest,
 Grant us with Thy Saints though lowest,
 Where the Heavenly Feast Thou showest,
 Fellow Heirs and Guests to be.

O Pane del Cielo.



BREAD of Heaven, beneath this Veil
 Thou dost my Very GOD conceal ;
 My JESUS, dearest Treasure, hail !
 I love Thee and adoring kneel :

The loving Soul by Thee is fed
 With Thy Own SELF in Form of Bread.

O Food of Life, Thou Who dost give
 The Pledge of Immortality ;

I live—no, 'tis not I that live,

 GOD gives me Life, GOD lives in me :
 He feeds my Soul, He guides my ways
 And every grief with joy repays.

O Bond of Love, that dost unite
The servant to his Loving LORD,
Could I dare live and not requite
Such love, then death were meet reward :
I cannot live, unless to prove
Some love for such unmeasured Love.

O mighty Fire, Thou that dost burn
To kindle every mind and heart,
For Thee my frozen Soul doth yearn ;
Come ! LORD of Love, Thy Warmth impart :
If thus to speak too bold appear,
'Tis Love like Thine has banished fear.

O sweetest Dart of Love Divine,
If I have sinned then vengeance take ;
Come ! pierce this guilty heart of mine
And let it die for His dear Sake
Who once expired on Calvary,
His Heart pierced through for love of me.

My dearest Good, Who dost so bind
My heart with countless chains to Thee ;
O sweetest Love, my Soul shall find
In Thy dear Bonds true liberty :
Thyself Thou hast bestowed on me,
Thine, Thine for ever I will be.

Belovèd LORD, in Heaven above,
There, JESUS, Thou awaitest me

The Consecration.

To gaze on Thee with changeless love.
 Yes, thus I hope, thus shall it be :
 For how can He deny me Heaven
 Who here on earth Himself hath given ?

Jesu nostra Refectio.



ESU, the Meat and Drink indeed
 That bids Thine Own rejoice,
 Sweetness and Mirth and Melody
 Of heart and Soul and voice,
 What Mercy bends Thee, LORD, to feed
 Man in his misery
 With Thine Own FLESH, the Bread of Heaven,
 Brought near to such as we ?

Our Ransomer and Ransom Thou,
 Our Banquet too Thou art ;
 Thou Who dost heal our Soul's disease
 Joy be Thou of our heart ;
 Thou Who dost give us here foretaste
 So sweet of Joys to be,
 Give us in our dear Fatherland
 Fruition full of Thee.

Anima Christi, sanctifica me.



SOUL of JESUS, make me holy,
 Make me contrite, meek and lowly ;
 SOUL most Stainless, SOUL Divine,
 Cleanse this fardid Soul of mine ;

Hallow this polluted Soul,
Purify it, make it whole ;
SOUL of JESUS, hallow me ;
Miserere DOMINE.

Save me, BODY of my LORD,
Save a sinner vile, abhorred ;
Sacred BODY, wan and worn,
Bruised and mangled, scourged and torn,
Pierced Hands and Feet and Side,
Rent, insulted, crucified,
Save me—to the Crofs I flee ;
Miserere DOMINE.

BLOOD of JESUS, Stream of Life,
Sacred Stream with Blessings rife,
From that Broken BODY shed
On the Crofs that Altar dread ;
Given to be our Drink Divine,
Fill my heart and make it Thine ;
BLOOD of CHRIST, my Succour be ;
Miserere DOMINE.

Holy Water, Stream that poured
From Thy riven Side, O LORD,
Wash Thou me without, within ;
Cleanse me from the taint of sin,
Till my Soul is clean and white,
Bathed and purified and bright
As a ransomed Soul should be ;
Miserere DOMINE.

The Consecration.

JESU, by the wondrous Power
Of Thine awful Passion hour,
By the unimagined Woe
Mortal man may never know ;
By the Curse upon Thee laid,
By the Ransom Thou hast paid,
By Thy Passion comfort me ;
Miserere DOMINE.

JESU, by Thy bitter Death,
By Thy last expiring Breath
Give me the eternal Life
Purchased by that mortal Strife ;
Thou didst suffer Death that I
Might not die eternally ;
By Thy Dying quicken me ;
Miserere DOMINE.

Miserere ; let me be
Never parted, LORD, from Thee ;
Guard me from my ruthless Foe,
Save me from eternal Woe ;
In the dreadful Judgment Day
Be Thy Cross my hope and stay ;
When the hour of death is near
And my Spirit faints for fear,
Call me with Thy Voice of Love,
Place me near to Thee above,
With Thine Angel-Host to raise
An undying song of praise ;
Miserere DOMINE.

Greek Cherubic Hymn.



ET all mortal flesh keep silence, and
 with fear and trembling stand ;
 Ponder nothing earthly-minded, for with
 Blessing in His Hand
CHRIST our **GOD** to earth descendeth, our full
 homage to demand.

KING of **Kings**, yet born of **Mary**, as of old on
 earth He stood,
LORD of **Lords**, in **Human Vesture**—in the **BODY**
 and the **BLOOD**—
 He will give to all the **Faithful** His **Own SELF** for
 Heavenly Food.

Rank on rank the **Host** of **Heaven** spreads its van-
 guard on the way,
 As the **Light** of **Light** descendeth from the realms
 of endless day,
 That the **Powers** of **Hell** may vanish as the dark-
 ness clears away.

At His **Feet** the six-winged **Seraph** : **Cherubim**
 with sleepless eye
 Veil their faces to the **Presence**, as with ceaseless
 Voice they cry—
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, LORD most **High** !

Eucharistic Pleading.



WHEN I approach the Mercy-seat
To cast me at my Maker's Feet,
And breathing oft my SAVIOUR's
Name

With fervent ardour urge my claim,
Then, 'tis not sinful I that plead,
But JESUS' Love shall intercede ;
CHRIST must present my feeble prayer,
Else am I vainly kneeling there :
His Holy BLOOD prevails for me,
The Pangs, the Groans of Calvary ;
Through Him alone my Soul obtains
Pardon for all its guilty stains.

Abe, Christi Corpus Verum.



HAIL! O FLESH of CHRIST Divine,
Hail! O sweet and ruddy Wine,
BLOOD the Cup and FLESH the Meat,
And in These is CHRIST complete.

This is He the Bridegroom, dight
In His Vesture red and white ;
White, for Him a Virgin bore,
Red, for He His BLOOD did pour.

By the Wounds and stripes and scorn,
By the Passion Thou hast borne,
Hear us, JESU, when we call,
From destruction save us all.

Laureata Plebs fidelis.



OW let the Faithful come, with joy re-
vering
The Sacramental CHRIST this day,
Rendering the most high King meet
praise, and wearing
Through Him the conqueror's bay.
What if the place whence GOD rules all be Heaven?
Oh, He deigns elsewhere to abide,
And day by day to loving hearts is given
He Who was crucified.

Behold! the Price which bought the holy Nation,
The Grace which speaks of Grace to come,
And all the Virtue of His sacred Passion
Have here their earthly Sum ;
All Gifts are here to give the which He suffered,
All Gifts with which the DOVE came down ;
Therefore aright the Sacrifice be offered,
Of all the Fruit and Crown.

This did men see far off and died confessing,
This did Melchizedek declare
Offering the Bread of Life and Wine of Blessing
To GOD, before they were ;

And erst they slew a Lamb, the time foreshowing
When that Lamb's slaughter should give place
(The BLOOD of CHRIST, world-cleansing Stream,
fast flowing)
Unto the True LAMB's Grace.

One link yet more 'twixt men whom ages sever,
'Tis Manna, Bread sent down to tell
The WORD made FLESH should be made Food
for ever
To the true Israel :
That Bread was food of time, This is Eternal :
That came the flesh alone to feed,
But This is Life and Health and Joy supernal ;
This Cup is Drink indeed.

Lo ! without price abundant Peace is given,
The poor and needy here may come ;
O happy Feast for citizens of Heaven,
Lead through the strange land home ;
O Path of Life, Refreshment never cloying,
O CHRIST, Perennial Light, give Life ;
So our part be with Souls the Blifs enjoying
In Thy clear Vision rise.

Give us Thyself. Thou art the Wave Immortal,
The Fruitful Vine, the Living Bread ;
So at the last we miss not Sion's portal
We would be cleansed and fed :

O God unseen, yet ever near. 137

It is Thy Death which in these Gifts is speaking,
O may we lift to It alone,
And we shall find the Country we are seeking,
We shall be nigh Thy Throne.

O God unseen, yet ever near.



GOD Unseen, yet ever near,
Thy Presence may we feel;
And thus inspired with holy fear
Before Thine Altar kneel.

Here may Thy faithful People know
The Blessings of Thy Love,
The Streams that through the desert flow,
The Manna from above.

We come obedient to Thy Word
To feast on Heavenly Food;
Our Meat, the **BODY** of the **LORD**,
Our Drink, His Precious **BLOOD**.

Thus would we all Thy Words obey,
For we, O **GOD**, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way
Renewed with Strength Divine.

Christi Corpus, Ave.



AIL! FLESH of CHRIST, of Holy Virgin
born ;

Hail ! Undivided DEITY,

The Way, the Life, the Health of man
forlorn,

Set us from all ill free.

Hail ! BLOOD of CHRIST, most holy Drink of
Heaven,

Mighty to wash away all stain ;

Hail ! BLOOD, Which flowed forth when the Side
was riven

Upon the Cross of pain.

An Ancient Eucharistic Prayer.



LIVING Bread from Heaven,

To weary pilgrims given,

Angelic Sustenance,

Celestial Food, I need Thee ;

Thou, Thou alone canst feed me ;

My Life comes only thence.

O Fount of Love abounding,

My wondering thoughts confounding,

I come to taste Thy stream

From CHRIST's warm Heart still bleeding,

To give me what is needing

To quicken, cheer, redeem.

Here, JESUS, Thou art hidden ;
Here now as I am bidden
By faith I feast on Thee ;
Oh, let the clouds concealing
Soon melt away, revealing
The GOD I long to see.

Mundus effusus Redemptus.



ING, O Earth, for thy redemption,
Lo ! His race of torment run,
CHRIST the Sanctuary enters,
Priest and Victim both in One ;
There to make our peace with GOD
By th' Oblation of His BLOOD.

Guilty for the guilty pleading,
Legal Priest, thy task is o'er ;
Goats and oxen, empty shadows,
There is need of you no more ;
Not such feeble things as these
Could an Angry GOD appease.

Hail to Thee ! High Priest eternal,
Priest without a spot of sin,
Veiled of old in mystic figures,
Holy, Infinite, Divine ;
Thou art He Whose BLOOD alone
Can for human guilt atone.

The Consecration.

Thou of Life the LORD Anointed,
 Led to Thy self-chosen Doom,
 That Same FLESH which Thou hast moulded
 In Thy Virgin Mother's Womb
 Offerest on the Holy Rood,
 Man for man and GOD to GOD.

While the rage of Thy tormentors
 In its very fury blind,
 As from Thy pure Veins it madly
 Pours the Ransom of mankind,
 Does but work Thy own Decree
 Fixed from all Eternity.

The Unsearchable Riches of Christ.



SWEET Sacrament Divine!
 Hid in Thine earthly Home,
 Lo! round Thy lowly Shrine
 With suppliant hearts we come;
 JESUS, to Thee our voice we raise
 In Songs of love and heartfelt praise,
 Sweet Sacrament Divine!

Sweet Sacrament of Peace!
 Dear Home for every heart,
 Where restless yearnings cease
 And sorrows all depart;
 There in Thine Ear all trustfully
 We tell our tale of misery,
 Sweet Sacrament of Peace!

¶ Hange lingua Gloriosi Corporis. 141

Sweet Sacrament of Rest!

Ark from the ocean's roar,
Within Thy Shelter blest
Soon may we reach the shore ;
Save us, for still the tempest raves,
Save, lest we sink beneath the waves,
Sweet Sacrament of Rest!

Sweet Sacrament Divine!

Earth's Light and Jubilee,
In Thy far depths doth shine
Thy GODHEAD's Majesty ;
Sweet Light, so shine on us we pray,
That earthly joys may fade away,
Sweet Sacrament Divine!

¶ Hange lingua Gloriosi Corporis.



NOW my tongue the Mystery telling,
Of the Glorious BODY sing,
And the BLOOD all price excelling
Which the Gentiles' LORD and
KING,

In a Virgin's Womb once dwelling,
Shed for this world's ransoming.

Given for us, and condescending
To be born for us below,
He with men in converse blending
Dwelt, the seed of Truth to sow,
Till He closed with wondrous ending
His most patient Life of woe.

The Consecration.

That last night at Supper lying
 'Mid the Twelve, His chosen Band,
 JESUS, with the Law complying,
 Keeps the Feast its rites demand ;
 Then, more Precious Food supplying,
 Gives Himself with His own Hand.

WORD-MADE-FLESH true Bread He maketh
 By His Word His FLESH to be ;
 Wine, His BLOOD, Which whoſo taketh
 Muſt from carnal thoughts be free ;
 Faith alone, though fight forſaketh,
 Shows true hearts the Myſtery.

Therefore we before Him bending
 This great Sacrament revere ;
 Types and ſhadows have their ending
 For the newer Rite is here ;
 Faith our outward ſenſe befriending
 Makes our inward viſion clear.

Ave, Rex, Qui deſcendiſti.



AIL ! O King, Who hither wendedſt
 From the ſkies, and condeſcendedſt
 In a fleſhly Form to dwell :

Hail ! O BODY True and Holy,
 Of a Virgin pure and lowly
 Born to cruſh the might of Hell.

**Hail! O WORD, Incarnate truly,
Virgin-born, before Whom duly
We in faith undoubting fall :**

**Hail to Thee! Who scourged in malice
Drankest of the bitter Chalice,
Mingled vinegar and gall.**

**Hail to Thee! Who didst not falter
On the Cross's mournful Altar,
Dying there in sharpest pain :**

**Hail to Thee! Whose one Oblation
Saved the world from condemnation,
Burst the gates of Hell in twain.**

**Hail! Thou Brightness ever glorious,
Hail! Thou FLESH of CHRIST Victorious,
Flower and Fruit of Virgin Womb :**

**Hail! Thou Bread the Angels feeding,
Hail! Thou Light the holy leading,
SAVIOUR of the World from doom.**

**Hail! Thou meek Redeemer, sending
Mercies to us never-ending,
Thou who sootheest hapless men :**

**Hail! O CHRIST, the FATHER's Splendour,
Grant, I pray, Thy Mercy tender
Now and evermore. Amen.**

Salve, Santa Caro Dei.



SACRED FLESH of GOD, by Whom
 Guilty men are saved from doom,
 Thou didst set Thy Servants free
 When Thou hangedst on the Tree.
 From Thy Side the Water spilt
 Washed and cleansed us stained with guilt,
 Tainted with the first offence
 Of Adam's disobedience.
 Wash me in the healing Flood,
 Sacred BODY, of Thy BLOOD ;
 Cleanse Thou me from every stain,
 Rescue me from endles pain.
 Me of Thy great Goodness bless
 With eternal Happiness ;
 By Thy Sanctity made whole,
 Strengthen and sustain my Soul.
 Make mine enemies to fall,
 Into friends convert them all ;
 King of Angels, crush their pride,
 And their hatred turn aside.
 Thou, in Whom alone we live
 Unto me Thy BODY give,
 Me in death's extremest hour
 Save by Thy Almighty Power
 From the Dragon's wrath, I crave,
 From the roaring Lion, save ;
 Give with Faith and Hope unfailing
 Charity o'er all prevalling.

I am Thy Servant.



LORD, my King and Master Thou,
To Whom the choirs of Angels bow,
Behold me at Thine Altar now.

Thy Yoke I love ; it is my choice
To follow Thee and know Thy Voice ;
In this blest slavery I rejoice.

Bind me eternally to Thee
With bonds which only bind to free ;
Let cords of Love my fetters be.

Thine am I, LORD, for ever Thine ;
I to Thy Majesty Divine
All that I am or have resign.

Lo ! at Thy Feet I wait Thy Will,
Let that alone my being fill,
All earthly passions calm and still.

Each thought to Thee, my SAVIOUR Dear,
Subdue ; let nought of earth draw near ;
In silence I Thy Voice would hear.

Here in Thy Blessed Sacrament,
With eye and ear and heart attent,
I wait Thy Grace's blest Descent.

My LORD and Master, can it be
That Thou shouldst gird Thyself, on me
To wait in Thy Humility ?

The Consecration.

Nay, more—Thyself the Very Bread
 Wherewith Thine ingrate Slave is fed,
 Oh, who can such a Service dread?

Adorable and Gracious King,
 My heart is all I have to bring,
 Spurn not th' unworthy offering.

Oh, make it cleave to Thee alway,
 So, in Thine awful Reckoning Day,
 Thou to my trembling Soul mayst say—

Well done, My Servant good and true;
 Enter the Joy prepared for you,
 Joy that earth's thralldom never knew.

My LORD, one boon I ask of Thee—
 Oh, let this feeble service be
 Perfected in Eternity.

And they knew Him.



THOU know'st Him not and canst not
 know—

Though as thou walkest by the way
 Thy thoughts and words spontaneous
 flow

His Cross and Passion to survey;
 But still thy foolish heart and flow
 Must into paths of error stray,
 Until in Spirit to thy side
 He draweth near thy steps to guide.

And though that heart within thee burn,
As He vouchsafes by Grace to teach,
The LORD will from thy presence turn
Ere thou the Home of knowledge reach ;
Unless as those who fondly yearn
For larger gifts, for closer speech,
Thou dost in earnest prayer constrain
Where thou abidest to remain.

And if His Presence He prolong
And fill thy heart with Gospel lore,
So that discerning right from wrong
And good from evil, hourly more,
Thou dost, impelled by feelings strong,
Revere His Truth, His Love adore—
Oh foolish heart, and slow of ken,
Thou thinkest that thou know'st Him then.

Never ! until His Board be spread
And thou before His Altar kneel ;
Never ! until that broken Bread
His Bruised and Wounded FLESH reveal ;
Never ! until the BLOOD He shed,
Drank in that Cup, thine eyes unseal—
Thou know'st Him not, thou canst not know
Till in that Food of Life He doth Himself bestow.

Prose on the Holy Eucharist.



THE Bread descending from on high
 For needy Souls their wants fulfils,
 Restoring Life to them who die,
 Its overflowing Grace infils.

CHRIST be our Food, to give new Might
 And make the fainting spirit whole ;
 CHRIST be our Cup, to give Delight
 And satisfy the longing Soul.

O Splendour of Celestial day,
 O Thou Whom Angels ever laud,
 That mystic Supper give, we pray,
 The Supper of the FLESH of GOD.

O Feast Divine, O Glory blest
 From the Redeemer ever poured,
 O Thou, of lowly hearts the Rest,
 Grant everlasting Gladness, LORD.

Through this Memorial made of Thee,
 And through Thy Death by hands accurst,
 Save us from endless misery,
 Thou Who didst cry aloud—I thirst.

All glory unto Thee, O LORD,
 For all Thy bounteous Gifts we pay,
 Thy holy Light to us accord
 As Food on fast and festal day.

Spirit, Soul and Body, one Man.



PIRIT, Soul and Body's union,
Mingling with the Heavenly Host,
One with GOD in CHRIST's Communion,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

With the Water, Blood and Spirit
Sanctified in One on earth,
Wholly blameless, may ye merit
Wholly all the Heavenly birth.

Light and Cloud of God's Indwelling,
Breathed to make a living Soul,
Spirit, passion's fury quelling
With a more than man's controul.

Mirror of that Breath's reflection,
Soul, yet dewed with earthly sense,
Source of holiest affection,
Shrine of purest innocence.

Body that shall be Celestial,
Now so sinful and so frail,
Outer Court of things terrestrial,
Parted with the fleshly vail.

O the Joy, when without ending,
When your threefold work is done,
Spirit, Soul and Body blending,
You shall be with GOD in One.

Adoro Te devote, Latens Deltas.



GODHEAD Hid, devoutly I adore
Thee

Who truly art within the Forms before
me ;

To Thee my heart I bow with bended knee
As failing quite in contemplating Thee.

JESU, eternal Shepherd, hear our cry ;
Increase the faith of all whose Souls on Thee rely.

Sight, touch and taste in Thee are each deceived ;
The ear alone most safely is believed ;
I believe all the SON of GOD has spoken,
Than Truth's own Word there is no surer token.

GOD only on the Cross lay hid from view ;
But here lies hid at once the MANHOOD too ;
And I, in both professing my belief,
The same prayer make as the repentant Thief.

Thy Wounds, as Thomas saw, I do not see ;
Yet Thee confess my LORD and GOD to be :
Make me believe Thee ever more and more ;
In Thee my hope, in Thee my love to store.

O Thou Memorial of our LORD's own dying,
O Living Bread, to mortals Life supplying,
Make Thou my Soul henceforth on Thee to live ;
Ever a taste of Heavenly sweetness give.

O loving Pelican, O CHRIST my GOD,
Unclean I am, but cleanse me in Thy BLOOD ;
Of Which a single Drop for sinners spilt,
Could ransom all the world from all its guilt.

JESU, Whom for the present Veiled I see,
What I so thirst for, oh, vouchsafe to me ;
That I may see Thy Countenance unfolding,
And may be blest Thy Glory in beholding.

JESU, eternal Shepherd, hear our cry ;
Increase the faith of all whose Soulson Thee rely.

Abe, Caro Christi Cara.



AIL ! FLESH of CHRIST, beloved Ob-
lation,

Sacrifice for our Salvation,

On the Cross a Victim slain :

Oh, by that Thy Death of sadness,
Raise us decked in light and gladness
With Thee glorified to reign.

Hail ! WORD Incarnate, Which Divinest,
Hallowed on the Altar shinest ;

Bread of Angels Ever-living,
Health and Hope to mortals giving,
Antidote, all guilt relieving.

Hail ! Thou BODY of CHRIST JESUS,
Heaven-descended to release us,
Thy redeemed from ruin buying,
On the Cross when nailed and dying.

The Pledge of Immortality.



READ of the World in Mercy broken,
 Wine of the World in Mercy shed,
 By Whom the Words of Life were
 spoken,

And in Whose Death our sins are dead ;
 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
 Look on the tears by sinners shed,
 And be Thy Feast to us the token
 That by Thy Grace our Souls are fed.

Ave, Verbum Incarnatum.



HOLY FLESH of JESUS CHRIST
 Upon the Altar lying,
 Last Gift of the Incarnate WORD
 Before His precious Dying ;

O Living BREAD of Angels bright,
 Who wrought'st Redemption's story,
 O Hope of each one named from Thee,
 We give Thee thanks and glory.

Eucharistic Meditation.



HOLY JESUS, we believe
 That Thou art Present here,
 With heart and Soul we surely know
 Our Dearest LORD is near ;

For though Thy blessed Presence
Is not visibly revealed,
Faith tells us in these Sacred Forms
Thou art indeed concealed :
On bended knee then let us pray
That Thou mayst be adored
For aye, in Thy Sweet Sacrament,
O Thou most Gracious LORD.

How great should be our reverence,
How great the love and fear
With which to this High Sacrifice
In faith we should draw near ;
Our hearts should be all purified,
From earthly care set free,
Feeling their own unworthiness
And full of love for Thee ;
O Thou our own Beloved LORD,
Our SAVIOUR and our Friend,
Look down with Thine All-pitying Eye,
On us Thy Blessing send.

We know our sins are manifold,
Yet still to Thee we fly
Trusting that in Thy Mercy great
Thou wilt receive our cry ;
For where else can we hope to find
Forgiveness full and free,
Except in Thine own Sacraments
When, LORD, we come to Thee ?

The Consecration.

Then, JESU, Priest and Shepherd True,
Grant Pardon when we stray
Without Thy Flock, of which Thou art
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

And when our hearts bowed down with woe
Nor rest nor comfort find,
We come to Thee, O SAVIOUR Dear,
Of Comforters most kind ;
For when Thou givest us Thyself,
O precious Bread of Life,
In wondering awe we muse not on
Our Soul's most bitter strife,
Feeling that Thou dost then abide
In us, Thou Prince of Peace,
And that Thy blessed Presence, LORD,
Hath caused our grief to cease.

So too when some bright beam of joy,
E'en though of earth it be,
Lights up our star of hope, then, LORD,
We quickly turn to Thee,
Knowing that Thou, most Pitiful,
Hast sent this gladsome ray
To shed a brightness o'er our path
Which cheers our onward way ;
LORD JESU, bless our earthly joys,
Thou, Who our woes hast healed,
And be Thou in our hopes and fears
Our Helper and our Shield.

When death is drawing nigh, and when
 In dread our Spirits fail,
 LORD JESU, still abide with us
 Through the dark gloomy Vale ;
 In Thy most Blessed Eucharist
 Give us Thyself once more,
 That in the Strength of that Sweet Food,
 Our life's sad journey o'er,
 We may the Heavenly City reach,
 Where freed from all alarms
 Our Souls shall find eternal Rest
 In Thy Almighty Arms.

Ave, Caro Christi Cara.



HAILE ! FLESH of CHRIST, hail ! Sweet-
 est Food,
 Upon the Altar of the Rood
 A Sacred Victim laid ;

By that Thy Passion grant us Grace
 To dwell with Thee in that fair Place
 Where light shall never fade.

Hail ! Very BODY of the LORD,
 Who man's Salvation to afford
 Didst hang upon the Tree ;

Oh, save us from the pains of Hell,
 Most high Creator, Who dost dwell
 A Priest eternally.

The Consecration.

Hail! JESU, hail! O living Bread,
Whereon our fainting Souls are fed,
Both Truth and Way Thou art ;

Be present now to heal and bless,
And in Thy perfect Holiness
Give us to have our part.

Hail! Banquet of the Angel-Host,
Sweet Solace of the tempest-tost,
Who makest all things new ;

Our earnest pleadings deign to hear,
Breathe on these hearts so hard and fere
Thy SPIRIT's gracious Dew.

Hail! GOD beneath this Veil concealed,
In Heaven all gloriously revealed
Where shadows flee away ;

We pray Thee shield us from our Foe,
And give us once that Peace to know
Which never can decay.

Hail! Stream Divine from JESUS' Side,
That Stream the road which opens wide
High Heaven to attain ;

Behold, O LORD, our sin we own,
Plead Thou before Thy FATHER's Throne
Our pardon to obtain.

Hail ! Draught of Life and Health and Joy,
Thou Sweetness that can never cloy,
All Virtue in Thee lies ;

O Blessed CHRIST, be Merciful,
Grant us forgiveness free and full,
Who Dead for us didst rise.

Hail ! Heavenly Splendour, WORD of GOD,
Flower and fruit of Aaron's Rod,
Thou Finger of the LORD,

Oh, let us not be cast away ;
Where Thou art throned in endless day
A place to us afford.

Hail ! Sacred FLESH of CHRIST, that bore
All Agony and Passion sore
To shield us from our sin ;

Thou with the wicked mad'st Thy Grave,
Dear LORD, our sinful Souls to save
And Heaven for us to win.

Manna most hidden, most Divine,
Upon us bid Thy Mercy shine,
Oh, hear Thy Saints' desire ;

Set us absolved and purified,
And blessed and crowned and glorified,
Amid th' Angelic Choir.

The Fountain of Life.



DROOP—oh, give me of the crystal
Stream

Which flows in ever-blooming Ama-
ranth bowers ;

The Fount immortal, whose transparent waves
Reflect bright Angel faces 'midst the flowers ;
That fairest Stream o'erflows with Wisdom's
richest ore—

Oh, waft one priceless Drop, and Strength for
evermore.

I droop—sustain me, blessed Fount of Life ;
Bid deepening shadows of the night depart ;
Give Peace and Courage to the wavering mind,
And Faith and Hope unto the sinking heart.
O blessed, fragrant River, o'er the weary head
May guardian Angel-hands one Drop pel-
lucid shed.

I droop—Redeemer, only Fount of Joy,
From Thee alone the living Waters flow ;
Give one sweet Drop to cool life's burning pain,
There is no healing spring on earth below :
They search in vain for aid who search for
aught but Thee,
Thou art the Way, the Truth, in all Eternity.

The Daily Sacrifice.



SINCE first the Church beneath
 Called Souls to praise and pray,
 Daily this Antidote to death
 Was proffered by the way.

Daily the Board was spread ;
 The Sacred Bread and Wine
 Before the LORD our GOD set forth
 The Sacrifice Divine.

Now in these latter days
 When love seems cold, faith frail,
 Need we the Sacred Banquet less ?
 Or should the Service fail ?

No ! daily let us joy
 Our Master here to meet,
 And blend with viewless Angel-hosts
 Around the Mercy-seat.

For all His Church, for our
 Weak hearts, Himself we bring
 Before th' Almighty FATHER's Face
 Eternal Offering.

O SAVIOUR, LORD most Sweet,
 Our worthless homage take,
 And deign to visit our weak hearts
 For Thy dear Mercy's sake.

Corpus, abe, clarum Domini.



AIL! Glorious BODY of the LORD, on
Which no darknes rolls
Tocast Thy Brightnes into shade, Thou
Food and Light of Souls.

O wash away the stains, I pray, of each polluting
sin,
And make us meet the Pleasures sweet of Paradise
to win.

Hail! Holy FLESH, now unto Thee unworthily I
plead,
That Thou wouldst in the time of death vouchsafe
my Soul to feed.

O Living Bread, upon me shed the joys that can-
not die,
O cleanse and save, left in the grave of second
death I lie.

O FLESH of CHRIST once sacrificed, to Thee I
humbly kneel,
BODY Which didst redeem the world, and all its
sickness heal.

By Thee be every spirit purged, let every sense be
clear,
O Manna True, to Whom we sue and sing Hosanna
here.

The Reward of Perseverance. 161

When the dread time of punished crime is near,
O give me Life,
And grant me, CHRIST, a contrite heart in my last
earthly strife.

That Faith be sure, Confession pure, to Thee, O
LORD, I pray,
And, JESU Good, my Soul with Food of Thine
Own BODY stay.

Then out of pain bring me again where all Thy
Blessings well,
That there possessed of endless Rest I may for ever
dwell.

The Reward of Perseverance.



FT when with icy heart and dry
Affection's cold and tearless eye,
Barren as a desert, chilled as steel,
We at God's holy Altar kneel—

Still, while we persevere and bear
With firm resolve th' unlively prayer,
To holy sufferance will come
An Answer from our Heavenly home.

For oft amid the weary crush,
The springs of Grace with sudden rush
Will overspread the rocky breast
With verdure new and dews of rest,

The Consecration.

Filling the longing heart's distress
With floods of love and happiness,
One draught of which will countervail
Long days of want and nights of wail.

Ah, ye who sit beneath the cloud
And mourn for absence deep not loud,
Know this, that he who meekly bows—
And silent, grieves his absent Spouse—
One unexpected day shall feel
How good it was for him to kneel
And mourn a temporary loss
Under the shadow of the Cross.

For ah, what words of best desire,
What eloquence or Angel fire
May tell the length or breadth or height,
The richness of extreme Delight
Reserved for him who meekly bends,
Rather for Love than lively ends,
Who unrequited perseveres
And labours still, albeit in tears.

Jam satis fluxit Cruor Hostiarum.



ENOUGH the blood of victims flowed of
old,
The shadows pass and legal offerings;
Now higher Ministries Thou, LORD, dost mould,
On which a holier shade Thy Priesthood flings.

Q Jesus, Who for us hast died. 163

Elias from the Heavens called down the flame ;
One Greater than Elias, hid from fight,
Is here, obedient to His awful Name ;
Of Him we make the dread Memorial-Rite.

Great Office, the mysterious Cup to bear
In which the guilty world's Salvation lies,
And with our trembling hands full of deep fear
To offer up the Bloodless Sacrifice,

Oh, more than all to ancient Prophets given,
More than to Angels if but understood,
That in our trembling hands the GOD of Heaven
Doth give Himself to be our Spirits' Food.

Grant, CHRIST, that we fulfilling Thy Commands
Of Thy blest Presence may approach the Seat,
With hearts by Thee made pure and holy hands;
May Love for Thy dread Altars make us meet.

Q Jesus, Who for us hast died.



JESUS, Who for us hast died,
The BLOOD flows ever from Thy Side,
For Thou art ever crucified.

By Priestly hands Thy BLOOD is poured
Upon the Altar long and broad,
Where Thou art evermore adored.

And on that Altar, day by day,
Thy Love holds on its shining way
And sheds an ever brightening Ray.

Thy Sacrifice can never cease,
Till all is rest and joy and peace
In the triumphant world of Grace.

And on the Altar is our Food,
Purchased for us by Thine Own BLOOD,
When Mary by the Cross once stood.

Thousands of faithful hearts adore
Where Thou art shrined for evermore,
A Beacon on a stormy shore.

Thy Tabernacle's Sun goes down
When each Elect has won his Crown,
And all Thy mighty Love is shown.

Then, not till then, that burning Light
Goes down beneath the waters bright,
But there is Day and no more night.

Horae de Santo Sacramento.

I.



OF the Wondrous BODY, O my tongue,
 be telling,
 And the BLOOD most Precious of the
 Crucified,
 Which to quench the Dragon's fiery fang came
 welling
 For the world's Salvation, from His holy Side.

II.

With the Twelve He fate and gave a mystic Token,
 Teaching their true hearts with Word and holy
 Sign ;
 For the Bread He told them was His BODY Broken,
 And His BLOOD of Healing filled the Cup with
 Wine.

III.

In His sacred Hands He took the Bread and
 brake It,
 Likewise took the Cup and sanctified the same ;
 Whofo shall presume unworthily to take It,
 God shall of a surety bring that Soul to shame.

IV.

Whofoever drinketh of the Cup of Blessing,
 Whofo of this Bread partaketh not in vain,
 He shall bear true witness, worthily confessing
 CHRIST's most holy Passion, till He come again.

V.

But the unbelieving eat and drink damnation,
 For their hearts discern not JESUS CHRIST the
 LORD,
 And they spurn His BLOOD of Reconciliation
 Which from out the Spear-wound for our ransom
 poured.

VI.

Lo! the WORD Incarnate is the Bread from
 Heaven ;
 Lo! the Cup is filled with JESUS' BLOOD indeed ;
 Precious is the Food to faithful Servants given ;
 They that feed upon Him CHRIST'S Command-
 ment heed.

VII.

CHRIST herein sustaineth all the faithful-hearted,
 Yet His BODY is not torn in any wise ;
 In a broken Morsel is the Whole imparted ;
 GOD is truly present, veiled from mortal eyes.

* * * *

Thus the Hours shall find me still devoutly musing,
 LORD, on Thy dear BODY's awful Mystery ;
 That Thy Sacramental Graces rightly using
 With a faith unchanging I may worship Thee.

The Cross the Fount of Blessing.



**AIL to the holy Cross! Sweet Jesus,
Hail to the loved and saving Sign!
From whence all Virtue comes to ease us,
Whence Virtue flows and Might
Divine.**

**Hail to the Cross! Fount of all Blessings,
Whence Grace descends in copious flood;
Worthy alone of all caressings,
Hail to thee! loved and sacred Wood.**

**Hail to the holy Cross! that giveth
Virtue and Strength and loving Faith;
Hail to the Cross! that ever liveth
Singing Life's triumph over Death.**

**Hail to the Cross! from whence went raying
Athwart o'er earth Love's holy flame;
Thy banner o'er its heights displaying
And reaping Glory from its shame.**

**Hail to the holy Cross! rejected
Albeit, and scorned by worldly pride;
Yet by Almighty Love elected
To be the meek and humble's guide.**

**Hail to the holy Cross! affliction
Sinks not the heart nor bids it qualm;**

The Consecration.

For thou, sweet Fount of Benediction,
Art near to pour the healing Balm.

Hail to thee, holy Crofs of ages !
That bids attempered sorrow fall ;
Before thy foot no tempest rages,
No storms oppress, no passions thrall.

Hail ! Ark of Peace, on Thee confiding
Fierce winds may blow, wild waves may toss ;
For I am safe by thee abiding,
Sweet JESUS, here before Thy Crofs.

Christus, Lux indeficiens.



CHRIST, the Light that knows no
waning,

Gives to us His FLESH as Food,
Drink He gives us also, deigning
To refresh us with His BLOOD.

CHRIST, Thou Radiance ever glowing,
Who upon the Crofs didst bleed,
Light on all Thy Saints bestowing,
With Thyself Thy Flock dost feed.

FLESH, Which we are now receiving,
Of a Virgin took the WORD,
And the BLOOD we drink believing
He for sinful man outpoured.

In this Rite, our Souls to nourish
To the WORD made FLESH we come ;

Hence our faith in strength doth flourish ;
Hence we reach our Heavenly home.

Bread of Sweetness ever holy,
Full art Thou of pure Delight ;
SAVIOUR, born of Maiden lowly,
King art Thou of perfect Might.

May we ever eat in gladness
Of this rich, Angelic Bread ;
May we in death's hour of sadness
With this sweetest Gift be fed.

He was at the third day-hour
Led a Victim forth to die,
When He bare His Cross of Power
His Elect to raise on high.

Lead us, Giver of Salvation,
To our Home Thyself beside,
Where eternal Jubilation
Dwelleth through the LAMB that died.

Evermore we there the story
Of Thy wondrous Deeds will raise,
Reigning with Thy Saints in Glory
We will offer Gifts of praise.

Sacrifice and Hymns in union
God we bring this festal day ;
May He with Divine Communion
Feed us in His Love for aye.

The pleading Presence of Christ.



HAIL to GOD's True BODY !
 Of Virgin Mary sprung,
 Truly for us offered,
 On Cross of anguish hung,
 Whose dear Side was truly
 By spear enforced to bleed ;
 In our latest conflict
 Upon Thee let us feed.

Once for all, O JESU,
 Thou wast a Victim made ;
 Still in Heaven Thou pleadest
 In FLESH and BLOOD displayed ;
 But though round this Altar
 Nought of Heaven appear,
 Thy strong Word and Action
 Doth make Thee present here.

In very Life and Essence
 Thou dost Thy Word fulfil,
 Who where'soe'er Thou livest
 Art Mediator still ;
 O Qui peccata tollis,
 To Thee our greetings rise—
 All hail! the pleading Presence,
 All hail! the Sacrifice.

☩ **Jesu Christ, remember.**

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The Bread becomes Thy BODY,
The Wine becomes Thy BLOOD,
And Both, O Love Incarnate,
Are our Life-giving Food.
What Thou to GOD presentest
To sinners Thou dost give,
So bending to adore Thee
We eat, and drink, and live.

☩ **Jesu Christ, remember.**



JESU CHRIST, remember
When Thou shalt come again
Upon the clouds of Heaven
With all Thy shining Train ;
When every eye shall see Thee
In DEITY revealed
Who now upon this Altar
In silence art concealed ;
Remember then, O SAVIOUR,
I supplicate of Thee,
That here I bowed before Thee
Upon my bended knee ;
That here I owned Thy Presence
And did not Thee deny,
And glorified Thy Greatness
Though hid from human eye.
Accept, Divine Redeemer,
The homage of my praise ;

The Consecration.

Be Thou the Light and Honour
 And Glory of my days ;
 Be Thou my Consolation
 When death is drawing nigh ;
 Be Thou my only Treasure
 Through all Eternity.

Ave, Caro Christi.



OLY FLESH of CHRIST our King,
 Thee, Adorable, we sing ;
 In the New Law's happy Vale
 Pasture of the true Flock, hail !
 Pure and spotless be the breast
 Where Thou comest as the Guest ;
 Let the Faithful hourly say—
 Thee we worship, Thee we pray.

Thee, the Church Thy mystic Wife,
 Worships as the BREAD of Life ;
 Ransom, Guide, Redemption free,
 Now our Satisfaction be,
 We the sinners need Thy Balm ;
 We the mourners seek Thy Calm ;
 Bring us out of life's lorn road
 Into Glory, unto God.

The Altar Shade.



ORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
 LORD, to Thine Altar shade we fly ;
 Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
 SAVIOUR, we seek Thy Shelter here ;
 Weary and weak, Thy Grace we pray ;
 Turn not, O LORD, Thy Guests away.

Long have we roamed in want and pain,
 Long have we sought Thy Rest in vain ;
 Wildered in doubt, in darkneſs loſt,
 Long have our Souls been tempeſt-toſt ;
 Low at Thy Feet our ſins we lay ;
 Turn not, O LORD, Thy Guests away.

Christ, our Life.



ABOURING and heavy-laden,
 Wanting help in time of need,
 Fainting by the way from hunger,
 Bread of Life, on Thee we feed.

Thirſting for the ſprings of waters
 That, by Love's eternal law,
 From the ſtricken Rock are flowing,
 Well of Life, from Thee we draw.

Driven out from happy Eden,
 Far from home and ſhelter ſtrayed,

The Consecration.

Tossed with tempest, faint from sunshine,
Tree of Life, we seek Thy shade.

In the land of cloud and shadow
Where no human eye can see,
Light to those who sit in darknes,
Light of Life, we walk in Thee.

Strangers upon earth, and pilgrims
Wearied with the world and weak,
By life's many ways bewildered,
Path of Life, for Thee we seek.

Vexed with passion's hateful bondage,
Longing, struggling to be free,
Where Thy loving Banner leads us,
Prince of Life, we follow Thee.

Sick of sense's vain deceivings
Crumbling round us into dust,
Strong alone in Faith's believings,
Word of Life, in Thee we trust.

Thou the Grace of Life supplying,
Thou the Crown of Life wilt give,
Dead to sin and daily dying,
Life of Life, in Thee we live.

De Corpore Christi.



HE Serpent's venom'd bite with deadly
 fire
 Wounded us all in Adam our first fire;
 The BLOOD of CHRIST repaired that
 sad defeat,
 Healed our deep wound, and left our cure complete.

Eve, through the Serpent's wiles, involved us all
 In one unhappy crime and fatal fall;
 Her Daughter, fairer than the lily's bloom,
 Produced the FRUIT That changed our dreadful
 doom.

This is the Woman's Holy, Precious FRUIT
 Born, without man, from that untainted Root;
 And by the HOLY SPIRIT's Heavenly dew,
 That noble Flower came forth and wondrous grew.

No flower adorned the grass, all dry and seared,
 When clothed in Human Flesh our GOD appeared;
 The grass no vigour and no life retained,
 When its flower sightless and despised remained.

He, as all Nature witnessed, for our cure
 Did not disdain Death's tortures to endure;
 His sacred Side is pierced, His BODY bruised,
 His Precious BLOOD, like rain, for us effused.

JESUS! the Virgin's Flower, remember whence
 We sprang, but think not of our dire offence;
 Grant for our grievous wounds Thy healing Grace,
 And on Thy Right Hand may we find a place.

It is the Lord.



AWFUL Might of Grace Divine,
 Which can our shallow thoughts re-
 prove,
 And in the simplest forms enshrine
 Such heights and depths and worlds of love;
 Yea, all GOD'S Mercies earthward sent
 Are in the Blessed Sacrament.

For we have all if we have Thee
 Who giv'st us here Thy FLESH and BLOOD,
 And giv'st us Faith withal to see
 That Miracle of Ghostly Food;
 To her keen eyes the veil is rent
 That shrouds the Blessed Sacrament.

With her we lift our hearts on high,
 By self condemned, by GOD forgiven;
 With her to JESUS we draw nigh
 And stretch our hands for Bread from Heaven;
 No more in sin's foul dungeon pent
 We touch the Blessed Sacrament.

The vain heart-vexings for the past,
 The restless gloom, the haunting fears,

In that sweet Presence may not last,
But leave us gazing through our tears,
With knees in thankful worship bent
Before the Blessed Sacrament.

‘ It is the LORD ! ’ no thought but this
Can compass all our wondrous gain ;
‘ It is the LORD ! ’ our Life, our Bliss,
Who died, Who lives to plead and reign,
And Whose vast Love has fullest vent
In this most Blessed Sacrament.

Partendo dal Mondo, l'amante Pastore.



WHEN the loving Shepherd,
Ere He left the earth,
Shed to pay our ransom
BLOOD of priceless Worth,

These His Lambs so cherished,
Purchased for His Own,
He would not abandon
In the world alone.

Ere He makes us partners
Of His Realm on high,
Happy and immortal
With Him in the sky,

Love immense, stupendous
Makes Him here below

The Consecration.

Partner of our exile
In this world of woe.

Lest one heart that loves Him
E'er should sigh with pain,
Pining for His Presence,
Seeking Him in vain,

He on earth would tarry
Near to every one,
That each heart might find Him
On His Altar-throne.

Thence He seeks to kindle
With His Heavenly Fires
Every heart that truly
To His Love aspires.

How that Fire enkindles
Piercing like a dart,
He alone is witness
Who has felt its smart :

Though the heart approaches
Cold as falling snow,
Soon it melts and kindles
From the Furnace glow.

Say! ye Souls enamoured,
What blest flames you feel ;
Say! what fiery arrows
Pierce you as you kneel,

A Carol on the Holy Sacrament. 179

When you come to worship
Where your JESUS lies,
All your love awaiting,
Hid from mortal eyes.

JESUS, Food of Angels,
Monarch of the heart,
Oh, that I could never
From Thy Face depart.

Yes, Thou ever dwellest
Here for love of me,
Hidden Thou remainest,
GOD of Majesty.

Soon I hope to see Thee
And enjoy Thy Love,
Face to face, Sweet JESUS,
In Thy Heaven above.

A Carol on the Holy Sacrament.



MAN, and is It, as thou sayest?
The Food on Which thy Soul is fed,
Is It the blisful Angels' Bread?
And is It sweet to mortal taste?

It is the same, the wondrous Food,
Which once the mighty Prophet led
When from the hateful Queen he fled
To rest upon the Mount of GOD:

The Consecration.

For whom, to guard his duty's road,
 Like rain the falling Lightning sped,
 And steel clad hosts, like molten lead,
 Were whelmed beneath the fiery flood.

It is the Food Whose comfort known
 Can shield the life from mortal harm ;
 Whose sweetness can the bosom warm
 To glow beneath the frozen zone :

The spicy forests of Ceylon
 Yield not so strange or sweet a charm :
 They cannot Death's strong power disarm
 With all their groves of cinnamon.

Christi Corpus, Ave.



AIL ! BODY born of Mary, Hail !
 CHRIST, Redeemer dear,
 True MAN and Perfect GODHEAD and
 Living FLESH are here.

Hail ! Thou our true Salvation, the Way, the Life
 art Thou,
 With Thy Right Hand of Power save us from
 evil now.

Hail ! BLOOD of CHRIST, in Heaven the Chalice
 of the blest,
 The Water of Redemption to cleanse the sinful
 breast.

Hail! BLOOD and saving Water, that from the
wounded Side
Of CHRIST, our dear Redeemer, flowed for us
when He died.

Jesu, nobis miserere.



HAIL! CHRIST'S BODY, Manhood Real,
Of the Virgin Mary born,
Truly suffering, truly offered
On the Crofs and hill of scorn.
Hail! for man's Salvation piercèd,
Gaping Wounds and riven Side,
Whence outflowed with Love unstinting
BLOOD and Water, mingled Tide :
Now upon that BODY feed we
And of that sweet Fountain drink,
Lest when death relentless seize us
'Neath the Judge's gaze we sink.

Grant that as I see Thee now
Veiled beneath the Form of Bread,
When Thou com'st the Heavens to bow
And to judge the quick and dead,
Freed by Thee from every fear
I may then lift up my head,
Glad to know and see Thee near :
Thou Who soughtest earth the dreary,
Never of our pardon weary,
JESU, nobis miserere.

The Consecration.

Hail! O FLESH of CHRIST, the Victim
 On the Altar of the Cross,
 Offered to the FATHER's Justice,
 Suffering to redeem our loss :
 By Thy bitter Death redeemed
 May we all Thy Brightness see ;
 Grant us glorious fruition
 Of eternal Joy with Thee :
 Hail! Thou WORD of GOD Incarnate,
 On Thine Altar Thee we seek,
 Thee the loving Bread of Angels,
 Health and Hope to sick and weak.

JESUS, hail! from Heaven descending,
 On the Cross Thine Arms extending,
 Healing sin and sorrow ending :
 Thou of Goodness infinite,
 Fount of Pity, Loving LORD,
 Sinners' Hope and Saints' Delight,
 Angels' Praise, Thy Grace accord :
 Thou Who soughtest earth the dreary,
 Never of our pardon weary,
 JESU, nobis miserere.

Thoughts upon the Real Presence.



AKE! GOD, Thine Own ; these Gifts
 are Thine
 We to Thy holy Altar bring ;
 Yet deign'st Thou in Thy Love Divine
 To take them as man's Offering :

Thoughts upon the Real Presence. 183

Take then Thine Own, for all are Thine—
These poor Oblations of our Bread and Wine.

Thou that hast gained again Thine Home

Abandoned once for man to die,

Come in Thy sacred Presence, come !

Clothed in an awful Mystery ;

Thy sacred Boon of mighty Love present,

Veiled in its Sacramental Element.

Come ! as Thy Truth hath said Thou wilt,

The Food of Life to give ;

Thy BLOOD, Thy BODY, broken, spilt,

That dying man may live :

SAVIOUR, to us Thy Love extend ;

JESUS, Blest Victim of the world, descend.

Bow down ! the consecrating hand

The Mystic Bread hath broken ;

Moved by the Power of GOD's Command

The Blessing hath been spoken :

Bow down ! bow down ! thy GOD revere ;

Veiled in this broken Form thy GOD is here.

Bow down ! the hallowed Wine is reared,

Blest into Life with Life It flows ;

A SAVIOUR from the sins we feared,

A Strength and Healer of our woes :

Bow down ! in this blest Symbol lies

My SAVIOUR's BLOOD, Earth's bleeding Sacrifice.

Come ! HOLY GHOST, my Soul fulfil

With faith to hold this Mystery ;

Unchanged to fight, yet bear they still
 The Very GOD's Humanity :
 Faith asks not how, but grasps GOD's Word
 As faultless Truth to mortal sense preferred.

Why seek to know what GOD hath sealed ?
 Faith were an empty sound,
 If nought but what our sight revealed
 Around our course were found—
 LORD, I believe ; increase my faith
 To take on trust whate'er the SPIRIT saith.

Come ! Faith, and fit me to receive
 This sacred Food whereon I feed ;
 So may the Presence of His BODY give
 Oneness and fellowship indeed ;
 I joined in CHRIST and CHRIST in me,
 A true Communion—yet a Mystery.

Joined to His BODY, may my body prove
 A worthier member of my sacred Head ;
 May the rich Drops of BLOOD remove
 The stains I loathe, the Wrath I dread :
 Grant that my body and my Soul may find
 Their portion in the SAVIOUR of Mankind.

Whence shall we buy Bread ?



WHEN sink our hearts in famine sore,
 Nor vainly seek refreshment more
 In scenes so full of joy before,

Whence shall we buy Bread ? 185

How soon we turn, how loudly cry
To Thee, O LORD, exalted high
Whom once our sins required to die.

Wilt Thou, in this our darker day,
Withhold the Bread of Life we pray
And leave us fainting by the way ?

Since we were brethren false to Thee,
Wilt Thou to us no Brother be
But all unmoved our anguish see ?

This we deserve : but Thy true Love
Its Judgment forms in Heaven above,
Where earthly passion cannot move.

Ere yet our trembling lips confess
The depth of our unworthiness,
Thy Voice of Mercy speaks to blefs.

With Thee, O Shepherd good and kind,
The Bread of Life we richly find
And sweet repose in heart and mind.

With faithful steps we follow Thee
And sweetly feel that we are free,
Though signs of bondage we may see.

Reminiscens Beati Sanguinis.



FROM their hid spring my tears are
falling,

My heart the Blessed BLOOD recalling
Which man's Creator poured for me

In lavish torrents from the Tree ;
It is a Stream of such Delight
That none who tastes should ill requite.

Why dost Thou suffer woes so many,
Sweet JESU ? Sins Thou didst not any ;
By Thee came never crime's offence,
Thou art the Flower of Innocence :
Thine is the scourge, the robber I ;
I am the guilty, Thou dost die.

Why for the worthless, Price so great ?
Is it for earthly wealth or state ?
Oh, Thou hadst Glory none may share,
None can approach it, none declare ;
Yet with such Love Thy Heart did flame
It made the shameful Cross no shame.

If ne'er for what Thy Grace has given
A praiseful answer mounts to Heaven,
If ne'er with love for Love I burn,
Nor to Thy Sorrows make return
In labours dear to GOD through Thee,
Woe to the wretched ! woe to me !

Oh, can I see Thee stretched on high
In holiest death-throes, yet pass by ?

Oh, can I live for ought else now
My little life-space ? I do vow
To Thee an offering utter, whole,
My two-fold being, flesh and Soul.

Ye who are now far off, O fly
Unto the sweet Cross lest ye die ;
Ye who now live to self, O strive
That ye may live to GOD, and live :
Would ye be members reckonèd ?
Ye must be pierced as was your Head.

O look not on that Streaming BLOOD
With eyes of cold ingratitude ;
Let there be tears and mighty crying,
Your GOD upon the Cross is dying ;
And love and grief to Him are due
Who loved and grieved to BLOOD for you.

Lo ! He has bought a Kingdom blest
And set for man a Port of rest ;
No key can ope that Kingdom's door,
No ship can reach the happy Shore
Except amain they fashioned be
Of nails and wood from Calvary.

Hail ! BLOOD, Which quickenest man within,
And streaming bid'st him enter in :
If any sin-stain foul my Soul
In Mercy wash me, make me whole ;
And till I go hence, each new want
With new-born Bounty heed and grant.



PART IV.

The Communion.

THE SACRAMENTAL PORTION OF THE DIVINE OFFICE.

The Soul's Invitation.



HE Board is spread with Meats
Divine,

O worn with strife and soiled with
sin,

Draw near, love-thirsting Soul of
mine,

Draw near and take thy SAVIOUR in.

I see the white prepared Board,

I hear the Words of Love and Grace,

But canst Thou deign to dwell, O LORD,
Within so foul and soiled a place?

Fair was the shrine the Prophet-chief

Made for Thy Dwelling-place of old,

With curtain fine and Almond leaf,

And Shittim shaft and ring of gold.

More fair on green Moriah's breast
The House the Monarch reared for Thee,
With costly gems and odours drest,
With burning lamp and molten sea,

With Cedar flower and carven Palm,
In purest gold of Parvaim set,
And pillars hung, like ships a-calm,
Each spell-bound in its gilded net.

Poor heart ; ah, where thy hallowed fires ?
Thy gold of consecrated days,
The brodered veil of pure desires,
The cedar-scented songs of praise ?

A nobler hand to grace Thy shrine,
Gems of more wondrous beauty brought,
Gave all the reasoning powers Divine,
The light of Love, the wealth of thought.

Ah, me ! the world has come between
Thy Soul and CHRIST ; the gold is dim ;
The floor is soiled He made so clean ;
Is this a dwelling fit for Him ?

Yet, come ! I see the Wine, the Bread :
That BLOOD can wash away thy sin ;
Draw near, my Soul, and be thou fed,
Nor doubt but CHRIST will enter in.

The two Wills.



FT as I act or think or speak,
 Comes battle of two Wills within,
 This like an Infant poor and weak,
 That like a Demon strong for sin.

This labours, flutteringly alive,
 As if a cold spark went and came ;
 That other doth against it drive
 Red torrents of devouring flame.

Yet, mark th' exceeding Power of God,
 How like a rock His Promise stands—
 That Demon to the dust is trod,
 Slain by the feeble Infant hands.

That fluttering life so faint and cold,
 That one pale spark of pure desire
 Sun-like arises, and behold !
 God's Rainbow in the falls of fire.

O Mystery far beyond my thought !
 I trembled on the brink of Hell :
 Into what Paradise am I caught !
 What Heavenly anthems round me swell !

Verbum Supernum prodens.



HE Heavenly WORD proceeding forth,
 Yet leaving not the FATHER'S Side,
 Accomplishing His Work on earth
 Had reached at length life's eventide.

By false Disciple to be given
 To foemen for His Life athirst,
 Himself the Very Bread of Heaven
 He gave to His Disciples first.

He gave Himself in either Kind,
 His Precious FLESH, His Precious BLOOD,
 In Love's own fulness thus designed
 Of the whole man to be the Food.

By birth their Fellow-man was He ;
 Their Meat when sitting at the board ;
 He died their Ransomer to be ;
 He ever reigns their great Reward.

O Saving Victim, opening wide
 The gate of Heaven to man below,
 Our foes press on from every side,
 Thine Aid supply, Thy Strength bestow.

Æignum Crucis mirabilis.

HY glory beams throughout the world,
 O marvellous, O blessed Tree,
 Whereon the spotless Victim hung,
 And won in death the Victory.

The cedar lifts its mighty head,
 But equals not Thy majesty ;
 No noxious apple dost thou bear,
 But Fruit of Life and Liberty.

O CHRIST, Thou King of Holiness,
 Whose Token is this blessed Cross,
 Each day, each hour be Thou our Guard,
 And let us never mourn Thy loss.
 Now let our heart and tongue unite,
 And let their voice be pure and true,
 That we may fitly pay to Thee
 The praise and glory ever due.

Hymn of the Holy Feast.

KING of Beauty, LORD of Love,
 True Bread and living Stay,
 How dost Thou sweet Refreshment
 prove

To pilgrims on their way.

O precious Drops, that from yon Fount
 Of Comfort ever flow,
 Who taste of These all toil surmount,
 They sweeten every woe.

Self-Searching at Communion. 193

Manna Celestial daily spread,
Drink from the Rock outpoured,
Thus through the wild are nourishèd
Thy sorrowing Children, LORD.

Thrice blessed they whom Thou dost feed,
Who on Thy Breast recline ;
With Thee indeed no more they need,
Who giv'st Thyself to Thine.

Self-Searching at Communion.



LORD, at this moment Thou art surely
here

And I Thy Presence feel ;
I feel Thy pitying Eye rest on my head,
I hear Thy gentle Footsteps near me tread,
And at Thy Feet I kneel.

I kneel ; I tell Thee all my inmost woe,
Tell of a load of sin ;
I ask Thy Mercy, Pardon and Relief ;
I show Thee all my bitter, bitter grief,
The deep distress within.

I count my years to Thee a wasted life
With so much left undone ;
It looks so sad—now that Thyself art near
Thy Human Life shines out so pure and clear,
And mine in sin has run.

The Communion.

LORD, while I see Thy Wounds I feel it all,
 Too much for me to bear :
 I need to draw new Life in every breath ;
 I need a Rescue in the hour of death,
 And One my griefs to share.

And while I lay this sadness at Thy Feet,
 I feel Thee nearing me—
 Stretch forth thine hand—I know Thy healing
 Voice ;
 It makes this weary, mournful heart rejoice,
 And draws me nearer Thee,

Nearer and nearer still ; offers Thyself
 In wondrous Mystery ;
 Unites me with Thee and Thyself with me,
 In sorrow, joy, through life, through death, to be
 Thine in Eternity.

Hosie dum victo triumphans.



WHEN the Patriarch was returning
 Crowned with triumph from the
 fray,
 Him the peaceful King of Salem
 Came to meet upon his way,
 Meekly bearing Bread and Wine,
 Holy Priesthood's awful Sign.

On the Truth thus dimly shadowed
 Later days a lustre shed,

When the great High Priest eternal,
Under Forms of Wine and Bread,
For the world's immortal Food
Gave His FLESH and gave His BLOOD.

Wondrous Gift! the WORD Who moulded
All things by His Might Divine
Bread into His BODY changes,
Into His Own BLOOD the Wine;
What though sense no change perceives?
Faith admires, adores, believes.

He Who once to die a Victim
On the Cross did not refuse,
Day by day upon our Altars
That same Sacrifice renews;
Through His holy Priesthood's hands,
Faithful to His last Commands.

While the people all uniting
In the Sacrifice sublime
Offer CHRIST to His High FATHER,
Offer up themselves with Him,
Then, together with the Priest,
On the living Victim feast.

An Eucharistic Prayer.



ESU, to Thy Table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the True and Living Bread.

The Communion.

While in penitence we kneel
 Thy sweet Presence let us feel,
 All Thy wondrous Love reveal.

While on Thy dear Cross we gaze
 Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
 Turn our sadness into praise.

Draw us to Thy wounded Side
 Whence there flowed the healing Tide ;
 There our sins and sorrows hide.

From the bonds of sin release,
 Cold and wavering faith increase,
 LAMB of GOD, grant us Thy Peace.

Lead us by Thy pierced Hand,
 Till around Thy Throne we stand
 In the bright and better Land.

Union with Christ.



ONE holds me fast : kept in His pure
 Embrace

I rest in peace ;

Flows on my weary heart His softening
 Grace

And troubles cease.

Though cold the storm and fierce the blasting wind
 I do not fear,
 For in His Breast a Covert safe I find :
 No storm comes there.

Panis descendens Coelitus. 197


He shields me tenderly, my Spouse, my Love ;
He guides me on
To Mansions fair, prepared for me above
Where He has gone.

He feeds me, lest I faint or fall or die,
With Food from Heaven :
He His Own SELF in wondrous Mystery
To me has given.

He draws me to Himself ; I needs must go ;
I cannot stay :
No earthly tie must bind me here below :
But far away,

Where, 'mid the countless throngs of Angels bright
And Spirits blest
He reigns, my GOD and King, my sole Delight,
I long to rest.

Panis descendens Coelitus.

 READ, Which from above descendeth,
Whence the Strength within us grows,
Which to us new Life extendeth
And abundant Grace bestows ;

May CHRIST be that Feast unto us
Which true Nourishment imparts,
And the Cup which doth renew us
Filling full of Joy our hearts.

The Communion.

Splendour of the Light of Heaven
Whom unceasing praises greet,
As at Thy Last Supper given,
Give us of Thy FLESH to eat.

Heavenly Banquet of the living,
Glory in Redemption shown,
Rest unto the humble giving,
Make the Bliss of Heaven our own.

To the Memory still returning
Of Thy Death for us accurst,
Snatch us from the Lake of burning,
Thou Who didst exclaim—I thirst.

Glory, LORD, we give adoring
Thee for all Thy Blessings past ;
Be Thou present, ever pouring
Light on Festival and Fast.

Come to the Feast.



OME to the Feast ! your King obey ;
Come to the Feast ! your SAVIOUR
find ;
All vain excuses cast away
And leave your worldly cares behind :
Come to the Feast ! but oh, beware ;
The King Himself will judge you there—
One Robe alone His Guest must wear.

Still, LORD, Thy Servants call in vain :
 Men walk as fools and dream they live ;
 Thy richest Banquet they disdain
 And take the husks the world can give ;
 Seeming to live they love to die,
 Though Angels ever pass them by
 With Bread of Immortality.

O GOD of Wisdom, make us wise
 To know Thy Will and love it best,
 To count Thy Blessing all our prize
 And find Thy Service sweetest rest ;
 Then Faith and Love again shall win
 All that we lost in days of sin,
 And Heavenly Peace on earth begin.

Creative Word.



CREATIVE WORD, That didst of old
 Make Life and Light to be,
 Still in Thy Church Thy Power unfold
 Through Thy own Ministry ;
 Still let Thy SPIRIT's brooding Wing
 Through Water Life impart,
 And from Thyself new Nature bring
 To every mortal heart.

When in Thy Person on Thy Day
 Thy Servant breaks the Bread,
 And bids the hallowed Cup convey
 The BLOOD Which Thou hast shed ;

The Communion.

Oh present, then, Incarnate LORD,
 Touch Thou each heart with Fire
 Till Thou art longed-for and adored,
 Man's first and last Desire.

When Thy Ambassador proclaims
 Thy unexhausted Grace ;
 And bids us seek in acts and aims
 The beauty of Thy Face ;
 When He the mystic Book unrolls,
 Then lest he speak in vain
 Take Substance, SAVIOUR, of our Souls
 And there be born again.

O JESU GOD, O JESU MAN,
 Thou, LORD of Power and Might,
 Didst love us ere our life began,
 Dost love us day and night :
 Come ! JESU, through Thy SPIRIT come !
 That we may come through Thee,
 And dwell in our Dear FATHER's Home
 Through all Eternity.

Rehoboth, there is room.



E bidden, come ! the Servants cried—
 For all is ready now,
 He sits at meat Whom graveclothes tied,
 With oil He decks His Brow.

Come all ! not worthy were the few
That first He bade to stay ;
They chose the world—the Message flew
Which called the world away.

Come all ! earth's utmost bounds are won
To fill the Banquet-hall ;
When all that JESUS bids is done
There yet is room for all.

No herdsmen at the fountains wait
To sound the call to strife,
No Esék there, nor Sitnah's hate
Beside the Springs of Life.

The Land is fruitful, all shall dwell
So sundered now in one ;
The rivers parted at the well
Shall meet before the Throne.

De Superna Hierarchia.



FROM the most holy Place above
In the world's latter day
The WISDOM True of GOD came down
To guide us on our way ;
Oh, we had ever longed for Him
And He at last was given,
Mary the Virgin's Blessed CHILD,
JESUS, the mortal's Haven.

The Communion.

Great was He ever ; great the name
The Holy Virgin won,
When by a Miracle she rose
Mother to such a SON ;
He takes this lost world's sin away,
Forward with Might He goes,
And in the van of fainting men
Doth put to flight their foes.

There was no sorrow in His Home,
There was no death on high,
He sought Him FLESH to sorrow in,
A Cross that He might die ;
He is the righteous Lawgiver,
And yet Himself He gave
Unto the Law's most bitter scourge,
Us from its curse to save.

For lo! the LAMB was lifted up
Upon the cruel Tree,
And He was sacrificed for us,
Incarnate Charity ;
Thus our marred life was built again—
Upon each infant brow
The Sign of Him Who saves is set,
And Heaven is open now.

It was the night He was betrayed
When in an Upper Room
With His loved Twelve He sat at meat,
Knowing what soon should come :

He blessed and brake the Holy Bread
And said—O hearken ye
Who doubt Him—This My BODY is ;
Do this remembering Me.

He ceased. Anon He spake again,
GOD'S Holy SON and True,
And thus the Gift unspeakable
Came in the Chalice too ;
It had made glad man's heavy heart,
But then his All It stood,
The Drink of the new Paradise,
The WORD Incarnate's BLOOD.

This Mystery is hid in GOD,
This can none else explore,
Be Thou content to wait awhile,
Believe, embrace, adore ;
But be thou ware to eat and drink
If slave to sin thou be,
Only the pure and guileless heart
Can take It worthily.

Say ! canst thou love as Peter loved ?
Behold thy Peace is here ;
Art thou a Judas ? in thy sins
Come not, O Traitor, near ;
This is the just man's Aliment,
This arms him for the fray ;
But whofo lacks a Wedding-robe
Is the Foe's certain prey.

The Communion.

Thine is this Marvel, Blessed CHRIST,
 Thine would Its sharers be ;
 O save us from eternal Wrath,
 Clothe us with Chastity :
 Thou hast restored the breach ; to Thee
 For Health and Peace we come ;
 Make us more worthy of Thy Gift ;
 Bring us more near our Home.

The Mystery of Divine Love.



Y GOD, my GOD, how shall I dare
 To taste that more than Angels' Food,
 The BODY of my Risen LORD,
 My SAVIOUR's Precious BLOOD ?

Shall lips impure presume to touch
 The Chalice of that pure Joy-wine ?
 Shall aught but sinless hand receive
 The wondrous Bread Divine ?

I were not meet to share the crumbs
 That chance to fall Thy Table round,
 Nor even with unsandalled feet
 To tread Thy hallowed Ground,

Didst Thou not welcome broken hearts
 And contrite to Thy Marriage-feast ;
 Thy Grace bestowing on the last,
 Thy Mercy on the least.

Jesu Clemens, pie Deus.

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Thy Form on darkened hill of shame
Erst lifeless hung 'mid foemen rude,
And there Redemption's mystic Fount
The trembling earth bedewed.

That riven Form at GOD's Right Hand
Now fills resplendent Kingly Throne,
And yet, as in that far-off hour,
We are not left alone.

'Tis all we need : time's finite line
To sound Eternity shall fail,
Nor may we seek from cloud-wrapt Sun
To rend away the veil.

Soft shines upon our mournful stream
A tender ray—why crave for more ?
Where Reason folds her baffled wings,
Undaunted Faith may soar.

Jesu Clemens, pie Deus.



IESUS, GOD of Grace above,
JESUS Sweet, and all my Love,
JESUS Good, O JESUS Mild,
SON of GOD, and Mary's CHILD,

Who the Blifs can freely tell
Felt by those who love Thee well,
Those by faith bound fast to Thee,
Those who joy with Thee to be ?
Oh, the sweetness let me show
With Thy holy Love to glow ;

The Communion.

With Thee to endure and weep,
 With Thee ever joy to keep.
 Majesty of boundless scope
 All our Love, our Life and Hope,
 Make us worthy Thee to see,
 Make us ever dwell with Thee ;
 That in blissful joy and sight
 We may chant in Realms of Light,
 In Heaven's Life effulgent glow ;
 Amen, JESUS, be it so.

Conference between Christ, the Saints, and the Soul.



AM pale with sick desire,
 For my heart is far away
 From this world's fitful fire
 And this world's waning day ;
 In a dream it overleaps
 A world of tedious ills
 To where the sunshine sleeps
 On th' everlasting hills.
 Say the Saints—There Angels ease us,
 Glorified and white.
 They say—We rest in JESUS,
 Where is not day nor night.

My Soul faith—I have sought
 For a home that is not gained,

I have spent yet nothing bought,
Have laboured but not attained ;
My pride strove to rise and grow,
And hath but dwindled down ;
My love fought love, and lo !
Hath not attained its crown.
Say the Saints—Fresh Souls increase us,
None languish nor recede.
They say—We love our JESUS,
And He loves us indeed.

I cannot rise above,
I cannot rest beneath,
I cannot find out Love,
Nor escape from Death ;
Dear hopes and joys gone by
Still mock me with a name ;
My best belovèd die
And I cannot die with them.
Say the Saints—No deaths decrease us,
Where our rest is glorious.
They say—We live in JESUS,
Who once dièd for us.

Oh, my Soul, she beats her wings
And pants to fly away
Up to immortal Things
In the Heavenly day :
Yet she flags and almost faints ;
Can such be meant for me ?

The Communion.

Come and see—say the Saints.
 Saith JESUS—Come and see.
 Say the Saints—His Pleasures please us
 Before GOD and the LAMB.
 Come and taste My Sweets—saith JESUS—
 Be with Me where I am.

The True Bread.



TRUE Bread of Life, in pitying Mercy
 given
 Long-famished Souls to strengthen
 and to feed ;

CHRIST JESUS, SON of GOD, true Bread of Heaven
 Thy FLESH is Meat, Thy BLOOD is Drink in-
 deed.

I cannot famish though this earth should fall,
 Though life through all its fields should pine
 and die,
 Though the sweet verdure should forsake each vale,
 And every stream of every land run dry.

Thee, Tree of Life, of Thee I eat and live,
 Who eateth of Thy Fruit shall never die ;
 'Tis Thine the everlasting Health to give,
 The youth and bloom of Immortality.
 Feeding on Thee all weakness turns to power ;
 This sickly Soul revives like earth in spring ;
 Strength floweth on and in, each buoyant hour ;
 This being seems all energy, all wing.

D Colenda Destag.



GLORIOUS Object of our praise,
 Blessed Fount of Happiness,
 While in faith our voice we raise
 Look on us and hear and bleſs.
 Open here the glorious Heaven
 Where Thy Majesty is known ;
 Now let living Light be given
 From the Splendour of Thy Throne.
 Viſit us, and make us ſee
 Thy Salvation here below ;
 Till, preſented unto Thee,
 We ſhall all its Sweetneſs know.
 Fill our hearts with Heavenly Love,
 Make us ſtrong to do Thy Will,
 Let Thy SPIRIT from above
 His refreshing Dews inſtil ;
 Show the riches of Thy Grace,
 Rain the ſacred Manna down,
 Make us one in Thy Embrace,
 Let Thy Love the Union crown.
 Ever-bleſſed GOD, behold
 Not the vilenefs of our ſtate ;
 But how Good Thou art unfold,
 And how mercifully Great.
 Though deſpiſed we look to Thee,
 Deign to hear our earneſt cry ;
 Let us Thy ſweet Mercy ſee,
 Give us, LORD, a large ſupply.

The Communion.

DEITY, Supreme o'er all,
Condescend to show Thy Love ;
While before Thy Feet we fall
Pour Thy Blessing from above.

The hidden Altar-Life.



JESU, it were surely sweet
To sit and listen at Thy Feet,
With those who in Thy Life drew near
Thy Words of wondrous Grace to hear.

And it were sweet to walk with Thee
Along the shores of Galilee,
Or safe embarked in Peter's boat
O'er its blue waves with Thee to float.

Yet sweeter far it is to pray
Before Thine Altar-throne to-day,
And feel the Love which bids Thee lie
Thus wrapt in holiest Mystery.

Hail! JESUS, hail ! my Dearest LORD,
By Seraph-choirs in Heaven adored ;
Hail! JESUS, Who art Hidden thus
On this poor earth for Love of us.

Anima Christi.



SOUL of JESUS, once for me
Offered on the shameful Tree,
Heal, and make me by that Cure
Pure as Thou Thyself art Pure ;

Thou of Life the Fountain fair,
Draw me in and keep me there.

Form of JESUS, One with GOD,
Who the dreadful winepress trod,
Man of Sorrows drowned in grief,
Thou of sin the sole Relief,
Be Thy Sacramental Power
Present at my dying hour.

Holy JESUS, Great I AM,
Shining in a Spotless LAMB,
Gentle as the Heavenly DOVE,
Thou the LORD of Light and Love,
By Thy Passion, by Thy Prayer
Snatch me from my own despair.

Hide me where that Wound was given
Piercing to the Heart of Heaven ;
Hide me where those nails unmeet
Rent Thy Hands and fixed Thy Feet ;
Hide me where red Drops ran down
From that sad acanthine Crown.

The Communion.

BLOOD of JESUS, crimson Sea,
Glorious as eternity,
Fathomless, alone, sublime,
Boundless Bath of human crime,
Me the leper, vile and mean,
Plunge me there and make me clean.

Water, from that sacred Side
Of a GOD Who groaned and died,
Blending with the purple Gore
When His Agony was o'er,
Flow in Mercy full and free,
Flow for sinners, flow for me.

Holy JESUS, let me be
Never separate from Thee ;
From the malice of the Foe
Ward me in the vale of woe ;
Let me, yielding up my breath,
Find a Paradise in death.

There no more shall night be known
Safely prostrate at Thy Throne ;
Called by Thee to realms of day
Where all tears are wiped away,
JESU, Thou my Rest shalt be,
Faith hath found her home in Thee.

Heil'ger Tisch den Jesus decket.



HIS holy Feast, by JESUS spread,
 Makes glad yet fills my Soul with dread ;
 Such conflict who can quell ?
 We eat for better or for worse ;
 I see before me, Blessing, Curse,
 Life, Death, or Heaven, or Hell.

Yet, LORD, I come ! Thou dost invite ;
 But first be fitting Robe of white
 With jealous care put on ;
 While I by faith my heart prepare,
 And so that festal Garment wear
 Which Thou Thyself hast won.

O Friend among ten thousand chief,
 Good Shepherd, bring me quick relief,
 My faltering footsteps stay ;
 Set free my limbs for I am bound,
 Heal me, I have a deadly wound,
 Lead me, I've gone astray.

My thirst and hunger let me slake
 And freely Life's pure Waters take,
 Thou, Whom my Soul doth prize ;
 Oh, save me, sunk in grievous plight,
 I grope in darkness, give me Light,
 Give Life to one who dies.

The Communion.

O LORD, with rigour chide not one
 Who suppliant comes before Thy Throne,
 Spurn not in Anger fierce ;
 With heart and knee before Thee bowed,
 Let this my prayer pierce through the cloud,
 To Thy bright Presence pierce.

LORD, let Thy FLESH, Which in my stead
 Once bore the Cross, be now my Bread ;
 And Thy most Precious BLOOD—
 Let not that Stream have flowed in vain,
 But let these Both my strength sustain
 And be my highest Good.

O Ecce Viatorum.



FOOD that weary Pilgrims love,
 O Bread of Angel Hosts above,
 O Manna of the Saints,
 The hungry Soul would feed on Thee,
 Ne'er may the heart unfolaced be
 Which for Thy Sweetness faints.

O Fount of Love, O cleansing Tide,
 Which from the SAVIOUR's pierced Side
 And sacred Heart dost flow,
 Be ours to drink of Thy pure Rill
 Which only can our Spirits fill
 And all we need bestow.

O JESU, Whom, by Power Divine
Now hidden 'neath the outward Sign,
We worship and adore,
Grant when the veil away is rolled
With open Face we may behold
Thyself for evermore.

The Angel's Invitation to the Prophet.



CHRISTIAN, did no one, thinkest thou,
behold thee
What time thou fainted'st in the noon-
day heat ?

Heard'st thou no Angel's voice which sweetly told
thee—

The journey is too great ; Arise and eat.

An Angel's voice ? Nay, 'twas thy GOD that
spake it

In fonder tones than Angel could repeat :
Himself the Food, His own the Hands that
brake It ;

His own the Words that bade thee—Rise and
eat :

This is the Bread of Life Which came from
Heaven,

And now for thee is on My Table spread ;
This is My BODY Which for Thee was given,
And This My BLOOD Which for thy sins was
shed.

The Communion.

Oh, fainting, faltering wanderer, art thou able
 Still to refuse thy Suppliant God's Request?
 Be filled, ye hungry, from My bounteous Table;
 And come, ye weary, I will give you rest.

Oh, may His gracious, oft-urged Invitation
 Subdue thee with its tones so soft and sweet;
 Mayst thou, at length, with heartfelt adoration
 And tearful penitence—Arise and eat.

Another Banquet is for thee preparing,
 Another Feast thy longing eyes shall greet;
 An Angel's voice shall break thy rest, declaring—
 Behold, all things are ready; Rise and eat.

Approach to Communion.



LORD, to Thine Altar we draw near;
 Oh, fence us round with holy fear,
 And o'er our trembling spirits shed
 The feeling of Thy Presence dread:

We bow the head, we bend the knee
 Before Thine awful Majesty,
 Beseeching Thee with favouring Eyes
 To look upon our Sacrifice.

Our conflict, LORD, Thou know'st it all,
 The thousand foes which fast enthrall
 Our captive Souls, that would be free
 From every taint to worship Thee—

Thus we confess the Saviour's Love. 217

The vain desire, the wandering thought
With worldliness and folly fraught,
The earthly joy, the earthly care,
That haunt us in the House of Prayer ;

The doubts, the questionings of mind
That will perforce an entrance find,
Seeking to rob us of the prize
That faith would meekly realize ;
Th' Accuser's ceaseless voice within
Whispering of unforgiven sin,
To make the wounded Soul retreat
In terror from Thy Mercy-Seat.

The World, the Flesh, and Satan's rage,
Our threefold foe, Thou canst assuage,
Who by Thine own Almighty Power
Did'st quell them in their fiercest hour :
Oh, let Thy new and risen Life
Within our Souls subdue the strife,
And help us, LORD, that we may see
Thy Presence here, and worship Thee.

Thus we confess the Saviour's Love.



HUS we confess the SAVIOUR's Love,
His last Command we thus obey,
Who came in Mercy from above,
And died to take our guilt away.

The Communion.

O come ! with lively faith partake
 This blessed Cup, this hallowed Bread,
 His BODY broken for our sake,
 His Precious BLOOD for sinners shed.

With holy joy that Love adore
 Which saved us from eternal pain ;
 How deep for us the Woe He bore !
 How vast the Bliss through Him we gain !

And did He pay the costly Price
 Our captive Spirits to redeem ?
 Henceforth, a living Sacrifice,
 Oh, let us yield ourselves to Him.

✠ Jesus, bruised and wounded more.



JESUS, Bruised and Wounded more
 Than bursted grape or bread of wheat,
 The Life of Life within our Souls,
 The Cup of our Salvation sweet,
 We come to show Thy dying Hour,
 Thy streaming Vein, Thy Broken FLESH ;
 And still the BLOOD is warm to save,
 And still the fragrant Wounds are fresh.

O Heart that, with a double Tide
 Of BLOOD and Water maketh pure ;
 O FLESH once offered on the Cross,
 The Gift that makes our pardon sure ;

Let never more our sinful Souls
 The anguish of Thy Cross renew,
 Nor forge again the cruel nails
 That pierced Thy Victim BODY through.

Q **Paris Dulcissime.**



READ of Life, Divinely sweet,
 Faithful Souls may take and eat,
 'Tis the Manna GOD hath sent :
 Gentle LAMB of GOD, in Thee
 That great Sacrifice we see
 Which the Law and Prophets meant.
 Though but common Bread appear,
 Thine Own FLESH is hidden here,
 On It now by faith we feed :
 Holy SPIRIT, on us shine,
 Seven-fold Gifts of Grace are Thine,
 Make It now our Meat indeed.
 Souls are quickened, blest and fed,
 When they eat this living Bread,
 Uncorruptedly the same ;
 All their guilt is purified
 By the FLESH of Him Who died—
 Glory to His precious Name.
 Thus Thy sacred Cup of BLOOD,
 And Thy FLESH our mystic Food
 Cheer us while on earth we live ;
 But in Heaven to meet Thee, LORD,
 There to feast around Thy Board,
 This will boundless Rapture give.

The Miracles of Grace and Nature.



MYSTERIOUS is Thy Presence, LORD,
 Awful Thy Power Divine ;
 The water hears Thy faintest Word
 And blushes into wine.

The clouds that round us dark and low
 With threatening aspect move,
 If Thou dost look upon them, glow
 With rainbow lights of love.

The grain that from the sower's hand
 Is scattered on the mould,
 Soon in the valleys thick shall stand
 Returned a thousand fold.

The dews which evening skies distil
 Around the creeping vine,
 At Thy Command arise and fill
 The blood-red grape with wine.

Thus holy Truths around us lie
 Doing their humble part,
 But wanting the attentive eye
 And the believing heart.

Thus at Thy Holy Feast, O LORD,
 We kneel, and we believe
 That That which Thy creative Word
 Hath made It we receive.

Mysterious Truth, which human pride
Must bow to and adore,
Which in our heart of hearts we hide,
Believe and ask no more.

Abe, Caro Christi Regis.



HAILE ! FLESH of CHRIST the Regal,
Hail ! Food that feeds the Flock,
The new Law's Heavenly Manna,
The Spiritual Rock ;
Can the blind world reject Thee ?
Oh, Thou art All to us,
Adorable for ever
And wholly Marvellous.

With adoration hourly,
With voices Heavenly sweet,
The Faithful give Thee Glory
As it is right and meet ;
And Thou wilt deign accept them—
But would they feed on Thee
They must be pure and stainless,
For Thou art Purity.

The Bride gives Thee her worship
Who art the Bread of Life ;
Thou Guide unto the pilgrim,
Thou Peace where guilt is rife :

The Communion.

Salvation's Bread, O fill us
 With Thy unclouded Joy,
 Sweet Food of Satisfaction,
 Pure Drink which cannot cloy.

Oh, be Thou nigh to guard us,
 The fallen one's Stay Thou art,
 Balm to the weary mourner,
 Joy to the breaking heart ;
 Thou didst go first to light us,
 Thou hast the path full trod ;
 Guide through this world of grieving
 Into the Joy of GOD.

Corpus Christi.



THESE Wounds I hail, O LORD my GOD,
 For they were suffered once for me ;
 My ransom was Thy Precious BLOOD,
 My confidence is fixed in Thee.

Oh, Sacrifice beyond compare,
 High Priest and Victim both in One ;
 All Love, all Light, all Wise, all Fair,
 The Virgin-Born, the FATHER'S SON.

Ten thousand thousand dally feed
 On Thee, and find their Graces grow ;
 Sweet Help in every time of need,
 The Well whence Heavenly Waters flow.

Lo! how the broken-hearted come

To see their SAVIOUR on the Cross,

And then return in comfort home

To count for Him all things but dross.

Sweet JESUS, stretch abroad Thine Arms,

Embrace the world Thou hast redeemed ;

Thy Voice shall hush its loud alarms,

And darkness fly where Thou hast beamed.

Thou with Thy Saints shalt reign alone

From shore to shore, from pole to pole ;

And Glory round Thy holy Throne

Shall in eternal surges roll.

And till the Trump of GOD may sound

Thy Church on earth shall prostrate fall,

In praise and prayer and hymns profound

To worship Thee, the LORD of All.

Give us this Day our Daily Bread.



**THOU our FATHER, throned in
Heaven,**

Deep reverence to Thy Name be given :

**Thy Kingdom hastening come : Thy
Will**

In earth, as Heaven, let all fulfil :

The Bread by which we daily live

Daily dispense : as we forgive

Those who against ourselves transgress

Forgive us, LORD, our trespasss :

The Communion.

Nor lead us in temptation's way,
But rescue from Satanic sway :
For Thine the Kingdom, LORD, the Power
And Glory—Thine for evermore.

Abe, Verum Corpus natum.



AIL to Thee ! True BODY, Sprung
From the Virgin Mary's Womb,
The Same that on the Crofs was hung
And bore for man the bitter doom ;
Hear us, Merciful and Mild,
JESU, Mary's Gracious CHILD.

From Whose Side for sinners riven
Water flowed and mingled BLOOD,
Mayst Thou, Dearest LORD, be given
In death's hour to be my Food ;
Hear us, Merciful and Mild,
JESU, Mary's Gracious CHILD.

Communion Prayer.



ORD, when before Thy Throne we meet
Thy Goodness to adore,
From Heaven th' eternal Mercy-seat
On us Thy Blessing pour,
And make our inmost Souls to be
An habitation meet for Thee.

The BODY for our Ransom given,
The BLOOD in Mercy shed,
With this immortal Food from Heaven,
LORD, let our Souls be fed ;
And as we round Thy Table kneel
Help us Thy quickening Grace to feel.

Be Thou, O HOLY SPIRIT, nigh,
Accept the humble prayer,
The contrite Soul's repentant sigh,
The sinner's heartfelt tear ;
And let our adoration rise
As fragrant incense to the skies.

They need not to depart.



HEY need not to depart,
Give ye them Food to eat,
Nor send away in the world's mart
To buy them meat.

There be the Gospels four
And the Apostles' Deeds,
Five Barley-loaves laid up in store
Against their needs ;

And there be Fishes twain,
Choice Sacraments of Grace ;
They shall not ask for Food in vain
In desert place.

The Communion.

And He is here to bleſs
 Who hath a Table ſpread,
 And offers in the wilderneſs
 His FLESH for Bread.

The child of tender age
 May feed on Goſpel lore,
 The cravings of the wiſeſt ſage
 Demand no more.

And Sacramental Food
 To feeble and to ſtrong,
 The Gift of Life and Life renewed
 To all belong.

Ho ! every one that will
 Come freely and partake ;
 Your Souls with Goſpel Manna fill
 For JESUS' ſake.

Yet while enough for all
 That precious Food is found,
 Let not one Fragment waſted fall
 Unto the ground.

Penitence after long neglect.



OUR LORD in Words of Heavenly Wiſ-
 dom ſaid—

We muſt not caſt to dogs the Children's
 Bread :

Yet even dogs, within their maſter's hall,
 May eat the crumbs that from his table fall.

My FATHER, here a Child unworthy comes
Beneath Thy Board to gather up the Crumbs ;
No longer worthy to be called Thy Child,
So far has sin my wayward heart beguiled.

Thy Grace preventing called me by my name
When yet unconscious to the Font I came ;
Made Child of GOD by free Adoption there,
And taught to call Thee FATHER in my prayer.
Yet have I followed worldly ways and vain,
And empty husks are all that now remain ;
On joys unreal have I my substance spent,
My feet are bare, my garments soiled and rent.

Now taking with me words, I straight arise,
To seek my FATHER in this woful guise ;
For well I know a parent's bowels yearn
Whene'er he sees a long-lost Child return.
Before affliction came I went astray,
But now am bent to keep Thy righteous Way ;
Lo ! while I yet am speaking He doth hear ;
Yea, e'en before I called He hastened near.

He brings forth that best Robe to put me on,
The righteous Robe of His Begotten SON ;
And bids my feet, which slippery paths have trod,
With Gospel Peace henceforth be firmly shod.
If Angels joy when sinners leave their way,
Those elder Brothers will rejoice to-day
That I, with purpose fixed new life to lead,
Now come repentant at Thy Board to feed.

By faith I see CHRIST'S BODY in this Bread,
 And in this Cup His BLOOD for sinners shed,
 Which, though my mind tries vainly to conceive,
 As CHRIST hath spoken so do I believe.
 No longer now self-banished from my place,
 'Mongst those who ever with Thee share Thy
 Grace,

On Heavenly Manna shall my Soul be fed :
 LORD, give me evermore Thy Children's Bread.

Let me not only in Thy Household dwell,
 For servants hired know not their master well ;
 With CHRIST so close let my Communion be
 That I may dwell in Him, and He in me.
 Now with the Angel-choir my voice I raise,
 More bound than they redeeming Love to praise :
 Not one has erred of all that Heavenly Host ;
 Those who are most forgiven will love Thee most.

O Saviour, now at God's Right Hand.



SAVIOUR, now at God's Right
 Hand,

High Priest within the veil,
 For us before the Altar stand,
 For us with GOD prevail.

All our infirmities were Thine,
 But now all Power on high ;
 To Thee for Grace and Strength Divine
 We lift our suppliant cry.

We plead Thy sacred Death, O CHRIST,
Till Thou again shalt come ;
For ours is Thy blest Eucharist,
And Heaven our promised Home.

The House of Bread.



ESUS, True GOD, True MAN we adore
Thee ;
Veiled though Thy Presence, we
worship Thee here ;
True Bread of Angels, we fall down before Thee
Now the blest moment has brought Thee so near.

Thou dost descend, but no awful thunder
Rending the Heavens o'erwhelms us with dread ;
Silently, filling our Spirits with wonder
Thou dost stoop down to us, Life-giving Bread.

Vision of Peace and Source of all Pity,
Praise of the Angels and Fountain of Love,
Thou art the Gate of the Heavenly City,
Glory of Saints in the mansions above.

Now at Thy Shrine Thou liest before us,
Who for us sinners sought pure Mary's Breast ;
Sweetly is ringing the Angels' glad chorus,
Bethlehem, true House of Bread is our rest.

Here Precious BLOOD for sin is still flowing,
Sealing forgiveness and making us pure ;

Thou in the Gift of Thyself art bestowing
Grace to endeavour and Strength to endure.

Now may we cry while kneeling before Thee,
Lifting our hearts to the FATHER's dread
Throne—

Look on the Face of CHRIST, we implore Thee,
Spare our transgressions, our Sacrifice own.

JESUS, all hail ! Redeemer most holy,
Thee we adore at Thy own Altar-shrine ;
Keep evermore our hearts pure and lowly,
Meet for Thy Presence, O Victim Divine.

Christi, Qui regnas Olympo.



CHRIST, Who art enthroned on high,
Look on us parted far from Thee ;
How wondrously Thou comest nigh
That joined with us Thou mayest be,
By that same BODY Which at birth
Shed Joy and Gladness over earth.

Hence like a mountain torrent's flow
Grace downward pours in copious streams,
O when that fervent Love doth glow,
What heart but melts beneath its beams ?
What guilty Soul would shun the Flood
And not seek cleansing in that BLOOD ?

O haughty man, lay down thy pride,
Thy LORD is here in Meekness found ;

Why strayest thou when He doth hide
Himself within this narrow Bound ?
Why wilt thou seek the gazing crowd
When GOD is veiled beneath a Cloud ?

Guter Hirte, willst du nicht.



WILT Thou not, my Shepherd true,
Spare Thy Sheep, in Mercy spare
me ?

Wilt Thou not as Shepherds do
In Thine Arms rejoicing bear me,
Bear me where all troubles cease,
Home to Folds of Joy and Peace ?

See ! on Earth's wide desert way
How my truant steps mislead me ;
Bring me back, no more to stray,
In Thine own green Pastures feed me ;
Gather me within the Fold
Where Thy Lambs Thy Light behold.

With Thy Flock I long to be,
With the Flock to whom 'tis given
Safe to feed, and praising Thee
Roam the happy plains of Heaven :
Free from fear of sinful stain
They can never stray again.

LORD, I here am sore beset,
Fears at every step confound me ;

The Communion.

Lo! my foes have spread their net
 And with craft and might surround me ;
 Such their snares on every side,
 Safe Thy Sheep can ne'er abide.

JESUS, LORD, my Shepherd true,
 Oh, from wolves Thy Sheep deliver ;
 Help as Shepherds wont to do,
 From their jaws preserve me ever ;
 Bid Thy trembling wanderer come
 To his everlasting Home.

Christ our Confidence.



ARE there not hours when faith is weak,
 When doubtings will arise ?
 Are there not times when those most meek
 Are taken by surprise ?
 Some passing cloud may chance to veil
 The brightness of the Sun ;
 Some transient terror may assail
 True happiness begun.
 Oh, fear thou not, the Truth shall shine
 Still clearer to thy heart,
 And from its eminence Divine
 Yet brighter rays impart ;
 If thou but build thy faith so sure
 On Him Who is the Rock,
 That every blast it may endure
 And brave the sternest shock.

With singleness of heart believe,
And let thy trust be keen ;
Then thou the Blessing shalt receive
Of those who have not seen.

En, ut superba crîmînum.



O ! how the savage crew
Of our proud sins hath rent
The Heart of our All-gracious God—
That Heart so Innocent.

The soldier's quivering lance
Our guilt it was that sped ;
The steel that pierced Him by our crimes
So deadly sharp was made.

O Heart, whence sprang the Church,
The SAVIOUR's spotless Bride,
Thou Door of our Salvation's Ark
Set in its mystic Side ;

Thou holy Fount whence flows
The sacred sevenfold Flood,
Where we our filthy robes may cleanse
In the LAMB's Saving BLOOD ;

By sorrowful relapse
Thee will we rend no more ;
But like the flames, those types of Love,
Strive Heavenward to soar.

Ⓐ Sacerdotum veneranda iura.



WFUL is the Priestly state,
Which by faith beheld aright
Closes and unbars the gate,
Though unseen by mortal sight :

CHRIST, in this His earthly Seat,
Holds in them the Balance meet,
Binds and lets the sinner's feet
In His own appointed Rite.

When they ply their healing art
'Tis His Hand in them is found ;
When they soothe the wounded heart
His Anointing heals the wound ;
When they speak the faithful sheep
Drink their words and hide them deep,
For the Law of GOD they steep
First in their own hearts profound.

When the Wrath is going forth
And the Vial in mid air,
They stand forth to stop the Wrath
With deep importuning prayer :
May they, LORD, themselves be wise
Who touch Thy dread Mysteries,
Mirrors in their people's eyes,
Worthy of the things they bear.

The Wedding Garment.



THE nuptial Robe, which all must wear
 Who enter to the Spousal Feast,
 Is not a garb for vulgar stare,
 A cloth of gold in samite pieced,
 In costly jewels glittering fair,
 With rustling pride surceased.

The nuptial Robe which all must don
 Who would their heads lift up on high,
 Who would approach the Bridal-throne
 With contrite heart and suppliant eye,
 This yoke of Peace and this alone
 Is the fair stole of Charity.

The nuptial Robe is pure and white,
 Unsoiled in deed, unstained in thought,
 With willing heart and purpose right,
 In works of Love it must be wrought,
 Although 'tis wove with colours bright,
 It shall not pass where Love is nought.

The nuptial Robe to which is given
 An entrance to the Bliss of God,
 Must raise the Soul with Virtue's leaven,
 Must to the Cross point out the road,
 And humbly labour still, till Heaven
 Relieve thee of thy heavy load.

The Communion.

Then clothed anew in Virtue's dress
 Angels shall bid thee welcome Home ;
 Then shall the toil that did oppress
 Be buried with thee in the tomb ;
 Then shall ye hear that last Address—
 Ye blessed of My FATHER, come !

The Spouse's Bridal Array.



RIDE of the LAMB, thyself prepare
 To meet the Spouse Divine :
 Put on thy Robe with virgin care,
 And bright with jewels shine.

Arrayed in linen white and clean,
 The Saints' pure Righteousness,
 Come forth as sun or moon serene,
 And show thy beauteous dress.

No blemish in thy garb must be,
 Nor spot on all thy vest,
 Fair emblems of the purity
 Grace wrought within thy breast.

Whate'er thou once couldst call thine own
 Must all be laid aside :
 In what He hath conferred alone
 Will Jesus own His Bride.

What scarlet was, white snow behold ;
 What crimson, native wool :

I am the Rose of Sharon. 237

For every sheep in Jesus' Fold
Is washed in Calvary's pool.

Faith, Hope and Love unite to gem
EMMANUEL's chosen Bride ;
But in the New Jerusalem
Love only shall abide.

I am the Rose of Sharon.



KNOW a Flower so sweet and fair,
There is no earthly blossom
With Sharon's Rose that may compare ;
Fain would I wear
Its Fragrance in my bosom.

It is the True and Living WORD,
Whom GOD Himself hath given
To be our Guide, our Light, our LORD,
In Whom is stored
All hope for earth and Heaven.

Hark ! how He saith—Come unto Me
Ye burdened and sad-hearted ;
Granted your heart's desire shall be,
And pardon free
To mourning Souls imparted.

This is My BODY that I give
For you in Mercy broken ;

The Communion.

Whate'er is Mine with It receive,
If ye believe
And keep what I have spoken.

This is My BLOOD once shed for you
Ye hearts, now faint and sinking ;
Drink of My Cup, and find anew
Fresh Strength to do
My Bidding without shrinking.

Ah, LORD, by Thy most bitter Woes
We pray Thee ne'er forsake us ;
Since Thou couldst even die for those
Who were Thy foes,
Thy Children deign to make us.

And keep us ever close to Thee,
Give courage to confess Thee,
However dark the time may be,
Till safe and free
In Heaven at last we bless Thee.

The Bread that cometh down from Heaven.



HE Sun is sinking in the west ;
And while its rays decline,
Gleams of the full-orbed Paschal moon
On the calm waters shine.

The Galilean waters hushed
In eventide are still ;

The Bread that cometh down, &c. 239

Yet crowds of weary wanderers wait
Upon its lonely hill,

Pilgrims they are for Sion bound,
Whose Paschal Feast is near ;
But the true Passover Himself
Receives and feeds them here.

They sit upon the grassy turf
Marshalled in groups and rows ;
CHRIST holds the Food which in His Hand
And by His Blessing grows.

He gives the Food ; Apostles take,
Distribute it, and then—
Two fishes and five barley loaves
Regale five thousand men.

O Blessed LORD, the earth is Thine,
By Thy creative Hand
The golden harvests crown the year
And deck the fertile land.

O Blessed LORD, Thou Bread of Life
That cometh down from Heaven,
Supplies of everlasting Good
By Thee to man are given.

Thy GODHEAD is the Well-spring, LORD,
The pure exhaustless Source,
From which they flow through age to age
In never-ending course.

In channels formed by Thee they flow
 In rivulets of Grace,
 Refreshing all who wander here
 In this world's desert place.

Oh, feed us weary Pilgrims, LORD,
 And to Thy Sion bring,
 To keep a Heavenly Feast with Thee
 Our Prophet, Priest and King.

Lord, Thy Life let us receive.



ORD, Thy Life let us receive,
 For in Thee we do believe ;
 Let Thy BODY and Thy BLOOD
 Be to us our Souls' best Food.

JESUS, at Thy latest Feast
 John once leaned upon Thy Breast ;
 Filled like him with Love Divine
 Let us on Thy Breast recline.
 More than to parched land soft showers,
 More than dews to drooping flowers,
 Precious be to us Thy Grace
 Till we see Thee Face to face.
 In this Feast and in Thy Word,
 Gazing on Thy Glories, LORD,
 More like Thee to us become,
 Heavenly, for our Heavenly Home.

God is in His holy Hill.



OD is in His holy Hill :
Let the earth and sea be still ;
And the Child of sin and woe
Come before Him, bending low,
Where our loved and lost ones meet
Safe beneath their SAVIOUR's Feet.
Faces dear, 'tis here ye smile,
Ye, whom we have missed awhile.

Here is poured a Living Cup,
Wells of water springing up
Into Life that cannot die,
Pledge of Immortality,
Earth hath nothing half so dear ;
CHRIST's Own FLESH and BLOOD are here.
Glory, honour, praise and peace !
God is nigh ; all words must cease.

And He sent them away.



IN the desert far from home,
Faint and weary, LORD, we come ;
In Thy Presence only sure
Of the Bread that can endure :
Life with Thee is all we pray ;
Send us not, O LORD, away.

The Communion.

Thou art Nature's Mighty LORD,
 Thou art Love in deed and word,
 Thou art Mercy, Truth and Right,
 Shining in commingled Light :
 Thou art everlasting Day ;
 Send us not, O LORD, away.

Come with us, where duty calls
 To the Temple's sacred walls :
 Thou art all we look for there,
 Thou fulfillest all our prayer :
 Life with Thee is all we pray ;
 Turn us not, O LORD, away.

Leave us not, O Shepherd good,
 Still we crave Thy sweetest Food ;
 Thou canst all our need supply ;
 If Thou feed us not we die :
 Life in Thee is all we pray ;
 Turn us not, O LORD, away.

Communion.



LOSER, closer, JESUS still
 Let me feel Thee and adore Thee,
 Heart and Soul and Sense and Will,
 Lo! they all bow down before Thee.

Can it be that Thou art here
 Resting on this heart of mine ?
 Every earthly hope and fear
 Lost in flames of Love Divine ?

Yes ! LORD JESUS Thou dost hold me,
And I lose myself in Thee ;
Closer still and closer fold me
Rapt in speechless ecstasy.

O to see Thee Face to face !
O for wings of Love to fly !
O that in this strong embrace
I could lay me down and die !

Lay me down and take my rest
There where time no bond can sever,
And thus leaning on Thy Breast
Drink of Love's deep stream for ever.





PART V.

The Thanksgiving.

*THE EUCHARISTIC PORTION OF
THE DIVINE OFFICE.*

Uíbo, an bíbir en mí.



HIS Union of Divineſt Love
By which I live a Life above,
Setting my heart at liberty
My God to me enchains ;
But then to ſee His Majeſty
In ſuch a baſe captivity
It ſo my Spirit pains,
That evermore I weep and ſigh,
Dying becauſe I do not die.

Ah, what a length does life appear,
How hard to bear this exile here,
How hard from weary day to day
To pine without relief :

The yearning hope to break away
 From this my prison-house of clay
 Inspires so sharp a grief,
 That overcome I weep and sigh,
 Dying because I do not die.

Oh, what a bitter life is this
 Deprived of GOD, its only Bliss ;
 And what though Love delicious be,
 Not so is Hope deferred :
 Ah, then, Dear LORD, in Charity
 This iron weight of misery
 From my poor Soul ungird,
 For evermore I weep and sigh,
 Dying because I do not die.

This only gives me life and strength,
 To know that die I must at length ;
 For Hope insures me Bliss Divine
 Through death, and death alone.
 O Death, for thee, for thee I pine,
 Sweet Death, of Life the origin,
 Ah, wing thee hither soon,
 For evermore I weep and sigh,
 Dying because I do not die.

And thou, fond Life, oh, vex me not
 By still prolonging here my lot,
 But know that Love is urging me ;
 Know that the only way

The Thanksgiving.

To gain thee is—by losing thee.
Come then, O Death, come speedily,
And end thy long delay,
For evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying because I do not die.

The Life above, the Life on high
Alone is Life in verity,
Nor can we Life at all enjoy
Till this poor life is o'er ;
Then, O sweet Death, no longer fly
From me who, ere my time to die,
Am dying evermore,
For evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying because I do not die.

To Him Who deigns in me to live,
What better Gift have I to give,
O my poor earthly life, than thee ?
Too glad of thy decay,
So but I may the sooner see
That Face of sweetest Majesty
For which I pine away,
While evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying because I do not die.

Absent from Thee, my SAVIOUR Dear,
I call not Life this living here,
But a long dying agony,
The sharpest I have known ;

And I myself, myself to see
In such a rack of misery,
For very pity moan,
And ever, ever weep and sigh,
Dying because I do not die.

The fish that from the brook is ta'en,
Soon finds an end of all its pain ;
And agonies the worst to bear
Are soonest spent and o'er ;
But what acutest death can e'er
With this my painful life compare
In torture evermore ?
While evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying because I do not die.

When on the Altar I espy,
My God, Thy hidden Majesty,
And peace is soothing my sad heart,
Then comes redoubled pain
To think, that here from Thee apart,
I cannot see Thee as Thou art,
But gaze and gaze in vain,
While evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying because I do not die.

When with the hope I comfort me
At least in Heaven of seeing Thee,
The thought that I may lose Thee yet
With anguish thrills me through ;

The Thanksgiving.

And by a thousand fears beset
My very hope inspires regret
And multiplies my woe,
While evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying because I do not die.

Ah, LORD, my Light and living Breath,
Take me, oh, take me from this death,
And burst the bars that sever me
From my true Life above ;
Think how I die Thy Face to see,
And cannot live away from Thee,
O my eternal Love,
And ever, ever weep and sigh,
Dying because I do not die.

I weary of this endless strife,
I weary of this dying life,
This living death, this heavy chain,
This torment of delay
In which her sins my Soul detain ;
Ah, when shall it be mine ? Ah, when,
With my last breath to say—
No more I weep, no more I sigh ;
I'm dying of desire to die ?

Sacramental Union with Christ.



WHAT happiness can equal mine ?
 I've found the Object of my love ;
 My SAVIOUR and my LORD Divine
 Is come to me from Heaven above ;

He makes my heart His own Abode,
 His FLESH becomes my daily Bread,
 He pours on me His Healing BLOOD,
 And with His Life my Soul is fed.

My Love is mine and I am His ;
 In me He dwells, in Him I live :
 Where could I taste a purer Bliss ?
 What greater Boon could Jesus give ?
 O Royal Banquet, Heavenly Feast,
 O flowing Fount of Life and Grace,
 Where GOD the Giver, man the guest
 Meet and unite in sweet embrace.

Dear JESUS, now my heart is Thine,
 Oh, may it never from Thee fly ;
 My GOD, be Thou for ever mine,
 And I, Thine Own eternally.
 No more, O Satan, thee I fear ;
 O World, thy charms I now despise ;
 For CHRIST Himself is with me here,
 My Joy, my Life, my Paradise.

Post-Communion Hymn.



BEHOLD! O LORD my GOD, Thee have
 I now
 Who all things hast, to Whom all
 Angels bow,
 To Whom the Seraphim around the Throne,
 Adoring, raise the high Tris-hagion.
 Thee, Fount of Life, Thee, perfect Happiness,
 Thee, Mighty GOD, Thy creature doth possess.
 LORD, take my heart from all things not of Thee,
 And let Thy Presence sweet abide with me.
 All without Thee is dark, but in Thy Light
 The gloomiest cloud beams forth a rainbow bright.
 Sorrow is peace; and in a thorny nest
 The wounded heart may yet all calmly rest.
 Amid the rushing storm that howls along
 Thy dear Voice whispers clear its under-song.
 My Love, my Joy, my Own, my Life, my All!
 O keep me, hold me, ne'er from Thee to fall.
 O Heart of Love, broken for love of me,
 Fain would my cold heart break for love of Thee.
 O Heart of Meekness; earnestly I seek
 Of Thee the Grace to be sincerely meek.
 O Truth unfeigned, to Thee I humbly sue
 For strength to dare at all times to be true.
 O Lowliness majestic, grant to me
 The priceless Gift of pure Humility.

Stell und dornig ist der Pfad. 251

Yea, draw me after Thee by Thine own Ways
Of prayer, of work, of patience, and of praise.
And when, Dear LORD, my days on earth are o'er,
O call me whither Thou art gone before,
To gaze upon Thy Face for evermore.

Stell und dornig ist der Pfad.



STEEP and thorny is the way
Straight to Heaven our home as-
cending ;
Happy he who every day
Walks therein, for CHRIST contending ;
Happy when his journey o'er
Conqueror he to CHRIST shall soar.

Great shall be his recompense
True to death on GOD who waited ;
Who renounced the joys of sense,
To his SAVIOUR consecrated ;
Who has gazed with steadfast eye
On the Crown of Victory.

On the Cross our Dying LORD
Bled for man who had offended,
Purchased us the great Reward,
Then from earth to Heaven ascended ;
Victor e'en in death, He said—
FATHER, it is finished.

The Thanksgiving.

May we soon approach Thee near,
 We who long on earth have striven,
 Storms and night surround us here,
 Bright and peaceful 'tis in Heaven :
 Death may strike and graves may yawn,
 Yonder beams Life's endless dawn.

On then, Comrades, wend your way,
 Let not life's drear waste alarm you ;
 Look to Jesus, watch and pray
 'Gainst the fight that God would arm you.
 God, Who strong the weak canst make,
 Victory give for Jesus' sake.

In hac Cruce Te invenit, quicumque
 invenit.



HAIL ! Tree of Life, planted anew
 Amidst the briar-waste of dearth,
 Once more thy branches dropping dew
 Awake the echoes deep of mirth,
 Lost since the airs of Eden blew
 Their sweet last gift o'er sin-stained earth.

Hail ! Tree of Life, on Calvary's height
 Extending wide, restored again ;
 Hail ! happy boughs of sweet delight
 Where sure repose and quiet reign ;
 A shelter they from Demon spite,
 From sorrowing care and fruitless pain.

The last Communion in Church. 253

Hail! Tree of Life, beneath thy shade
Fain would I rest and list thy call;
No burning heat shall strike my head,
No mildew there, nor blight shall fall;
For should the bitter cup invade,
Sweet Peace is there to temper all.

Hail! saving Cross, beneath thy foot
Here would I rest and look above;
My needed strength would here recruit,
Thy promised Mercies here would prove,
Gather each day increase of fruit,
New fuel for increase of Love.

The last Communion in Church.



HE hath been near unto the golden Gate;
Serene he waited for his Master's
Calling;
It came—A little longer thou must wait,
The sands of life have not yet ceased their falling.

Once more he passeth in the well-known way;
Though sight be dim and footsteps fail and
falter,
Led by the hand, once more this Holy Day
He draweth nigh unto his LORD's dear Altar.
He kneeleth low; he heareth words of Bliss;
With hand up-spread and eyelid closed he
kneeleth.

Oh, what an hour of peace and joy is this :

Oh, in what Love his LORD Himself revealeth.

We see the trembling form : but far from sight

The Spirit passeth to more glorious regions

Behind the veil, upborne on wings of light,

Blending its worship with Angelic legions.

Entranced he gazeth on the wounded Side,

The precious Stream for him in Mercy flowing,

The low-bowed Head, the Arms outstretching wide,

The awful Cross with mystic radiance glowing.

Servant of God, thou hast not long to stay ;

Soon the weak bonds that hold thee here shall
sever ;

Then shalt thou gaze upon the perfect day,

And be with Him thou lov'st forever and forever.

Dignare me, O Jesu, rogo Te.



ESU, grant me this I pray,
Ever in Thy Heart to stay ;
Let me evermore abide
Hidden in Thy wounded Side.

If the evil one prepare,

Or the world, a tempting snare,

I am safe when I abide

In Thy Heart and wounded Side.

If the flesh, more dangerous still,
Tempt my Soul to deeds of ill,
Nought I fear when I abide
In Thy Heart and wounded Side.

Death will come one day to me ;
JESU, cast me not from Thee :
Dying, let me still abide
In Thy Heart and wounded Side.

¶ Nun nimm mein Herz.



NOW take my heart and all that is in me,
My LORD Beloved, take it from me to
Thee ;

I would have Thine :
This Soul and flesh of mine
Would order thought and word and deed
As Thy most holy Will shall lead.

Thou feedest me with Heavenly Bread and Wine,
Thou pourest through me streams of Life Divine ;
O noble Face,
So Sweet, so full of Grace,
I ponder as Thy Cross I see
How best to give myself to Thee.

Behold ! through all th' eternal Ages still
My heart shall choose and love Thy holy Will ;
Wouldst Thou my death ?
I die to Thee in faith ;

Wouldst Thou that I should longer live ?
To Thee the choice I wholly give.

But Thou must also deign to be my own,
To dwell in me, to make my heart Thy Throne,
My GOD indeed,
My Help in time of need,
My Head from Whom no power can sever,
The Bridegroom of my Soul for ever.

Powerful to Save.



ON whose Soul have Mercy, JESU, Powerful to save—

This inscribe above my clay when sleeping in the grave :

The Cross o'ershadowing the spot, a tablet at the feet

Recording my baptismal name dear lips have rendered sweet.

For Mercy is my only hope, for Mercy is my cry,
I have no other plea to gain a blest Eternity ;
I have no trust but in the Cross to save in my death-hour,

No help but in my SAVIOUR'S BLOOD to quench the Tempter's power.

The solemn hour of closing life to all is drawing near,

When nothing but the COMFORTER can succour or can cheer ;

O Glorious TRIUNE, Light of Life, to Thee be
Glory given,
For JESU Present when on earth, for JESU when
in Heaven.

Q Crux, qui sola languentes.



CROSS, that only know'st the Woes
He suffered erst Who hung on Thee,
Speak to our hearts of those deep
Throes,

Those broken Words, that Agony.

Sharp were the nails which ruthless bound
His fainting Form in thine embrace ;
The thorns about His Temples wound
Forbade Him e'en that resting-place.

Oh, fearful Woe—the LORD of Life
Upon thy breast contends with Death ;
And Victor in the mortal strife,
Yet yielded up His last faint Breath.

O holy Cross, by thee we live,
And at thy foot our life we lay ;
Tribunal, whence our LORD shall give
His Judgment in that bitter Day.

Give us, O LORD, to die with Thee,
 With Thee fell Death to rise above,
 Despising earthly vanity
 To fix our hearts on Joys above.

Cor Arca Legem continens.



ARK of the Covenant, not that whence
 bondage came of old,
 But that of Pardon and of Grace and
 Mercies manifold ;
 Thou Veil of awful Mystery, thou Sanctuary
 sublime,
 Thou sacred Temple, holier far than that of olden
 time ;
 Blest Heart of CHRIST, in thy dear Wound the
 hidden depth we see
 Of what were else unguessed by us, His boundless
 Charity.
 Beneath this emblem of pure Love 'twas Love
 Himself that died,
 And offered up for us to GOD a Victim crucified.
 Oh, who of His redeemed will Him their mutual
 love refuse ?
 Who would not rather in that Heart their Home
 eternal choose ?

Halt im Gedächtniß Jesum Christ.



BEAR JESUS CHRIST the LORD in mind
 Who left His Heavenly Throne,
 And, out of Love to humankind,
 Put human Nature on—

Our BROTHER, born of Flesh and Blood
 To make His sure Salvation good—
 Then thank Him for His Love.

Bear JESUS CHRIST the LORD in mind
 On Whom our hopes depend ;
 With that great Love He bore mankind
 He loved them to the end ;
 And gave at length His FLESH and BLOOD
 To be their Souls' sustaining Food—
 Then thank Him for His Love.

Bear JESUS CHRIST the LORD in mind
 Who sore by grief was tried ;
 A Ransom for our Souls to find
 Upon the Cross He died :
 He vanquished sin and every foe
 And saved us from eternal woe—
 Then thank Him for His Love.

Bear JESUS CHRIST the LORD in mind
 Who, freed from grief and pain,
 A Conqueror Death hath failed to bind,
 The third day rose again :

The Thanksgivng.

The righteous Acts of CHRIST the LORD
Have Life and Peace to man restored—
Then thank Him for His Love.

Bear JESUS CHRIST the LORD in mind
Who, all His Sorrows past,
In sight of those He left behind
Returned to Heaven at last ;
There to prepare for us a Place
Where we shall always see His Face—
Then thank Him for His Love.

Bear JESUS CHRIST the LORD in mind
Who, from His Throne above
Once more will come, the Judge assigned
Both quick and dead to prove :
Take heed that thou mayst stand the test,
And enter then His holy Rest
To thank Him for His Love.

LORD, let me ever bear in mind,
And let my faith embrace
Thy Love to me and all mankind ;
And may Thy cheering Grace
In hours of sorrow Comfort give,
And cause me after death to live
And thank Thee for Thy Love.

The Ship in the midst of the Sea.



HE waters were Thy Path ;
 Thy Way was on the sea :
 Who in that night could trace Thy
 Steps ?

Who solve the Mystery ?

Some at Capernaum asked—
 When and how cam'st Thou here ?
 In vain they tried to find the track
 By which Thou didst appear.

But Thy Disciples, LORD,
 Did gladly Thee receive ;
 And when the Ship was at the shore
 They pry not, but believe.

LORD, in Thy Sacraments
 Thou walkest on the sea ;
 Let us not ask—how dost Thou come ?
 But gladly welcome Thee.

Then will the winds be hushed,
 The waves no longer roar ;
 When CHRIST is with us in the Ship,
 The Ship is at the shore.

Jesu, Dulcedo cordium.



ESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of Life, Thou Light of
men,

From the best blifs that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

Thy Truth unchanged hath ever stood,
Thou savest those that on Thee call,
To them that seek Thee Thou art Good,
To them that find Thee, All in All.

We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still ;
We drink of Thee, the fountain Head,
And thirst our Souls from Thee to fill.

Our restless Spirits yearn for Thee
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad when Thy gracious Smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O JESUS, ever with us stay !
Make all our moments calm and bright ;
Chase the dark night of sin away ;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy Light.

Communion Calm and Joy.



H, what is this enchanting Calm
Which thus with Joy my bosom fills,
Which o'er my Spirit pours a balm,
And through my inmost being thrills?

Is some bright Seraph higher sent
Diffusing sweetness from his wings
To steep my bosom in content,
Unseen, unfelt from earthly things?

No; something purer far must dwell
Within this raptured Soul of mine :
'Tis what no mortal tongue can tell,
'Tis more than Heavenly, 'tis Divine.

My GOD, my JESUS, it is Thou
Art ravishing my heart with Bliss ;
Thy Presence is within me now :
Could I have asked a boon like this ?

Yes, stooping from Thy Throne above
Thou wilt not dwell from man apart :
Thou, in Thy Sacrament of Love,
Hast come to dwell within my heart.

The last Sacraments.



WHEN day's shadows lengthen,
 JESU, be Thou near ;
 Pardon, comfort, strengthen,
 Chase away my fear ;
 Love and Hope be deepened,
 Faith more strong and clear.

When the night grows darkest
 And the stars are pale,
 When the foe assembles
 In Death's misty vale,
 Be Thou Sword and Helmet,
 Be Thou Shield and Mail.

He who stands beside me
 Comes but to proclaim
 Pardon for contrition,
 Wipes out stains of shame,
 Saying—I absolve thee
 In CHRIST's blessed Name.

If Thou willest feed me,
 Strengthen ere I go ;
 In that unknown pathway
 Lighten every woe ;
 JESU, as Thou knowest,
 Grant me so to know.

That an hour of weakness—
That a time of fear—
Come ! Thou Bread of Heaven,
Sacrament so dear ;
All I loved may vanish
If but Thou be near.

Come ! Thou Food of Angels,
Source of every Grace,
In Thy FATHER'S Mansions
Give me soon a place,
That unveiled in Splendour
I may see Thy Face.

Fading this world, fading,
Forms are growing dim,
Other voices whisper
Tones of some sweet Hymn
Telling of His Mercy,
Speaking but of Him.

By the Jordan's ripples,
Passing through the shade,
Let me hear that Promise
Once for ever made—
It is I, thy JESUS,
Be not thou afraid.

Cold the waters rolling,
Chill the mists around,
Black the night above me,
Strange th' untrodden ground,

The Thanksgiving.

Oft lost in the desert,
Yet may I be found.

Then be near me, JESUS,
Enemies shall flee ;
Ave ! Sacramentum,
Thou my Comfort be ;
Food and Priest and Victim,
Let me feed on Thee.

So shall no fears chill me
On that unknown shore,
For in death He conquered
And can die no more ;
His Hand guards and guides me
To the City's door.

Blessed warfare over,
Endless Rest alone,
Tears no more nor sorrow,
Neither sigh nor moan,
But a Song of triumph
Round about the Throne.

An Act of Thanksgiving.



JESUS, Gentlest SAVIOUR,
God of Might and Power,
Thou Thyself art dwelling
In us at this hour.

Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For Thine endless Glory
And Thy Royal State.
Out beyond the shining
Of the farthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.
Yet the hearts of children
Hold what world's can not,
And the GOD of Wonders
Loves the lowly spot.
As men to their gardens
Go to seek sweet flowers,
In our hearts Dear JESUS
Seeks them at all hours.
JESUS, Gentlest SAVIOUR,
Thou art in us now ;
Fill us full of Goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow.
Pray the prayer within us
That to Heaven shall rise ;
Sing the song that Angels
Sing above the skies.
Multiply our Graces,
Chiefly Love and Fear,
And, Dear LORD, the chieftest,
Grace to persevere.
Oh, how can we thank Thee
For a Gift like this.

The Thanksgiving.

Gift that truly maketh
 Heaven's eternal Bliss?
 Ah, when wilt Thou always
 Make our hearts Thy home?
 We must wait for Heaven,
 Then the day will come.
 Now at least we'll keep Thee
 All the time we may;
 But Thy Grace and Blessing
 We will keep away.

A Sonnet from the Canticles.



MODEL of all Beauty, in Whose
 Light
 True Blessedness doth evermore abide,
 Whose Voice outwonders the mysterious
 tide

With its unfailing volume. Day and night
 Thou art our full-orbed noon. Oh, that I might
 Set as a jewel in the circlet rest
 That rounds Thine Arm; and so be ever blest
 Clasping and clasped by Love that's Infinite.
 The bloom upon Thy Lips is sweeter far
 Than all the costly balsams of the south;
 The glances of Thine Eyes more potent are
 Than Death and Hell; Thy Breath is Life
 indeed.

Oh, let me kiss Thee. In my utter need,
 Oh, kiss me with the Kisses of Thy Mouth.

Thanksgiving after Communion.



GOD of Mercy, God of Might,
How should pale sinners bear the sight,
If as Thy Power is surely here
Thine open Glory should appear?

For now Thy People are allowed
To scale the Mount and pierce the Cloud,
And Faith may feed her eager view
With wonders Sinai never knew.

Fresh from th' atoning Sacrifice
The world's Creator bleeding lies,
That man, His foe by whom He bled,
May take Him for his daily Bread.

Oh, agony of wavering thought,
When sinners first so near are brought—
It is my Maker, dare I stay?
My SAVIOUR, dare I turn away?

Thus while the storm is high within
'Twixt love of CHRIST and fear of sin,
Who can express the soothing charm
To feel thy kind upholding arm,

My mother Church? and hear thee tell
Of a world lost yet loved so well,
That He, by Whom the Angels live,
His Only SON for her would give?

And doubt we yet ? Thou call'st again ;
A lower still, a sweeter strain ;
A voice from Mercy's inmost shrine,
The very breath of Love Divine.

Whispering it says to each apart—
Come unto Me, thou trembling heart ;
And we must hope, so sweet the tone,
The precious Words are all our own.

Hear them, Kind SAVIOUR, hear Thy Spouse
Low at Thy Feet renew her vows ;
Thine own dear Promise she would plead
For us her true though fallen seed.

She pleads by all her mercies, told
Thy chosen Witnesses of old,
Love's heralds sent to man forgiven,
One from the Cross and One from Heaven.

This, of true Penitents the chief
To the lost Spirit brings relief,
Lifting on high th' adorèd Name—
Sinners to save CHRIST JESUS came.

That, dearest of Thy bosom Friends
Into the wavering heart descends—
What ? fallen again ? yet cheerful rise,
Thine Intercessor never dies.

The eye of faith that waxes bright
Each moment by Thine Altar's light

Sees them e'en now ; they still abide
In mystery kneeling at our side ;
And with them every Spirit blest
From realms of triumph or of rest,
From him who saw creation's morn
Of all Thine Angels eldest born,
To the poor babe who died to-day,
Take part in our thanksgiving lay
Watching the tearful joy and calm,
While sinners taste Thine Heavenly Balm.
Sweet, awful hour ; the only sound
One gentle footstep gliding round,
Offering by turns on JESUS' part
The Cross to every hand and heart.
Refresh us, LORD, to hold it fast ;
And when Thy Veil is drawn at last,
Let us depart where shadows cease
With Words of Blessing and of Peace.

Saturatus Ferculis et Cibis.



ED with Dainties from above,
With holiest Viands sated,
Nourished by this Feast of Love,
With Heavenly Joys elated,
With what fitting gratitude
Can this cold heart be glowing
To Thee Who art here my Food,
On me Thyself bestowing ?

The Thanksgiving.

Now and every hour of time
Let all Creation bleſs Thee ;
For this Feſtival ſublime
Shall my whole heart confeſs Thee
Who doſt thus my Spirit cheer,
My earthly portion ſweeten,
Life revive and darkneſs clear
By Thy Dear BODY eaten.

This through all my quickening veins
Its ſacred Vigour poureth ;
And unto my heart and reins
Immortal youth reſtoreth.
Oh, on what ſweet Bread to-day
Hath my rapt Soul been feeding ;
How with thanks can I repay
Such Love, all thanks exceeding ?

Now to embrace Thy ſacred Feet
I turn with deep affection,
And with ſtreaming tears to greet
The Spouſe of mine election :
Firm in faith Thy Wounds adored
I reckon with devotion ;
And Thy precious Death, O LORD,
Partake with deep emotion.

Feet and Knees, Thy Hands, Thy Face,
Heart, Eyes, Side, Boſom viewing,
There for Pardon and for Grace
Bowed down and proſtrate ſuing :

The Evening after Communion. 273

May they to my heart and eyes
For evermore be present ;
From my breast responsive sighs
To Thee draw forth incessant.

When in my last earthly day
From hence my Spirit flitteth,
And this failing frame of clay
For aye departing quitteth,
With that Sacred FLESH of Thine
And BLOOD my Soul deliver,
Wherein Thou, O Boon Divine,
Of Thine own Self art Giver.

The Evening after Communion.



OME ! let me for a moment cast
All earthly thoughts away,
And muse upon the sacred Gift
Which I received to-day.

This morning that Eternal LORD
Who is my Judge to be,
Came to this lowly tenement
And stayed awhile with me.

With His Celestial FLESH and BLOOD
My fainting Soul He fed ;
With tender Words of Grace and Love
My heart He comforted.

The Thanksgiving.

He Who of all that live and breathe
Is all the Life and Breath,
This morning deigned to visit me
In this my house of death.

He Whose Immensity transcends
Creation's utmost goal,
This morning deigned to be confined
Within my finite Soul.

He Who in endless wealth abounds,
The world's Possessor blest,
This morning deigned, oh, wondrous thought,
To be by me possessed.

He Who in Awful GODHEAD sits
Upon His Throne on high,
This morning entered my abode
In His HUMANITY.

He Who for me a Trembling BABE
On Mary's Heart reclined,
This morning in my heart and flesh
His DEITY enshrined.

O Soul of mine, reflect, reflect,
Consider, one by one,
What Marvels of surpassing Grace
Thy GOD in thee has done.

His tender Love with love repay,
Extol His sacred Name,
To all the world His Greatness tell,
His Graciousness proclaim.

Εὐχαριστοῦμέν Σοι, Δέσποτα.



ASTER, LORD and GOD, to Thee
Thanks and adoration,
That Thou giv'st Thyself to be
Our Participation,
Through Thy Mysteries, holy, pure,
Heavenly, that for aye endure ;
Souls and bodies strengthening free
With Thy best Salvation.

Loving, Bounteous, Gracious LORD,
Thankful we adore Thee ;
May Thy Gifts on this Thy Board
Duly set before Thee
Be to us Celestial Food,
Holy BODY, Precious BLOOD,
Through Thy SPIRIT and Thy Word,
Lowly we implore Thee.

So shall we with Love unblamed,
Godliness abounding,
Hope that maketh not ashamed,
Faith the Foe confounding,
Walk in Thy Commandments' way,
Till on Thy tremendous Day
Bless'd we of Thee be named,
All Thy Saints surrounding.

Eucharistic Thanksgivng.



WE give Thee thanks, Dear FATHER,
 For all Thy Glory shown
 In making this great Sacrifice
 For all our sins atone ;
 For giving our poor human fight
 A SAVIOUR to adore,
 Pardon and Comfort, Peace in death,
 And Life for evermore.

We thank Thee, Holy FATHER,
 For all that gentle Love
 Which leads these earthly, anxious hearts
 To peaceful homes above,
 Which shows the passing vanity
 Of worldly cares and joys,
 And man's strong will and passions' might
 In tenderness destroys.

We give Thee thanks, Sweet SAVIOUR,
 Our grateful hearts to Thee
 Who pitieth all our sorrows
 And all our misery ;
 We thank Thee for Thy Precious BLOOD
 Which takes away our sin,
 Pardons our lives, our words, our deeds,
 Our inmost thoughts within.

O LAMB of GOD, we thank Thee
For stilling all our fears,
Calming unrestful human hearts
And drying all our tears ;
Drawing to better, purer hopes
Above, and Rest in Heaven ;
Whisp'ring of never-dying Love,
And every sin forgiven.

We give Thee thanks, Good SPIRIT,
For Thy Life-giving Power,
Shining with mystic splendour's Light
In Eucharistic hour ;
Oh, teach us how to worship GOD
As Angels do on high,
And join our loved Communion with
Their Altars in the Sky.

We thank Thee, HOLY SPIRIT,
Rise Thou within our hearts,
Illuminate the Mystery
This Sacrament imparts ;
Oh, sanctify the Offerings
We bring our GOD to-day ;
Reveal Thy glorious Presence,
And teach us how to pray.

O TRIUNE GOD, we thank Thee,
Thy glorious Name we bless,
And ask Thy Grace to lead us on
In paths of Holiness ;

The Thanksgiving.

Help us each day to work for Thee ;
 Let not Thy Blessing cease ;
 But ever whisper in our hearts
 The parting Words of Peace.

We give Thee thanks, O TRINITY,
 Eternal THREE in ONE,
 For all the wondrous Love and Grace
 This Sacrament has won ;
 We give Thee thanks, O TRINITY,
 Mysterious ONE in THREE,
 For this bright Light to guide us here
 On to Eternity.

Remember Me.

The Christian's Request to his Friend.



WHEN thy heart's emotion
 Yields to deep devotion,
 O Friend, remember me :
 When in sweet Communion
 Lost and sacred Union,
 Oh, then remember me :
 When from earth retiring
 To thy LORD aspiring,
 All His Grace desiring,
 Lone thou bow'st the knee ;
 Then when friends the dearest
 Are in JESUS nearest,
 Then, Friend, remember me.

The Christian's Request to his SAVIOUR.

When my heart beguiling
All around is smiling,
O LORD, remember me :
When afflictions press me,
Sins and fears distress me,
Oh, still remember me :
On the couch when lying,
Languishing and dying,
When the last, last sighing
Yields my Soul to Thee,
Then when friends are failing
Nought on earth availing,
Oh, then remember me.

The SAVIOUR's Request to the Christian.

When careffed, careffing
Thine each earthly Blessing,
Wilt thou remember Me ?
Then when sunshine fails thee,
Then when storm assails thee,
Will I remember thee :
When My Word is spoken,
When the Bread is broken
Of My Death the Token,
Midst My two or three ;
Then thy Friend once bleeding,
Now in Glory pleading,
Then most remember Me.

The Thanksgiving.

When My Brethren languish
Pressed with want or anguish,
In them remember Me :
When thou hear'st what millions
Death's dark shade pavilions,
In them remember Me :
Think what once I suffered,
How My Life I offered,
How My Love discovered
Love to all, to thee :
Thus with love's emotion,
Thus with life's devotion,
Oh, thus remember Me.

Wait awhile ; be fervent ;
As My Friend and Servant
Awhile remember Me :
Soon shall faith to vision
Yield in sweet transition
If thou remember Me :
Soon with those before thee
Gathered into Glory
Thou too shalt adore Me,
Soon my Face shalt see ;
All thy faint remembrance
Lost in bright resemblance,
Oh, then remember Me.

O Jesu, Dulcissime.



JESU, best Beloved,
 Thou Bread by which we live,
 Who now hast deigned most really
 Thy very Self to give,
 From every guilt absolve me,
 And grant my grief to be
 Sincere and penitential,
 And welcome unto Thee.

O JESU, living Victim,
 By gifts of Grace and Love
 Renew my Soul, and make me
 Acceptable above ;
 By broken Bread and Wine-Cup
 Eternal Life impart,
 And nourish by Thy Presence
 Thy Love within my heart.

Make me, Sweet Consoler,
 All vanity to flee ;
 My Buckler, my Defender,
 Give me the Victory ;
 Teach me Thy Ways, Restorer,
 And grant when life be past
 In Beatific Vision
 To see Thy Face at last.

When they had sung an Hymn, they
went out.



ALM lay the City in its double sleep,
Beneath the Paschal Moon's cold
silvery light
That flung broad shadows o'er the
rugged steep
Of Olivet that night.

But soon the calm was broken, and the sound
Of strains all sweet and plaintive filled the air ;
And deep-toned voices echoing all around
Made music everywhere.

The Holy Rite is o'er ; the Blessed Sign
Is given to cheer us in this earthly strife ;
The Bread is broken and outpoured the Wine—
Symbols of better Life.

The bitter cup of wrath before Him lies ;
And yet as up the steep they pass along,
The mighty Victim to the Sacrifice,
They cheer the way with song.

We ne'er can know such sorrow as that night
Pierced to the Heart the Suffering SON of GOD ;
And every earthly sadness is but light
To that dark path He trod.

The Sacrifice of Thanksgiving. 283

And yet, how faint and feeble rise our songs ;
How oft we linger 'mid the shadows dim ;
Nor give the Glory that to Him belongs
In Eucharistic Hymn.

O for an echo of that chant of praise ;
O for a voice to sing His mighty Love ;
O for a refrain of the Hymns they raise
In the bright Home above.

Touch Thou our wayward hearts and let them be
In stronger faith to Thy glad Service given,
Till o'er the margin of Time's surging sea
We sing the Song of Heaven.

The Sacrifice of Thanksgiving.



WITH heart from fears, with eyes from
tears,

With feet from falling free,
What shall I render, O my GOD,
For all Thy Gifts to me ?

What part have I in life, or lot,
For Him Who made me live ?
Who gave His SON, what shall He not—
But, oh, what shall I give ?

What spikenard odours shall I shed
Before the Mercy-seat ?
What balms outpour about His Head,
What tears upon His Feet ?

The Thanksgivng.

Though every hair a tear should dry,
 Each tear bedew a sin,
 There still would be a death to die,
 A pardon still to win.

Who with Thine Own serves Thee alone,
 He best Thy Love repays ;
 I'll take the Cup, and offer up
 Thy Blessing for my praise.

Thy Gifts shall be my vows to Thee
 For joy, for sorrow blest ;
 From sin, from pain, my Soul, again
 Turn there unto thy rest.

Wie konnt ich Sein vergessen.



H, how could I forget Him
 Who ne'er forgetteth me ?
 Or tell the Love that let Him
 Come down to set us free ?
 I lay in darkeſt ſadneſs
 Till He made all things new,
 And ſtill freſh Love and Gladneſs
 Flow from that Heart ſo true.

How could I ever leave Him
 Who is ſo kind a Friend ?
 How could I ever grieve Him
 Who thus to me doth bend ?

Have I not seen Him dying
For us on yonder Tree?
Do I not hear Him crying—
Arise and follow Me?

For ever will I love Him
Who saw my hopeless plight,
Who felt my sorrows move Him
And brought me Life and Light;
Whose Arm shall be around me
When my last hour is come,
And suffer none to wound me
Though dark the passage home.

He gives me Pledges holy,
His BODY and His BLOOD;
He lifts the scorned, the lowly,
He makes my courage good:
For He will reign within me,
And shed His Graces there;
The Heaven He died to win me
Can I then fail to share?

In joy and sorrow ever
Shine through me, blessed Heart,
Who bleeding for us never
Didst shrink from sorest smart:
Whate'er I've loved or striven
Or borne I bring to Thee;
Now let Thy Heart and Heaven
Stand open, LORD, to me.

Act of Thanksgiving.



HOLY, Holy, Thee we sing,
 JESU, with the Angel-throng,
 Unto Thee Thy Children bring,
 JESUS, gifts of heart and song.
 CHRIST, the Everlasting GOD,
 CHRIST, of Heaven the End, the Road,
 Be Thou ever praised and blest,
 SAVIOUR, LORD for aye confest ;
 Hail ! to Thee all knees are bent ;
 Hail ! most wondrous Sacrament.

Eucharistic Adoration.



LORD, when at Thy holy Table
 We adore Thy Presence, raise
 Every heart, for Thou art able,
 On the wings of prayer and praise :
 Strengthen, with the Heavenly Food
 Of Thy BODY and Thy BLOOD,
 All who feeble though they be
 Come in faith to feed on Thee.

Where the Bread of Life is broken
 Glorious is the holy place ;
 Where the Word of Life is spoken
 Sweet Thy reconciled Face :

Love and life and faith and prayer
Find their deep renewal there,
All we are or hope to be
There we get, and give to Thee.

Mystery of awful Wonder,
Thou the Mighty God art there,
Clothed not in Thy Robes of thunder,
But in Love so rich and rare,
That the nearer we approach
And the more by faith we touch,
We the purer Blessings prove,
Higher Joy and deeper Love.

Awful Presence, ever filling
As Thou dost Immensity,
Yet in all Thy Greatness willing
Man's incarnate Life to be :
Oh, the fulness of the Bliss
We may know through Love like this ;
Oh, the rich and precious store,
Joy vouchsafed us evermore.

Uba, uba, Jesu.



LORY be to JESUS
Who in bitter pains
Poured for me the LIFE-BLOOD
From His sacred Veins.

The Thanksgiving.

Grace and Life eternal
In that BLOOD I find,
Blest be His Compassion
Infinitely kind.

Blest through endless ages
Be the precious Stream
Which from endless torments
Doth the world redeem.

There the fainting Spirit
Drinks of Life her fill ;
There as in a fountain
Laves herself at will.

Oh, the BLOOD of CHRIST,
It soothes the FATHER's Ire,
Opes the gate of Heaven,
Quells eternal fire.

Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies ;
But the BLOOD of JESUS
For our pardon cries.

Oft as It is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs.

Oft as earth exulting
Wafts Its praise on high,

Angel Hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

Lift ye then your voices,
Swell the mighty flood,
Louder still and louder
Praise the Precious BLOOD.

Per Pacem ad Lucem.



DO not ask, O LORD, that life may be
A pleasant road ;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take
from me
Aught of its load ;
I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet ;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet :
For one thing only, LORD, Dear LORD, I plead,
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter and though heart
should bleed—
Through Peace to Light.
I do not ask, O LORD, that Thou shouldst shed
Full Radiance here ;
Give but a ray of Peace that I may tread
Without a fear ;
I do not ask my Crofs to understand,
My way to see—

The Thanksgiving.

Better in darkness just to feel Thy Hand
 And follow Thee.
 Joy is like restless day ; but Peace Divine
 Like quiet night :
 Lead me, O LORD—till perfect Day shall shine
 Through Peace to Light.

Bringt dem Herrn im Heiligtume.



RING ye to the LORD, ye mighty,
 Glory, honour, thanks and praise ;
 Bowing low in adoration
 Let your hearts sweet Anthems raise :
 Holy, Holy, ever Holy,
 Art Thou, SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST !

Let Thy Blessing be upon us,
 Who for us hast deigned to die,
 On the Cross Thy Life-BLOOD pouring,
 Very LAMB of GOD most High :
 Holy, Holy, ever Holy,
 Art Thou, SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST !

The Sign of the Son of Man.



CROSS, O Cross of Shame,
 In every age the same,
 Thou Symbol of a shameful thing,
 Meet for a slave and not a King ;

The Sign of the Son of Man. 291

Symbol of shame and loss,
Where is thy Grace, O Crofs,
That I should bear thee thus with heart and hand,
Where earth's rude scorners stand—
Myself a laughing-stock for thee,
A by-word and a mockery?

O Crofs, O Crofs of Pain,
Where is to me the gain
That in this bleeding heart of mine
I nail each bitter nail of thine,
That still with every breath
I live a life of death—
A life that is a daily dying still,
A death that may not kill;
But hour by hour and day by day
Feeds on the life it will not slay?

O Crofs, O Crofs of Light,
With Heavenly beauty bright,
I love and glory in thy shame,
For He I love has borne the same.
The world may scorn and threat
Her idle vengeance yet,
But I will bear thee still with heart and hand,
Though men with devils band;
For He I love is with me still,
And shame is sweet if His dear Will.

O Crofs, O Crofs of Joy,
Oh, Sweetness without cloy,

The Thanksgiving.

Still wound and pierce my bleeding heart
 For honey streams from every dart.
 O crimson, crimson Tree,
 Still let me cling to thee ;
 In thy dear arms reposing day by day
 Still let me die away ;
 For He I love is by my side,
 And death is sweet for He has died.

O Cross, O Cross of Woe,
 When Heaven and earth shall glow,
 When blazing in the eastern sky
 The SON of MAN's dread Sign shall lie,
 His Sign no more of shame,
 His Cross, a Cross of flame
 To whom the gain, to whom the endless loss,
 At that dread Day, O Cross,
 To scorner or to scorned on high ?
 The Fire shall try . . . the Fire shall try.

Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.



THOU passest by—Thy awful Step I hear;
 Thou passest by—Thy five dread
 Wounds I see ;
 Thou passest by—Thy saving Cross I
 clasp
 With penitential tears of agony.

Thou passest by—I will not let Thee go
 Until Thy Mercy streams into my Soul ;

Where your Treasure is, &c. 293

I am sin-laden ; lift the burden off,
For Thou alone canst heal and make me whole.

Renew my Spirit with unswerving faith,
While pondering on the path Thy Saints have
trod ;

With hope and courage nerve this feeble frame
To follow Thee, Thou Ever-present GOD.

Thou passest by—I pray to be illumed
With Grace and Light ; so shall the darkness
flee :

And these dim eyes, O Thou Ascended LORD,
In rapture recognise and gaze on Thee.

Where your Treasure is, there will your
Heart be also.



LIFT up your hearts !
Unto the LORD we lift,
For every Grace His Love imparts,
For every good and undeserved Gift.

Give GOD the praise !
Thus is it right and meet ;
Therefore our Hymn of Thanks we raise
As those who cast their crowns before His
Feet.

Very meet and right and bounden duty thus our
Thanks to bring.

At all times and in all places, thus Thy endless
Praises sing,
Holy FATHER, LORD Almighty, Everlasting GOD
and King.
Thus with Angels and Archangels, thus with all
the Hosts of Heaven,
Thanks and honour, laud unceasing, to Thy
glorious Name be given;
Thee, O GOD, Whose uncreated Glory filleth
heart and sky,
Thee most Holy, Holy, Holy, LORD of Hosts we
magnify—
Glory, never ending Glory, be to Thee, O GOD
most High.

All, all in vain
He seeks to earth who clings
To soar aloft in Seraph's strain,
Or speed his flight to Heaven on Angel's
wings.

For thy best weal
Lay thou not up thy store
Where midnight thieves break through and
steal,
Where moth and rust the precious Gift
devour.

Let not thy voice
To Heavenly song give birth

Hymn of Thanksgiving.

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The while thy carnal heart by choice
Grovels unlifted from the dust of earth.

But with the tongue
Let loving hearts agree,
Or else sing not the Angel's song,
Or at His Altar bow th' unwelcome knee.

Hymn of Thanksgiving.



BLESSED JESUS, we will praise Thee,
Thee, our own supremest Good ;
All we have we offer to Thee,
Riches, station, e'en our blood :
Joyful hearts and joyful voices
Hymn Thee, LORD, and own Thy Sway,
Earth redeemed in Thee rejoices
Hour by hour and day by day.

Thou for man Thyself didst offer
Once a Victim on the Rood ;
Now each day Thy Love doth proffer
Thine Own FLESH to be our Food ;
'Neath the Form of Bread, obscurely
Thou, LORD JESUS, wilt'ft to hide ;
But faith finds Thee, knowing surely
Thou with us wilt e'er abide.

Of the FATHER Sole-Begotten,
What could cause Thee Love like this ?
Why for us hast Thou forgotten
Thy Co-equal Throne in blifs ?

Ah! 'tis Love has thus o'ercome Thee ;
 Thou its force Divine would'st prove :
 Answer, Earth ! ye Angels tell me,
 Do you know of greater Love ?

Sing then, Brothers ! in Thanksgiving
 Ceaselessly our lives be spent :
 Blest be JESUS, ever Living
 In His wondrous Sacrament :
 JESUS patiently endures us,
 Praise the sweetness of His Name :
 We are sinners ; but He heals us
 In His Heart's own cleansing flame.

O my JESUS ! long-sought Treasure,
 Come ! and dwell within my heart ;
 Make me love Thee without measure,
 Never, never, from me part :
 Ease for me life's weary burthen,
 And when death draws nigh then come !
 Thou my SAVIOUR, Thou my Guerdon,
 Food to cheer me journeying Home.

Himmelan geht unsre Bahn.



HEAVENWARD still ! our pathway
 tends,
 Here on earth we are but strangers,
 Till our road in Canaan ends,
 Through this wild beset with dangers ;

Here we rove, a pilgrim-band,
Heaven we call our Father-land.

Heavenward still ! my Soul ascend,
Thou art one of Heaven's creations ;
Earth can ne'er give aim or end
Fit to fill thy aspirations ;
Oft will Heaven-enlightened mind
Longing turn its Source to find.

Heavenward still ! in Volume blest
God, throughout its sacred Pages,
Calls me thus, and speaks of Rest,
Rest with Him through endless ages.
While mine ear that Call attends,
Still to Heaven my path ascends.

Heavenward still ! my thoughts arise,
When His festal Board invites me ;
Then my Spirit upward flies,
Foretaste then of Heaven delights me :
When on earth this Food has ceased,
Comes the LAMB's Own Marriage-feast.

Heavenward still ! my Spirit wends,
That fair Land by faith exploring ;
Heavenward still ! my heart ascends,
Sun and moon and stars out-soaring :
Their faint rays in vain would try
Once with Light of Heaven to vie.

Heavenward still ! when life shall close,
 Death to my true Home shall guide me ;
 There, triumphant o'er my woes,
 Lasting Bliss shall GOD provide me :
 CHRIST Himself the way has led,
 Joyful in His Steps I tread.

Still then Heavenward ! Heavenward still !
 That shall be my watchword ever ;
 Joys of Heaven my heart shall fill,
 Chasing joys that filled it never :
 Heavenward still my thoughts shall run
 Till the gate of Heaven be won.

Aug Lieb verwundter, Jesu mein.



JESU, Pierced for love of me,
 How can this poor heart grateful be ?
 Would that my burning love might be
 Even as is Thy Love to me :

Now on a wondrous wise dost Thou
 Thy very Self on me bestow :
 Love bids Thee stoop to be so low—
 But who that depth of Love can know ?

Oh, come to me, Dear LORD, I pray
 And let Thy Love my Spirit stay :
 Behold, it longeth sore for Thee,
 I would it might more worthy be.

The Angelic Hymn.

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To forest streams the Hart doth hie
When he for thirst is fain to die ;
And so my Soul doth pant for Thee,
O JESU, JESU, come to me.

I cannot love Thee as I would,
Yet pardon me, O Highest Good ;
My life and all I call mine own
I lay before Thine Altar-Throne :
And if a thousand lives were mine,
O Sweetest LORD, they should be Thine ;
And scanty would the offering be,
So richly hast Thou loved me.

The Angelic Hymn.



VERMORE their lauds the Angel hosts
are singing,
Honour, Praise and Glory to the
THREE in ONE ;

Wherefore should not we too our lowly service
bringing,
Swell that mighty chorus ever here beneath the
sun ?

SAVIOUR, Thou hast told us, whereſoe'er aſſemble
Two or three to praife Thee, there Thou art
ſurely nigh,

There too are Thine Angels : ſo let the haughty
tremble,

For thoſe mighty Spirits fold their ſnow white
wings and cry—

Lowly, lowly bending in deepest adoration—

Holy, Holy, Holy, God of Hosts, they sing :
With their glorious voices they swell our faint
Oblation ;

Round us still they hover when our Sacrifice we
bring.

Into all the glories of our Rites most holy,

Sacrificial wonders, Angels deign to look :
CHRIST hath died for mortals in self-devotion lowly :
Thence do Angels wait on man, so saith the
Sacred Book.

How can we be worthy, we weak and erring
creatures,

Of such potent Blessings, Angels to befriend ?
Something grant us, SAVIOUR, of those Angel-
natures,

Love for Thee as boundless, Love to serve Thee
without end.

Gustate et Videte.



H me ! who am of sinful lips,
Nursed in a shadowy, dark eclipse,
Too long behind the dreary cloud
Of ignorance wrapt, and sorrow's
shroud ;

Ah me ! and who am I to tell
What Life, what Love, and Sweetness well

With overflowing streams, from Thee,
My LORD and GOD.—Ah me! Ah me!

And who am I, that I should trace
With feeble pen Thine inward Grace;
Tell of that Manna wondrous sweet,
That hidden Bread for Angels meet,
When none may know its depth of Love,
Save those who do its Riches prove,
When learning is but idle hire,
And burning words of living fire.

Ah! not to highest grasp of thought,
To eloquence and learning nought,
'The holy light of Love is given
And science of the things of Heaven;
Not to the high and lordly proud
'Tis given to pierce the covering shroud,
And aye as these more high aspire
Droops down and smoulders Heavenly Fire.

But they who come and childlike seek,
With lowly suit and conscience meek,
For shelter 'neath the Holy Cross,
Holding all other harbour loss,
Shall in that blessed pale where dew
Of Verity falls ever new,
Drink of the Catholic Fount, and know
What hidden taste lies hid below.

The SPIRIT and the Bride say—Come !
And echoing hearts cry—Hasten Home !
No more in idle ignorance
Inhale each breath the sinful trance,
But bid resolve to faith allied
Spring from within, sit by thy side,
And then how gladly shall ye run,
When once thou hast thy course begun.

All things corporeal or void,
Hated mayhap or once enjoyed,
Change as ye run ; joy understood
Is now received with gratitude ;
Ills that ye fled, transmuted, bring
New Love upon their healing wing ;
Yea, Death is but a passing strife
To enter by the gates of Life.

O ye who live within the pale
Of God's One Church, and at the rail
Receive the blisful Gift of Love,
That holy bond of Union prove :
Pause as ye kneel, and lingering stay
With loving, longing, new delay,
In memory of Him who rests
In special Presence in your breasts.

Kneel on, and raise your hearts on high
With upward intercessional cry,
For those who wander in a dream,
Who may in ignorance blaspheme,

Plange, Sion, muta vocem. 303

That these may rouse them from their sleep,
And learn ere long how sweetly deep,
The hidden Love they may inherit,
Echoing the Bride and HOLY SPIRIT.

Plange, Sion, muta vocem.



ION! mourn, thy voice subduing,
Turn to lamentation, viewing
All men's wild and fearful rage;
Loving greatly, greatly wailing,
Praise thy GOD, though sin prevailing
Lively hate in thee engage.

Joy in GOD now well thou leavest,
Nor that sacred Food receivest
Which makes life to live indeed:
He with stripes again is goaded,
And with deep reproaches loaded
Who to save us came to bleed.

Oh, how vile was the commission,
How abhorred the repetition
Of the Crofs, that deed of shame:
His Disciples basely flying;
Priest and people loudly crying,
For the death of GOD exclaim.

What the Love of GOD hath lent us,
And for our Salvation sent us

Into judgment here is turned ;
 Here the Holy is profanèd
 Here the WORD of Truth disdainèd,
 With contempt the Good is spurned.

He, the LAMB, Heaven's Adoration,
 In the Altar's pure Oblation
 Can but low esteem secure ;
 Light to Heaven here darkly hidden,
 Praised above here rudely bidden
 Contradiction to endure.

Who in Heaven with jubilation,
 Here in bitter indignation
 Stand, the Messengers of light :
 Howl, ye foes of GOD ! and tremble,
 Nor your dread of Him dissemble,
 Sinners ! when He comes in Might.

Sheep and goats of diverse spirits
 Find Him tempered to their merits,
 Due Rewards to each He deals ;
 CHRIST, Himself the Victim giving,
 Is the Judge of all men living,
 And e'en now their sentence seals.

Doth this speech your dread awaken
 Thundered forth by faith unshaken ?
 Hear a Speech more stern and dread—
 With Me ye shall enter never,
 Nor My Banquet taste for ever—
 Thus th' unchanging King hath said.

Still He looks 'mid Guests reclining,

'Mid so many vestures shining,

If a Guest unrobed be found :

Oh, what weight of chains shall bind him,

What a mist of darknefs blind him,

Given up to torments bound.

Many shall in Hell awaken

By the sleep of death o'ertaken,

Guilty of the FLESH of CHRIST.

Whither are ye blindly going ?

Now the Vine is Life bestowing,

Why are ye to death enticed ?

LORD, to whom shall we retiring

Go from Thee, his face desiring,

There with better hopes enquiring—

Thou the Truth, the Life, the Way ?

Lo ! we stand in terror suing,

And our stubborn Souls subduing,

Praise and sorrow both renewing,

Prostrate hearts before Thee lay.

Thy Rebuke on us is turnèd

When Thou with contempt art spurnèd,

And with wrath our hearts are burnèd

When Thy foes are thus profane.

Gentle LAMB, Propitiation

For the sinful world's Salvation,

Mourn we Thine Humiliation ;

Thou their wickedness restrain.

The Thanksgiving.

Stop the mouth that Thee blasphemeth,
 Heal the mind that falsely deemeth,
 Stay the hand that vile esteemeth,
 Turn from love that only seemeth,
 Make Thy Fear on all to seize.
 While we view this profanation
 What can check our lamentation ?
 Lo ! ourselves are Thy Oblation ;
 Sighs and tears, our aspiration,
 Grant us which Thyself may please.

The Broken and Unbroken Body.



BROKEN in the mortal strife,
 Broken at the Fount of life,
 Earthen Pitcher, Golden Bowl,
 Wash me, cleanse me, make me whole.

All too faint, too feebly flow,
 Hands and Feet and bleeding Brow ;
 Broken Heart, give all Thy Flood,
 Welling Water, welling Blood,

Drained of Water, full of Light,
 Broken in the battle's night :
 Earthen Vessel, to the brim
 Full of Treasure, full of Him !

Bread of Life, to parted Guest,
 Parted only when He Blessed ;
 Parted, in partition One,
 Broken FLESH, Unbroken Bone.

The Completion of the Sacrifice. 307

Parted as His Robe was shred,
Like the Coat unbroken Bread ;
Rent without that each may win,
Undivided, One within.

Parted only while we eat,
Parted not when now we meet
One in Him, when all adore,
Men and Angels evermore.

The Completion of the Sacrifice.



It is finished—JESUS said,
Bowling on the Cross His Head.

It is finished—He says now

When the Voice comes soft and low :

Lo! the Victim's FLESH and BLOOD—
Eat and drink with gratitude.

But if any would have part
They must sorrow with That Heart ;
Then, if JESUS thus be given,
They must render back to Heaven
Holy thanks of heart and will,
Else it is unfinished still.

Were it from my heart alone
Praise ascended to Thy Throne,
Were there not within its shrine
More than earthly Bread and Wine,
Then, O then, it could not bless
Save by owning thankfulness.

But there entered this sweet hour
To my heart heart-changing Power ;
Now that inner Aid I claim,
ALL within me, praise GOD's Name ;
Thou didst teach Thine Own to pray,
Teach me now to praise and say—

Wake, my glory ; wake, sweet string ;
I myself will wake and sing ;
Lo ! my heart forgets its care,
For my Love hath entered there,
And its only thought is this—
He is mine, and I am His.

What the Fathers longed to see,
And the Prophets' company,
What the holy Kings long dead
Their true Crown had reckonèd,
The most holy Bread of Heaven,
This to me is freely given.

What the people on the shore
Prayed might feed them evermore,
What the woman by the well
Asked, that she might thirstless dwell,
This is rendered to our need,
Meat indeed and Drink indeed.

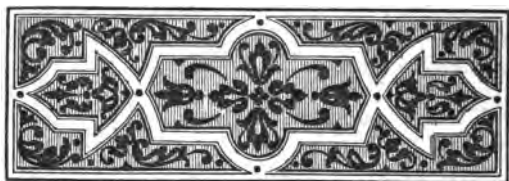
Who shall measure out Its price ?
Who for It make sacrifice ?
Gold or rubies gauge It never,
All from all for It may sever,

The Completion of the Sacrifice. 309

And though nought to yield remain
Infinite would be their gain.

Therefore with all Hosts on high,
Alleluia ! rapt I cry ;
Praise to Him Who from the Highest
Hath to lowly Souls come nighest ;
Sing of Him till time is o'er,
Alleluia ! evermore.





PART VI.

Miscellaneous Hymns.

EUCCHARISTIC HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Sursum Corda.



SINFUL Man, O LORD, am I.

I bid thee not depart.

If Thou forsake me, LORD, I die.

Lift up thine heart! Lift up
thine heart!

Thou art so near, yet I so blind;

I so forgetful, Thou so kind:

O God, how can'st Thou think of me?

I pity thee: I pity thee.

Dark bygone years around me frown,

In drear despair my Soul sinks down;

How dare I meet Thy pleading Eye?

Thou shalt not die: thou shalt not die.

JESU, I am so full of shame,
That Thou hast not one word of blame ;
Can I not for Thee suffer loss ?
Take up thy Cross : take up thy Cross.

O be not angry ! may I speak ?
Thou art so Mighty, I so weak ;
My GOD, what may I give to Thee ?
Thine heart to Me : thine heart to Me.

Yet once again ; for Thou art kind :
Strange doubts sweep stormy o'er my mind ;
No Glory round Thy Food Divine ?
Who seeks a sign ? Who seeks a sign ?

O be not angry ! if I do
As Thou dost bid, O GOD most True,
What time wilt let me spend with Thee ?
Eternity : Eternity.

LORD, I choose Thee, now, for ever ;
Me from Thee no Death shall sever ;
How canst Thou love a slave like me ?
Come sup with Me : come sup with Me.

Sad Heart, oppress'd by sin and care,
Soar thou from earth to purer air :
Know'st not in yonder Bread and Wine
Thy GOD and mine, thy GOD and mine ?

Eucharistic Intercession.



CHRISTIAN, when thine anxious spirit
 Is by lonely hours oppress'd,
 Yearning o'er the loved and absent
 In solicitous unrest,
 Think of him that lay at supper
 Folded to his SAVIOUR's Breast.

Let not thought alone suffice thee;
 Steep thy Soul in fuller light,
 Where the splendours of GOD's Mercy
 Beam like Altar-candles bright,
 Where our LORD renews the Wonders
 Of His Eucharistic night.

Where the Church's pure Oblations
 On the Linen white are laid,
 Worship thou the WORD Incarnate,
 Hid from sense, to faith displayed,
 Him, the Holiest of all Holies,
 Him, thy very present Aid.

Brother Mine—His Voice is calling—
 Lo! I come for love of thee,
 I That plead before the FATHER
 All I suffered on the Tree;
 Give thy secret to My keeping,
 Ask whate'er thou wilt from Me.

He shall make thy full heart answer,
 Not for thy poor single need—
 LAMB of GOD, and Life eternal,
 While on Thee I come to feed,
 For the dear ones that Thou gavest
 Let this Offering intercede.

So, a Prince with GOD prevailing,
 Thou shalt hold up CHRIST His SON,
 Bid Him look on His Anointed
 Through the work on Calvary done ;
 Till for all whose weal thou seekest
 Fulness of His Grace be won.

Rise ! the Priest has left the Altar ;
 Thou hast wrought a work to-day,
 Thanks to Him Whose Love transcendeth
 All that thou canst think or pray,
 Whom to trust is life's true sunshine,
 Whom to love is bliss for aye.

Salve, Sanguis Salvatoris.

HAIL ! BLOOD of CHRIST, the SAVIOUR,
 Unto Whom, both night and day,
 Still present to the vision
 Of my inmost heart, I pray.
 Hail ! Sacred BLOOD, which truly
 Camest forth from out the Side
 Of JESUS the Anointed,
 In abundant Stream supplied.

Hail ! Who by Thee hath washed us,
The Victim Who hath stood
Upon the Cross in agony
Forth shedding Streams of BLOOD ;
Hail ! Who to cruel scourging
His Mangled BODY gave,
GOD for man outpouring
From His Side the healing Wave.

Hail ! Thou that to the whole earth
Art Safety, Health and Aid,
That art for man's Redemption
The Price his SAVIOUR paid.
Hail ! Thou, that preordained
Life's sustenance to be,
Our Enemy's destruction,
Hast from Satan set us free.

Hail ! Precious BLOOD, our Remedy
To heal the wounds of sin,
By the Chalice made partakers
Of the saving Health therein.
Hail ! for sin-tormented
To many a weary Soul,
Thou art the Consolation
That relieves and makes it whole.

Hail ! Fount of Mercy, springing
Forth from GOD for evermore ;
Although a guilty sinner
Grace and Pardon I implore,

That pure I may continue
 By Thee made clean again,
 And renewed, O Gracious SAVIOUR,
 Dwell alone in Thee. Amen.

The Cup of Love.



MY SAVIOUR, from Thy bleeding
 Fount of woes
 Thy Cup of Love o'erflows :
 Not to me only these Thy Dews
 Which Life and Health diffuse,
 But unto mine in distance found
 May the blest Tide abound
 Which creeps to roots of desert flowers half-dead ;
 Woke by the touch they live, and bow the thank-
 ful head.

Very excellent things are spoken of Thee.



ANY the voices, yet but one the theme :
 Weak though the instruments, the lips
 are fain
 That mingle here of loving verse the
 stream
 For thee, most Holy Feast ; and raise a strain
 Of laud and threne, hymn, prayer, and triumph
 blent,
 To Thee, Food, Sacrifice, Type, Sacrament.

As the fair Dove, that walking in the sun
To each beholder shows with several sheen ;
All silvery white her feathers are to one,
Which to another azure glance or green ;
To a fourth purple ; but to all are bright,
Cheering the eyes with many-coloured light ;

So does the Sacred Feast itself approve
In aspects multitudinous ; yet all
Are emanations from the Fount of Love ;
And to one goal by many ways recall
The pilgrims' hearts that in the desert stray,
Hungering and thirsting on their weary way.

Somewith Faith's eagle eye pierce through the veil,
And see the Mystery in vision clear :
Some with obscurer sight the Blessing hail,
And count the Promise, though more dim, as
dear :
Some trembling stretch a hand bedewed with tears,
Some on Love's wings disdain all doubting fears.

One brings his lacrymal for conscious sin ;
Another lights the incense of glad praise ;
This trims his lamp, and comes more oil to win ;
That fans the embers their first flame to raise :
Martha seeks help to work with pious care,
And Mary breaks her box of spikenard rare.

But all speak well of Thee, thou Holy Feast !
All do Thee honour in their varied kind :

As in an Organ, greateſt pipes and leaſt
Mingle in one full ſea of ſong combined,
So Saint and Penitent, ſo young and old,
In Thee ſupplies for all they need behold.

All do Thee honour who Thy Feaſt attend :
One ſees an Altar ; one a Banquet ſpread :
And Thou art All to all ; ſince CHRIST doth bend
From Heaven, to be to all their Manna-bread.
Then join we in this higheſt Act of Prayer :
All that CHRIST meant let each diſcover there !

The Autograph.



BEHOLD this Book ! Its Giver did
engage
That I ſhould read it thoroughly, page
by page,
For He therein had writ
A ſtrangely marvellous hiſtory,
Part clearneſs and part myſtery,
As to Him ſeemèd fit.

I took the Gift : but ſcarce mine eyes were ſet
Upon the tale, than they with tears were wet ;
Said I—This grief is mine.
I turned the leaf ; ſtraightway a gleam of joy
Diſperſed the ſhadow of the paſt annoy ;
Methought—My ſun doth ſhine,

I read, and read ; nor yet the spell did break :

At last, perplexed, to my Friend I spake—

 This Book tells all of me ;

But Thou its Author art, and I would claim

That Thou should'st add thereto Thy written
 Name

 That it may tell of Thee.

To which He sadly—'Tis My frequent task

To tell Mine Own they know not what they ask.

 Then with a crimson stain

He signed a Cross above, a Name below,

The sight whereof so filled my heart with woe

 I dared not look again.

I prayed Him close the Book. Nay—faith my
 Friend—

This pain is thy beginning, not thine end ;

 Thou wilt be wiser soon :

My Cross in all its beauty thou shalt see,

Beyond all else this Sign shall be to thee

 My greatest, highest Boon.

Yea, even so. My darkness may be light,

Or all my sunshine fade in saddest night ;

 For I am reading still,

Yet oft returning to that title page,

One view whereof doth all my grief assuage,

 And all my joy fulfil.

That Book, it is my life ; that Cross, the sign

That I am my Dear LORD's, and He is mine.

Invocation of the Holy Ghost.



LADDENING Light, all glorious Fire
Of the Everlasting SIRE,
JESU CHRIST, Thou Blessed SON
Of the Heavenly Holy ONE :

At all seasons, through all time
Worthy art Thou to be sung
With the sweet according chime
Of full many an hallowed tongue :
SON of GOD, Who Life dost give
Whereby all the world doth live,
Thee the world doth praise and blefs
Glorious in Thy Holinefs ;
Send we pray the SPIRIT down
With His Grace our Gifts to crown
Evermore our Light to be,
Light to lead us unto Thee.

Delectate in Domine.



ES, LORD, I will delight in Thee in
every mood of mind,
My Soul shall linger near Thee, for
Thy Prefence only sigh,

Whether Thou lead to Calvary all human hope
resigned,
Or bid it tremble in the joy Saints feel when Thou
art nigh.

My Soul shall still delight in Thee, in Thine shall
make its life,
Shall fix on Thee its hopes and fears, no other
love shall own,
Walk step by step beside Thee, though it follow
to the strife
Where Peter's courage failed him, and he dared
his LORD disown.

My Soul shall still delight in Thee, shall seek Thy
Manger low,
Where Thou, earth's choicest Flower, on earth's
rudest couch wast laid,
Shall listen to the Angels' song, watch Joseph's
bended brow,
And muse upon the Strength Divine that Mary's
Heart upstayed.

My Soul shall still delight in Thee, shall watch
Thy Childhood's home,
And when at last Thou leave it to do battle with
the grave,
Shall love to linger near Thee, though in the
deepening gloom
It cannot see—albeit it knows—Thine Hand out-
stretched to save.

My Soul shall still delight in Thee, when on the
Cross reclined
The Chalice that Thy Lip hath blest is onward
past to mine,

Shall more and more delight in Thee when pain
 and sorrow bind,
 As Joy's weak bonds had never done, my inmost
 life to Thine.

My Soul shall still delight in Thee when the last
 hour draws near—
 Then, LORD, and more than ever then shall listen
 for Thy Voice,
 In patient hope shall wait on Thee, and casting
 out all fear,
 E'en in the blinding grasp of Death shall clasp
 Thee and rejoice.

Ave, Jesu Christe.



AIL! JESU CHRIST, the FATHER'S
 WORD, the stainless Virgin's SON,
 Thou LAMB of GOD, Thou SAVIOUR
 Dear, Oblation pure and One,
 True FLESH, and Fount whence Blessings come.

Hail! JESU CHRIST, the Angels' praise, the Glory
 of the Blest,
 Vision of Peace, as GODHEAD True and Perfect
 MAN confess,
 Flower and Fruit of Virgin Womb.

Hail! JESU CHRIST, the FATHER'S Light, Thou
 Prince of happy Peace,

Gate of the Heavens, Living Bread, That givest
faith's increase,

CHILD of a Maiden, Shrine of DEITY.

Hail! JESU CHRIST, the Heaven's Day, the Ran-
som of mankind,

Joy of the heart, the Angels' Bread, and Gladness
to the mind,

Thou King and Bridegroom of virginity.

Hail! JESU CHRIST, straight Way, full Truth,
our Prize and highest Love,

Thou Source of rapture, Sweetness, Peace, and
endless Rest above.

Eternal Life, Thy Name be aye adored,

O JESU CHRIST, Who art both GOD and LORD.

Spiritual Communion.



LORD, I cannot seek Thee
At Thy Altar-Throne,
Yet may I receive Thee
Friendless and alone.

Thou Who in the Garden
All alone didst pray,
Look upon Thy Servant,
Visit me this day.

Where before the Altar
Crowds adoring kneel,

There in very Essence
Thou dost come to heal.

Far from Priest and Altar,
CHRIST, to Thee I cry,
Come to me in Spirit,
Let me feel Thee nigh.

In my silent worship
Let me share the Feast ;
Be Thy Love the Altar,
Be Thyself the Priest.

For that dread Reception
Let Thy Grace be mine ;
Give me true contrition,
Give me faith Divine.

Though the Words of Pardon
Now I may not hear,
Yet Thine Absolution
Lightens all my fear.

Knit me in Communion
With those Spirits blest,
Whom Thy BODY strengthens
In the Land of Rest.

Thus would I receive Thee
Friendless and alone ;
But I long to hail Thee
At Thine Altar-Throne.

Ter Sanctus.



RIGHT the vision that delighted
 Once the sight of Judah's Seer,
 Sweet the countless tongues united
 To entrance the Prophet's ear.

Round the LORD in Glory seated,
 Cherubim and Seraphim
 Filled His Temple, and repeated
 Each to each th' alternate Hymn—

LORD, Thy Glory fills the Heaven,
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
 Unto Thee be Glory given,
 Holy, Holy, Holy LORD.
 Heaven is still with Glory ringing,
 Earth takes up the Angels' cry—
 Holy, Holy, Holy, singing,
 LORD of Hosts, the LORD most High.

Ever thus in GOD's high praises,
 Brethren, let our tongues unite ;
 Chief the heart when duty raises
 GOD-ward at His mystic Rite :
 With His Seraph train before Him,
 With His holy Church below,
 Thus conspire we to adore Him,
 Bid we thus our Anthem flow.

LORD, Thy Glory fills the Heaven,
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;

Unto Thee be Glory given,
 Holy, Holy, Holy LORD.
 Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
 We adopt Thy Angels' cry—
 Holy, Holy, Holy, blessing
 Thee the LORD of Hosts most high.

Touch Me not.



AY ! touch Me not—what mean these
 Words that fall
 As cold and chilly on the Magdalene's
 ear,

As biting frost which comes in early spring
 And nips the buds and flowers as they appear :
 Cold words that well might chill the loving Soul
 That scarcely could at first its new-born joy controul ?

Nay ! touch Me not—what mean these Words ?
 for she

At Simon's supper erst her LORD did greet,
 And heedless of men's taunts and scorn did wash
 With flood of bitter tears His blessed Feet ;
 She washed, she wiped them with her hair, and won
 Cleansing and pardon for the sinful act she'd done.

Nay ! touch Me not—what mean these Words ?
 for she
 The precious alabaster box did break ;

The sick the Good Physician did anoint
That she from Him rich largeſſes might take,
And type of myſtic teaching e'er afford
When for His Burial ſhe anointed CHRIST the
LORD.

Nay! touch Me not—what mean theſe Words?
for ſhe

When men's hearts failed was true and faithful
found;

And loving much, the ſinner much forgiven
Stood near when to the Croſs her LORD was
bound;

And now for love of Him at early morn,
Unto the Sepulchre freſh ſpices ſhe had borne.

What mean theſe Words? no mortal e'er can
found

The depth of tenderneſs which they diſplay;
Not cold but full of Love, for oh! methinks

JESUS to wondering Mary ſeems to ſay—
As Guerdon of the love which thou doſt feel,
To thee the firſt of all I will new Truth reveal:

No longer now with earthly touch draw nigh;

No longer now cling thou round My Feet,
As if thou wouldſt Me as Rabboni know,

And only as the SON of Mary greet;
A holier touch hereafter ſhall be thine
When thou ſhalt know thy LORD by Sacramental
Sign.

When to My FATHER I ascend on High
And sit in Glory on My Heavenly Throne,
Then thou shalt deeper Mysteries discern,
And Me, as Equal to the FATHER, own :
And thou shalt touch by living hand of faith
Me, GOD and MAN, Who purchased Life by
suffering Death.

Q Du, Den meine Seele liebt.



THOU, my loving thought's Employ,
My heart's abiding place,
Who giv'st me Life and Peace and Joy,
And crownest me with Grace :

There is none other, LORD, as Thou,
For Thou art all to me ;
No rest can this poor heart allow,
Until it rest in Thee :

Till Thou, Blest LORD, Thyself bestow
In fulness, as Thou art ;
Till of that Love Thy loved ones know
Thou have assured my heart.

Therefore dost Thou our Souls invite
To where Thy Board is spread,
And giv'st, as on that solemn Night,
Thyself in Wine and Bread.

There fought I Thee with spirit weak,
 Rejoicing now and sound ;
 For where Thy good Word bade me seek,
 There surely Thee I found :

Yes, Thee, my loving thought's Employ,
 My heart's abiding place,
 Who giv'st me Life and Peace and Joy,
 And crownest me with Grace.

Rejoice, ye Gentiles.



OW let the Bride awake,
 The SPIRIT's echo be,
 And welcome all who thirst to take
 The Living Waters free.

Ruler and Scribe and Priest,
 Jerusalem at large,
 Were first invited to the Feast
 Provided without charge.

But, since they scorned to come,
 He Who the Table spread
 Hath bid His Servants fill the room
 With Gentile poor instead.

Come! naked, blind and halt ;
 Come! hungry and athirst :
 The Lowly GOD will here exalt ;
 Here may the last be first.

The Faithful Soul's approach. 329

He comes ! the Royal Heir,
To seek and save the lost :
His is a Banquet all may share,
Though priceless, free of cost.

The Faithful Soul's approach.



COME, O FATHER Kind ;
I trust Thy patient Love,
Nor doubt shall longer vex my mind,
Nor fear my heart shall move :
Enough to know Thy boundless Grace
A sinner calls to seek Thy Face.

I come, Almighty King ;
Thy Mercy's gentle call
So sweetly draws my Soul to bring
The tribute of its all :
Enough to know Thou lovest best
The large desire of lowly breast.

I come, O SAVIOUR Dear ;
I come, by Sin oppressed
To Thee Who will the guilty clear
And give the weary Rest :
Enough to know that Thou hast died
To stay at once my fear and pride.

I come, O CHRIST, my LORD ;
I cry for Living Bread

Found but in Thee, the Living WORD,
Which all Thy Saints has fed :
Enough to know who eateth Thee
In everlasting Life shall be.

An Introit for the Epiphany.



WHEN CHRIST, the LORD, to earth
came down
He set a glittering Star on high,
A jewel from His Kingly Crown
Dropped on His passage through the sky :
And o'er the BABE's poor Home it shone,
A Sentry there in gleaming dress
That Heaven its glorious King might own,
While earth received His Lowliness :
And Faith brought Sages from afar,
And Faith their Kingly Offerings poured,
And Faith revealed where stood the Star,
The Presence of the CHRIST, the LORD.

When CHRIST, the LORD, would victory win
The bitter Cross its arms outflung,
And there to conquer Death and Sin
Outstretched in pain and shame He hung :
And there men scorned the BLOOD He shed,
And there men mocked His Pain and Shame,
And yet a Crown was on His Head,
And on the Cross the Kingly Name :

And ſome their Love with reverence brought,
And ſome in Love His Shame adored,
And Love, Love's deepeſt myſtery taught
The Preſence of the CHRIST, the LORD.

When CHRIST, the LORD, would mount His
Throne,

And in His FATHER's Glory reign,
He left a Bleſſing for His Own,

A Preſence that ſhould ſtill remain :
He brake the Bread, He bleſſed the Wine,
He ſaid—My BLOOD, My BODY ſee—
Earth's lowlieſt Food He took for ſign
Of Heaven's moſt Holy Myſtery.

O Star, O Croſs, O Myſtery bleſt,
O Grace in lowlieſt veſſels ſtored,
O Faith, O Love, bring us our reſt,
The Preſence of the CHRIST, the LORD.

ſam Legis umbra clauditur.



WHEN now the legal ſhadows fade,
And now a newborn Light diſplayed,
While every natural ſtar declines,
Upon a world in twilight ſhines.
Then, CHRIST our King, with loving care
Thou didſt Thy Supper-feaſt prepare,
And make the myſtic Paſch to be
Our Feaſt of Immortality.

O Thou Whom Judas did reject,
 Receive the prayers of Thine Elect ;
 Oh, lighten us this very night,
 Wash us, and guide our hearts aright.
 Oh, let Thy ever-sweet Desire
 Set all our inmost hearts on fire ;
 Let faith prepare and labour fit
 Thy chosen Ones with Thee to fit,
 That so we may when called by Grace,
 When each is summoned to his place,
 Drink from Thy Cup the BLOOD Divine
 Till nature yield and sense decline.

The Early Christians' Eucharist.



THROUGH the long hidden years Thou
 hast sought me,
 A Child of expectance and tears ;
 Through the twilight of stars Thou
 hast brought me,
 Through doubting and manifold fears.

True, the bright Paschal moon shone out clearly,
 And Songs of the Feast filled the air,
 But the Temple the ancients loved dearly,
 Ah, something was still wanting there.

All its types and dim shadows but lead me
 Where now, at Thy pure Altar-throne,
 With Thyself, Bread of Life, Thou dost feed me,
 And makest me One with Thy Own.

O the beautiful stars are all paling,
 The bright Paschal moon sails away,
 All the types and dim shadows are failing
 At break of this wonderful Day.

Aníma mía, the faí ?



Y Soul, what dost thou ? Answer me—
 Love GOD who loves thee well—
 Love only does He ask of thee,
 Canst thou His Love repel ?

See, how on earth for love of thee,
 In lowly Form of Bread,
 The Sovereign Good and Majesty
 His Dwelling-place has made.

He bids thee now His Friendship prove,
 And at His Table eat ;
 To share the Bread of Life and Love,
 His own True FLESH thy Meat.

What other Gifts so great, so high,
 Could GOD Himself impart ?
 Could Love Divine do more to buy
 The love of thy poor heart ?

Though once in agonies of pain
 Upon the Cross He died,
 A Love so great not even then
 Was wholly satisfied :

Not till the hour when He had found
 The sweet mysterious way
 To join His Heart in closest bond
 To thy poor heart of clay.

How, then, amid such ardent flame,
 My Soul, dost thou not burn?
 Canst thou refuse, for very shame,
 A loving heart's return?

Then yield thy heart, at length, to love
 That God of Charity,
 Who gives His very Self to prove
 The Love He bears to thee.

The Friend of the Friendless.



HE Sheep renounced its happy fold
 Defenceless pines with want and cold,
 And longs to scape from rude alarms
 Back to the tender Shepherd's arms :
 Where shall the wandering Spirit flee?
 Friend of the friendless ! LORD, to Thee.

The Dove transfix'd her snowy breast
 With fluttering pinion seeks her nest ;
 The wounded Hart with bleeding feet
 Turns to his dear embowered retreat :
 Where shall the bruised Spirit flee?
 Friend of the friendless ! LORD, to Thee.

Sei Lob und Ehr dem nächsten Gut. 335

The wayward Youth with pride elate
Runs from his loving Parent's gate,
But struck by misery's ruthless blast
Returns to die at home at last :
Where shall the houseless Spirit flee ?
Friend of the friendless ! LORD, to Thee.

We too have loved from Thee to part,
And FATHER, grieved Thy yearning Heart ;
But we are sick, and well we know
No heart like Thine for us will glow :
Where shall our dying Spirits flee ?
Friend of the friendless ! LORD, to Thee.

Sei Lob und Ehr dem nächsten Gut.



ING praise to GOD Who reigns above,
The GOD of all Creation,
The GOD of Power, the GOD of Love,
The GOD of our Salvation ;

With healing Balm my Soul He fills,
And every faithless murmur stills ;
To GOD all Praise and Glory !

The Angel-host, O King of kings,
Thy Praise for ever telling,
In earth and sky all living things
Beneath Thy Shadow dwelling,
Adore the Wisdom which could span,
And Power which formed Creation's plan ;
To GOD all Praise and Glory !

What GOD's Almighty Power hath made
His gracious Mercy keepeth ;
By morning glow or evening shade
His watchful Eye ne'er sleepeth :
Within the Kingdom of His Might,
Lo ! all is just, and all is right :
To GOD all Praise and Glory !

I cried to GOD in my distress—
In Mercy hear my calling ;
My SAVIOUR saw my helplessness,
And kept my feet from falling ;
For this, LORD, thanks and praise to Thee !
Praise GOD, I say, praise GOD with me ;
To GOD all Praise and Glory !

The LORD is never far away,
But, through all grief distressing,
An ever-present Help and Stay,
Our Peace, and Joy, and Blessing.
As with a Mother's tender hand
He leads His Own, His chosen Band ;
To GOD all Praise and Glory !

When every earthly hope has flown
From sorrow's sons and daughters,
Our FATHER from His Heavenly Throne
Beholds the troubled waters ;
And at His Word the storm is stayed,
Which made His Children's hearts afraid ;
To GOD all Praise and Glory !

The Consecration.

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Thus all my gladsome way along,
I sing aloud Thy Praises,
That men may hear the grateful song
My voice unwearied raises :
Be joyful in the LORD, my heart !
Both Soul and body bear your part ;
To GOD all Praise and Glory !

O ye who bear CHRIST's holy Name,
Give GOD all Praise and Glory !
All ye who own His Power, proclaim
Aloud the wondrous story :
Cast each false idol from His Throne,
The LORD is GOD, and He alone ;
To GOD all Praise and Glory !

The Consecration.



HE Consecrating Words are said,
And broken is that hallowed Bread ;
Now kneeling at thy SAVIOUR's Feet,
Arise, my Soul, arise and eat.
And now flows forth a sacred Flood,
The Dying SAVIOUR's Cleansing BLOOD ;
Draw near with faith—oh, wherefore shrink ?
Arise, my Soul, arise and drink.
'Tis a Remembrance sweet and fair—
'Tis more, for CHRIST Himself is there ;
My BODY and My BLOOD—He said,
And blest the Cup, and brake the Bread.

How this can be man cannot tell,
 It is a daily Miracle ;
 We ask not, doubt not, nor explain ;
 He said it Who said nought in vain.
 That sacred Bread, that sacred Wine,
 Are nothing less than Life Divine :
 Yet since by faith we this believe,
 Who but the faithful may receive ?
 Then let my famished Soul be fed
 By Thee, Thou everliving Bread !
 And with this blest, All-quickenng Wine,
 Refresh me, true and precious Vine !

Our Daily Bread, the Bread of Life.



O KING of earth and air and sea,
 The hungry ravens cry to Thee ;
 To Thee the scaly tribes that sweep
 The bosom of the boundless deep ;
 To Thee the lions roaring call,
 The common FATHER, kind to all :
 Then grant Thy Servants, LORD, we pray,
 Our Daily Bread from day to day.

The fishes may for food complain ;
 The ravens spread their wings in vain ;
 The roaring lions lack and pine ;
 But, GOD ! Thou carest still for Thine :
 Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
 The bleak and lonely wilderness ;

And Thou hast taught us, LORD, to pray
For Daily Bread from day to day.

And oh, when through the wilds we roam
That part us from our Heavenly home,
When lost in danger, want, and woe
Our faithless tears begin to flow,
Do Thou Thy gracious Comfort give,
By which alone the Soul may live ;
And grant Thy Servants, LORD, we pray,
The Bread of Life from day to day.

The Mystic Ark.



AS in Mystic Ark was stored
Threefold witness of the LORD,
Rod—that Aaron's Priesthood sealed,
Law—on Sinai's Mount revealed,
Manna—Israel that sustained
Till the Land of rest they gained :
So, LORD, in our spirits frail
May this order aye prevail.
Be Thy Law within our heart,
Graven deep in every part :
There implant Thy Cross Divine,
Not in dry and lifeless sign,
Striking far and firm its root,
Bright with blossom, rich in fruit :
Be Thy Sacramental Food,
Source of full Beatitude,

All our life, as now we press
 Onward through the wilderness ;
 In Its Power, with Thee we tread,
 Where Thy bleeding Feet have led,
 We the mournful Way retrace,
 Thorn and shame with Thee embrace ;
 In that Food's sustaining strength
 On the Mount of GOD at length,
 We the unveiled Majesty
 Of our King unscathed shall see.
 Gold within and gold without
 Overlaid that Ark about,
 Figuring unto us that we
 Must be clothed in charity :
 Love to Thee within shall glow,
 Love to man must overflow
 In a tender, watchful care
 Loads to lighten, griefs to share.
 Thus, O LORD, Life's Source and Fount,
 By the Pattern in the Mount,
 Grant us all our lives to frame
 To the Glory of Thy Name.

The Sacrifice of Praise.



FOR the beauty of the earth,
 For the beauty of the skies,
 For the Love which from our birth
 Over and around us lies :
 CHRIST, our GOD, to Thee we raise
 This our Sacrifice of Praise.

For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light :
CHRIST, our GOD, to Thee we raise
This our Sacrifice of Praise.

For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and brain's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Sinking sense to sound and sight :
CHRIST, our GOD, to Thee we raise
This our Sacrifice of Praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above ;
For all gentle thoughts and mild :
CHRIST, our GOD, to Thee we raise
This our Sacrifice of Praise.

For each perfect Gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and Divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of Heaven :
CHRIST our GOD, to Thee we raise
This our Sacrifice of Praise.

For Thy Bride that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
This Pure Sacrifice of Love :

CHRIST, our GOD, to Thee we raise
This our Sacrifice of Praise.

For Thy Martyrs' crown of light,
For Thy Prophets' eagle eye,
For Thy bold Confessors' might,
For the lips of Infancy :

CHRIST, our GOD, to Thee we raise
This our Sacrifice of Praise.

For Thy Virgins' robes of snow,
For Thy Maiden Mother mild,
For Thyself, with hearts aglow,
JESU, Victim undefiled,
Offer we at Thine own Shrine
Thyself, sweet Sacrament Divine.

Christ and His Cross.



MIGHTY River flowing
Through dry and herbleſs ſand,
A Rock its ſhadow throwing
Acroſs a weary land—

Such, Bleſſed SAVIOUR now,
While in noon-day heat we toil
Through life's parched and barren ſoil,
Such to Thy Church art Thou.

A Covert from the beating
Of ſtormy wind and rain,
The way-worn pilgrim greeting
On ſome bleak wintry plain,

The Last Supper.

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Such is Thy Cross's shade ;
There while round God's Judgments sweep,
Calm, as in health's sweetest sleep,
Thy faithful Ones are laid.

The Last Supper.



THIS is My BODY, Which is given for you;
Do this—He said and brake—re-
membering Me.

O LAMB of GOD, our Paschal Offering
true,

To us the Bread of Life each moment be.

This is My BLOOD, for sin's remission shed—

He spake, and passed the Wine-stained Chalice
round :

So let us drink, and on Life's fulness fed

With Heavenly Joy each quickening pulse shall
bound.

The hour is come ! with us in peace sit down ;

Thine own Beloved, O love us to the end :

Serve us one Banquet ere the night's dark frown
Veil from our sight the Presence of our Friend.

Girded with Love still wash Thy Servants' feet,

While they submissive wonder and adore ;

Bathed in Thy BLOOD our Spirits every whit

Are clean—yet cleanse our goings more and more.

Some will betray Thee—Master, is it I?
 Leaning upon Thy Love, we ask in fear;
 Ourselves mistrusting, earnestly we cry
 To Thee, the Strong, for strength when sin is near.

But round us fall the evening shadows dim:
 A saddened awe pervades our darkening sense;
 In solemn choir we sing the parting Hymn,
 And hear Thy Voice—Arise, let us go hence.

Tellus et Aethera jubilent.



ET earth and skies rejoicing sing
 The Supper of the mighty King,
 When the first Adam's dying Soul
 Was by the Bread of Life made whole.

That Eve when He Who all things made
 A mighty Mystery displayed,
 His own Dear FLESH and Precious BLOOD,
 Transformed to Soul-supporting Food.

From the high Feast behold Him rise,
 A wondrous sight to mortal eyes—
 The Grace of lowliness reveal,
 And at the feet of Peter kneel.

His Servant pale with wonder turns,
 When he the LORD of Hosts discerns
 Down from the festal board descend,
 To him with cloth and water bend.

O Simon, take the laver blest,
See mystic Emblems here expressed ;
The Highest doth the lowest bear,
Let ashes then for ashes care.

The Cleanser to the Feast restored
Pours forth the honey of His Word,
Yet notes the base and traitorous guest,
The guilt he harbours in his breast.

Fierce Wolf, dost thou, O Judas vile,
This Gentle LAMB with kisses beguile ?
Those royal Limbs to scourges give
By which the worlds are cleansed and live ?

But now the heart and flesh indeed
From long captivity are freed ;
He consecrates the Chrism of Life
With hope for wretched mortals rise.

The Cross.



EVER further than Thy Cross ;
Never higher than Thy Feet :
Here earth's precious things seem drofs ;
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

Gazing thus our sin we see,
Learn Thy Love while gazing thus ;
Sin which laid the Cross on Thee,
Love which bore the Cross for us.

Here we learn to serve and give
 And rejoicing self deny ;
 Here we gather love to live,
 Here we gather faith to die.

Symbols of our liberty
 And our service here unite ;
 Captives by Thy Crofs set free,
 Soldiers of Thy Crofs we fight.

Pressing onwards as we can,
 Still to this our hearts must tend ;
 When our earliest hopes began,
 Then our last aspirings end.

Till amid the Hosts of Light
 We in Thee redeemed complete,
 Through Thy Crofs made pure and white
 Cast our Crowns before Thy Feet.

Song of the Seraphs.



CROWN Him with many Crowns,
 The LAMB upon His Throne :
 Hark how the Heavenly Anthem
 drowns

All music but its own.
 Awake my Soul, and sing
 Of Him who died for thee ;
 And hail Him as thy matchless King
 Through all Eternity.

Crown Him the Virgin's SON,
The GOD Incarnate born,
Whose Arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His Brow adorn.
Fruit of the mystic Rose,
As of that Rose the Stem :
The Root whence Mercy ever flows,
The BABE of Bethlehem.

Crown Him the LORD of Love,
Behold His Hands and Side,
Rich Wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified :
No Angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the LORD of Peace,
Whose Power a Sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease
Absorbed in prayer and praise :
His Reign shall know no end ;
And round His piercèd Feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown Him the LORD of Years,
The Potentate of Time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime :

Glassed in a Sea of light,
 Whose everlasting waves
 Reflect His Form, the Infinite,
 Who lives, and loves, and saves.

Crown Him the LORD of Heaven,
 ONE with the FATHER known,
 And the Blest SPIRIT through Him given
 From yonder Triune Throne.

All hail! Redeemer, hail!

For Thou hast died for me :
 Thy praise shall never, never fail
 Throughout Eternity.

Jesu, Dulcis Memoria.



JESU Dear, how Sweet Thou art,
 Thy Name is honey to the heart ;
 But sweeter still than honey sweet,
 In loving heart our Love to greet.

O Song of songs, the sweetest still,
 O thought of thoughts, ineffable ;
 O Name of names, all names above,
 Sweet Mary's SON, our LORD, our Love.

O JESU, Hope of weeping eyes,
 How Good to all Thy Love that prize ;
 How Sweet to all that seek Thee fast,
 But what to them that find at last ?

Ah! never thought can think aright ;
 Ah! never tongue can utter quite ;

Ah! none but he who loves can tell
How sweet it is to love Thee well.

Be Thou our only Sweetness here
Who art to be our Glory dear;
Be Thou our JESUS, and our Love,
Our All on earth, our All above.

The Manna Dew.



WHEN Pilgrim Israel wandered
through the waste
A moving Oasis his path sur-
rounded;
And gurgling onwards with a loving haste
Quick by his tents the rock-born River bounded.
But when at eve the ever-silent dews
Came down, when hushed was each devout
Hofannah
Angels swept forth, in all their radiant hues,
And strewed th' impearlèd grass with Heaven-
made Manna.
Then fell the dew upon the widespread Feast,
Frosting the sacred Bread of the Immortals
All night; until at length the far off East
Oped for the struggling Sun her burnished portals.
The earlier dews did keep the Manna pure
And unprofaned by contact with the creature;

And the late dews preserved the Gift secure
From the night-roaming energies of Nature.

We have a Feast—a more than Angel-Food,
And more than Angel-fingers have supplied It ;
A Drink that flows down from the holy Rood,
A Bread from GOD's Own Substance undivided.

How shall we taste, unless the SPIRIT Mild
Flow in and saturate our inner senses ?
How shall we hold the Blessing undefiled
Wanting the SPIRIT's Succours and Defences ?

LORD of all Love, of tendernefs unpriced,
Shed throughour Souls the Grace of Preparation.
O Spirit from the SPIRIT FLESH of CHRIST
Keep the LORD ' in us ' safe from profanation.

De Corpore Christi.



HE Master, seated mid the band
Of those who own His guiding Hand,
Takes Bread, and by creative Word
Thus gives to them Himself their LORD.

Than this of Power and Love Divine
Was never more amazing sign ;
For while with them He thus partakes,
He is the Bread which yet He breaks.

To mortal men He gives the power
Of Priestly rank the awful dower

To speak His Blessing, and to frame
Gifts Sacramental in His Name.

None other can perform this Rite,
Nor holy Man, nor Angel bright ;
This does the Priest, and none but he,
According to the LORD's Decree.

Therefore the Priests of CHRIST have need
Each to himself to take good heed,
Left, with so great an honour crowned,
They to their LORD be faithless found.

Who so the King's Commission bear
They in the King's high Office share ;
Exalted by His wondrous Love
Through the Anointing from above.

Cleansed be each heart and garnished well,
That He may deign therein to dwell,
Who, by His own most gracious Word,
Himself our Banquet is and LORD.

Paraphrase of the Creed.

PART III.



AND I believe in Thee, O HOLY GHOST ;
I know Thy quickening Breath is
ever near ;
Frequent upon my bosom's wasteful
coast

Break Thy still waves of Love o'ercoming fear.

What though Thou dwellest in excess of Light,
'Nathless the Church Thy chosen Palace is :
Fiery and Free, Thou movest through the bright
Orders of High-souled Men and Saints in Bliss.

Hence to the blessed Hill I lift my view ;
One Apostolic Church I firm believe—
Church on the Prophets built and Martyrs true,
And living Stones that great Apostles leave.

Thee, JESUS CHRIST, Tower-top and Corner-stone
Of all that mighty whole, I chief adore ;
The Temple rests upon Thy Heart alone,
Thine Hand doth lock and loose its mighty Door.

And I believe, through Thee, that living Union
Which all the Souls of men elect enjoy ;
With Thee through Faith they have their high
Communion ;
Thy praise, their service and their blest employ.

Ever in secret prayer or public praise
Closer we press our throbbing hearts to Thee ;
And as our tearful eyes to Heaven we raise,
Mirrored in Thine, the blessed Dead we see.

But chiefly when around Thy mystic Table
In tender love Thy true Disciples kneel ;
Ah, chiefly then the Life ineffable
Through our enraptured senses seems to steal.

Like loving John upon Thy Breast reclining
We view the forms of those we loved on earth ;

Full on their beautiful brows the Life is shining,
The Life through death of their immortal Birth.

O mystic Presence, Filial GODHEAD, rise !
Fountain of Light, our darkling Souls suffuse :
Shine through the veil of 'Thy dread Sacrifice,
And bathe us in 'Thy mornings' orient Dews.

From Thee the healing source of Pardon flows,
Thine is the hidden Life's immortal Manna ;
Speed SON of David, speed the awful close ;
The Children throng Thy way and shout—
Hosannah !

The bodies of the Saints in holy ground,
Dressed in their fading cerements, calmly sleep ;
For Holy Church has strewed her texts around,
And mourners read their Bliss and cease to weep.

Whilome on earth they sang the holy Creed,
And bowed adoring towards the eastern gate ;
Now near the Throne from fear and fetters freed
For Thy great Advent languishing they wait.

And we believe, through BLOOD, in sin forgiven ;
And raise in hope our brows though wan and
wasting,
Already Faith half lifts the veil of Heaven
And lives, by Love, the Life of Glory everlasting.

Jesus Christus, nostra Salus.



ESUS CHRIST, our true Salvation,
Mocked by scorn and reprobation,
Gave us, to recall His Dying,
This Oblation sanctifying.

Purest is this Bread, and holy,
It is Thou, **CHRIST JESU** Lowly,
Sacrament, **FLESH**, Food that satest,
Of all Blessings chief and greatest.

Gift This is of perfect Sweetness,
Love of **GOD** in full completeness,
Eucharistic Boon of Power,
And of high Communion Dower.

Hail! O Mode of **GODHEAD'S** Presence,
Bond that joinest to **GOD'S** Essence,
Whofo sees Thee and believeth,
Joy within his heart conceiveth.

Sacred Feast, Which Angels feedest,
Light, Thy holy ones Which leadeest,
That which ancient types suggested,
Thy new Law hath manifested.

Medicine, diseases chasing,
Helper, sinful man upraising,
Feed us, from all evil sever,
Bring us to Thy Light for ever.

Jesus, do I love Thee ?



IESUS, do I love Thee ?
 Thou art far above me,
 Seated out of sight
 Hid in Heavenly Light
 Of most highest height.
 Martyred hosts implore Thee,
 Seraphs fall before Thee,
 Angels and Archangels,
 Cherub throngs adore Thee ;
 Blessed She that bore Thee !
 All the Saints approve Thee,
 All the Virgins love Thee.
 I show as a blot
 Blood hath cleansed not,
 As a barren spot
 In Thy fruitful lot.
 I, fig-tree fruit-unbearing ;
 Thou, righteous Judge unsparing :
 What canst Thou do more to me
 That shall not more undo me ?
 Thy Justice hath a sound—
 Why cumbereth it the ground ?
 Thy Love with stirrings stronger
 Pleads—Give it one year longer.
 Thou giv'st me time : but who
 Save Thou shall give me dew ;

Shall feed my root with BLOOD,
 And stir my sap for good ?
 Oh, by Thy Gifts that shame me,
 Give more lest they condemn me :
 Good LORD, I ask much of Thee,
 But most I ask to love Thee ;
 Kind LORD, be mindful of me,
 Love me, and make me love Thee.

In Him was Light.



WID the wild waves' wildest shock,
 Where two mighty seas are meeting,
 Stands a little lowly Rock
 Holding out the Light of greeting
 Through the dreary dark of night
 To the Pilot, still unsleeping,
 As an Angel browed with Light,
 There its midnight vigil keeping.

Ever since the Word was said,
 By the great Creator spoken,
 Which that Rock's foundation laid
 By His Law that is not broken,
 There the angriest seas have crossed
 In a strife that ne'er has rested,
 There the fiercest surges tossed
 Highest billows, tawny crested.

But above through day and night
 Ever in its place and station,

Calm and steady shines the Light
Resting on its sure foundation ;
And the Pilot saileth by
Nought the seething currents fearing ;
Raising to the Light his eye,
Into harbour safely steering.

So, to every Christian sight
All His holiest Truth is centred,
Glowing with intensest Light
From the Home where He has entered,
In that Word which JESUS spake
When He gave that wondrous Token,
In the Bread He blessed and brake,
Of His Fleshly BODY broken.

Round that Word of Heavenly Life,
Ever since that Gift was given,
All the waves of earthly strife
By man's earthly passions driven ;
There have centred fierce and loud
Angry words with angrier clashing,
Surging fierce in billowy cloud,
Round that firm foundation dashing.

Brother ! lift to Him thine eye,
Watch not keenly men contending ;
Let the strife of words pass by,
Only to His Voice attending ;

Mingle not that Word He spake,
 Heavenly Truth, with earthly leaven ;
 As He gave, so simply take,
 He will teach the rest in Heaven.

Lobe the fulfilment of the Law.



CHRISTIAN, if in this earthly vale
 Unnumbered fears thine heart assail,
 Unnumbered foes oppress,
 'Tis not of all alone on thee
 Cometh this searching agony,
 This cup of bitterness.

'Tis but to try and prove thee still ;
 GOD useth means to work His Will,
 Yet not for all the same :
 In peace and calm some onward glide,
 Some in the dark empurpled tide,
 Or purifying flame.

The shield that is vouchsafed us here
 Shall keep our Soul from mortal fear,
 Yet save our life alone ;
 All lesser sorrows must we bear,
 An offering meekly placed by prayer
 Before the FATHER'S Throne.

But faint and weak our strongest prayer,
 Nor may our life with Saints compare

Sí Pan es lo que vemos, como dura. 359

For suffering or for faith :
Strive we to bear our griefs. They bore
Gladly far greater ills of yore,
Nor shrunk to yield their breath.

Pray we for strength to wage the fight
With all the powers of worldly might,
And bear their darkeſt frown ;
Pray we for faith in danger's hour,
Pray JESUS guide us by His Power
Unto an Heavenly Crown.

Sí Pan es lo que vemos, como dura ?



IF What we ſee is Bread, how doth It,
made
Our conſtant Food, ſtill unconſumed
remain ?

If GOD be in It, why like earthly grain
Meets It our taſte, and why in Form of Bread ?
If Bread, why bend we down and bow the head ?
If GOD, His Preſence how may ſpace reſtrain ?
If Bread, why not to mortal knowledge plain ?
If GOD, how are His creatures therewith fed ?
If Bread, how can one morſel ſatisfy ?
If GOD, O how is GOD in portions given ?
If Bread, can bread the Soul's loſt powers repair ?
If GOD, can ſight and ſenſe perceive Him nigh ?
If Bread, how came It down from higheſt Heaven ?
How may I ſee and live, if GOD be there ?

Rest in the Storm.



HE winds of GOD are met
On the great Sea
Wave, rock and quicksand threat
Our part to be ;
Morning with no grey light
Breaking afar
Comes in the wake of night
Without a star.

O'er Adria's billows dread
To and fro driven
We had not tasted bread
For days twice seven ;
Then forth a captive man
Paul the Saint stood,
Saying while day began—
Eat to your good.

Lo ! then he took and blessed
And brake atwain
The Bread, and we had rest
On that wild main ;
As if the dreadful wave
Which o'er us beat
Were some still inland cave
Where Christians meet.

Nor rock nor quicksand then
Nor blinding spray

At Evening Time it shall be Light. 361

Moved us, nor rage of men
More fell than they ;
All these we counted nought,
Even as He
Who blessed the Cup, then sought
Gethsemane.

In her futurity,
'Mid strife for Truth,
The Church of GOD shall be
Ev'n as in youth ;
Whate'er the storms o'erhead,
Midst them her Priest
Shall bless and break the Bread,
And Souls shall rest.

At Evening Time it shall be Light.



S ends a day of darkness and Even-time
draws nigh,
How oft a glorious sunset illuminates
the sky,
To our remembrance calling, whilst growing still
more bright,
The Promise when comes Evening—Behold ! it
shall be Light.

'Tis thus in life, as o'er us a weary day of sorrow
Falls sadly, when mourning we fear to see the
morrow

Our sunset comes, before us hope shines forth
bright and clear,
And we remember gladly that Evening-tide is near.

Peace, human ken far passing, in hours of deepest
grief
This blessed Promise brings us which whispers of
relief,
For in our saddest moments all veiled in earthly
pain
Faith tells us—When comes Evening all shall be
bright again.

Ah! then it matters little how long these clouds
endure,
Behind them hidden brightness is beaming we are
sure;
When they disperse the sunlight will flash abroad
and shine
With great and undimmed glory, ere does the day
decline.

And though our Heavenly FATHER ordaineth in
His Will
That brief be here our sunshine—e'en so, we thank-
ful still
Look up as comes the Evening, for when life's pain
is o'er
We know that He will give us bright Day for
evermore.

Patre, Qui Deo Parenti.



GOD the SON, Who by the FATHER
 Sittest in co-equal state,
 CHRIST, our great High Priest in
 Heaven,
 Sacrifice immaculate,
 GOD and MAN in perfect union,
 Both our Judge and Advocate ;

On Thine Altars Thou art offered
 By Thyself in bloodless Rite,
 Yet in Glory still Thou bleedest
 When our sins Thy BODY smite,
 Unto Thee, our Judge and Pleader,
 Daily do we foul despite.

Can the guilty thus in boldness
 Come unto Thy holy Shrine ?
 Can those hearts with sin polluted
 Bear that Presence most Divine,
 Before Which the purest spirits
 Tremble as they see It shine ?

Thou Who over death hast triumphed,
 We are doomed to die again,
 Shall Thy Death, which pleased the FATHER,
 Win no healing for our pain,
 Can the everlasting Pledges
 Of Thy Love be all in vain ?

Lift the veil, and come unshrouded
 Bursting through the cloudy haze—
 Nay, Thou hidest in Thy Mercy
 From our eyes Thy GODHEAD's Rays,
 Didst Thou not subdue their brightness
 We should perish in the blaze.

Grant that we by faith may see Thee
 Who art veiled in darkness sure,
 Teach us with pure lips to praise Thee
 Purer than the sunshine pure,
 Let us die together with Thee
 Who didst death for us endure.

Joseph's Brethren afraid to eat Bread
 with Him.



WHAT! fearful still, and fearful all
 The Banquet-room to tread
 Who feared not in the Judgment-hall
 To sue for daily Bread.

How oft we start with guilt's alarms
 When Pardon's gifts begin,
 And point from Love's extended arms
 A finger at our sin.

Afraid, because each in his sack
 Finds solace for his grief;
 Afraid of Him Who gives you back
 The Price of your relief;

Afraid, because He sets the Cup
Beside the living Bread,
And comes with joy to lift it up,
Alive and from the dead.

O stand and commune at the door,
And calm those doubts to rest ;
His Steward bids you fear no more
Who bids you all be blest.

O Rest prepared for all that toiled,
O blessed Banquet-room,
When Reuben found the pit despoiled,
And John an empty Tomb.

O Feast, surpassing Egypt's corn
And Eschol's purple flood,
His FLESH for all Creation born,
His Sin-all-cleansing BLOOD.

Christmas Communion.



AT last Thou art come ! and the dew of
Thy Birth
Is the fragrance of Heaven to Thy
Pilgrims on earth ;
All life at Thy Coming grows radiant and sweet,
And our very heart's homage we lay at Thy Feet ;
Though worthless our best, let us do what we can
To welcome Thy Birthday, True GOD and True
MAN.

O Light to our eyes, and O Life to our heart,
Can words ever tell what a SAVIOUR Thou art ?
Who to ransom our Souls and to fill us with good
Didst stoop to the Manger, the Garden, the Rood ;
Take our thanks unexpressed, while adoring we
fall

In Thine own very Presence, our GOD and our
All !

For us Thou wast born, Thou didst die, Thou
doest live—

Our praise Thou canst perfect, our sin canst forgive ;
That want lies the deepest ; 'tis Mercy we need,
And the Souls Thou absolveest keep Christmas in-
deed ;

Let the Touch of Thy MANHOOD our cleansing
renew,
And Thy deep Heart of Love to itself make us true.

When in hearts that once hailed Thee the gladness
dies out,

When lips that adored Thee now question and
doubt,

When they half deem it gain from Thy Yoke to
be free,

O Grant us to cling all the closer to Thee,
That if others turn back, we may do what we can
To live for Thy Service, True GOD and True
MAN.

I shall be made whole.



AND Thou art here ! no crowd I fear,
 No garments interpose ;
 And when I touch, Incarnate LORD,
 Into my being flows
 Thy Power—all Thine. O more than Wine
 To him that toils and faints,
 O more than Life, Incarnate LORD,
 To Thy afflicted Saints.

Ah, let me think or ere I drink,
 Or ere my Spirit feeds,
 Of all Thy Love, Incarnate LORD,
 Of all my mortal needs :
 The misspent time, the blifs sublime
 Forgone for fleeting joy :
 The snakelike sins, Incarnate LORD,
 That all Thy Work destroy.

I weep ; but oh, the tears that flow
 Are from a heart that aches,
 Broken like Thine, Incarnate LORD,
 Thy Sorrows it partakes.
 Then here and now, in love do Thou
 Console it while it pines,
 And let it taste, Incarnate LORD,
 The Virtue of the Signs.

I do not seek, by reasoning weak
Thy Presence to surprise ;
Enough for me, Incarnate LORD,
Though hid from fading eyes,
That here Thou art, e'en GOD's Own Heart,
Descended from above,
JESUS still Lowly, and the LORD
Of everlasting Love.

That I may burn, oh, let me mourn,
Whate'er the present loss,
The wrongs that wrought, Incarnate LORD,
Thy Sufferings on the Cross ;
Through such pure grief, winning relief,
My Soul shall gather up
The Divine Fragments of my LORD,
Thy Life-BLOOD in the Cup.

I kiss the rod : come, Might of GOD,
Come, JESU, SAVIOUR mine :
Come, FLESH and BLOOD of CHRIST my LORD,
Come, Mystery Divine :
Come, Peace, come, Rest : o'er all my breast
Let all Thy Fountains flow,
And turn at once, Incarnate LORD,
The sin-red into snow.

The Lights are dim : the lingering Hymn
That woos the sense to Thee,
Seems as a Touch, Incarnate LORD,
Of Thy Humanity :

Heaven opes, earth fades with all its shades ;
Before th' eternal Throne
I kneel to Thee, Incarnate LORD,
And clasp Thee as mine own.

Deus-Homo, Rex Coelorum.



OD-MAN, from Thy Heavenly City,
On the pitiable take pity.

Still to sin our frail heart yearneth ;
Still to earth our earth returneth.

Hear us on Thy Kindness calling ;
Keep our ruined house from falling.

What is man, from Eve descended,
But a death-shoot to be ended ;

Or a worm of feeble senses,
Helpless, and without defences ?

Be not wroth against Thy creature,
Barred from holiness by Nature ;

Do not Thou from mercy sever
Souls that can be sinless never.

Not such hardness canst Thou cherish,
Thus to cause Thine Own to perish.

Worthless man, struck mute with wonder,
Cannot answer to Thy Thunder ;

For we are but smoke or shadow,
Frail as grasses of the meadow.

FATHER, from Thy Heavenly City,
On the pitiable take pity.

Lebt, ihr Christen so allhier auf Erden.



FEAR not, Christians, that rough path
to tread,

Whereon blest Footprints of your
SAVIOUR lead,

His Bliss to gain,

Who went not up to Joy but through sharp pain.

Gaze on that countleſs Hoſt with ſteadfaſt eyes,

His followers, your fore-runners to the ſkies,

And ſcan their life,

Examples each with holy leſſons riſe.

Would ye to join thoſe choſen ranks aſcend,

With watchful zeal your King's Commands attend,

And bid adieu

To each unhallowed wiſh and worldly view :

Take up your Croſs, beneath it bending low,

And for your Maſter's Will your own forego,

Nor count it loſs,

Knights of the Order of the Holy Croſs.

Keep cloſe to CHRIST, if conflict ſore betide ;

Stand faſt, remembering He is at your ſide

To give you strength
In battle, and the victor's palm at length :
And when from earth's unquiet scene ye part,
His Rest will compensate its keenest smart ;
Then shall ye know
Joy ne'er experienced in this world below.

Fight well the Fight of Faith, and ye shall win,
And firmly strive against besetting sin,
Which all the way
In varied warfare shall your progress stay :
Whoe'er from those dread lists shall come away,
Unscathed, unvanquished, at his dying day
He shall receive
The Crown of Life which CHRIST the LORD will
give ;

That righteous Crown by CHRIST in Heaven
laid up
For those who bear His Image, drink His Cup ;
Whom He will lead
By springs of ever new delights to feed :
Thus will the Judge of all the earth reward
All those who love and long to meet their LORD,
Whom He will own,
At that Great Day, as jewels of His Crown.

Draw nigh unto my Soul.



RAW nigh unto my Soul,
O Holiest, draw nigh ;
For I have wants within which Thou
Alone canst satisfy :

O deign to commune with me as I kneel ;
Thy Glory in my inmost Soul reveal.

Thou speakest in Thy Works ;
But wondrous though they be,
They have no voice to utter forth
JESUS has died for me :
They show Thy Goodness and Thy Power Divine,
But O, they cannot tell me Thou art mine.

Nor is it, LORD, enough
To see Thine Image glow,
Reflected in Thy chosen Ones
Militant here below :
Thyself alone can satisfy the heart,
Thou art the only Friend death cannot part.

Pleasant it is to stand
Within Thy Temples fair,
To hear Thy Ministers proclaim
That Thou dost meet us there,
To kneel before Thine Altar and partake
The Sacramental Food, for JESUS' sake.

Draw nigh unto my Soul. 373

Draw near and condescend
To take up Thine abode
Within this sinful heart, and dwell
An Ever-present God.
Must I not be alone with Thee at last ?
O let my life be in Thy Presence passed.

FATHER, my Soul would be
Like a transparent haze,
Through which Thy DEITY should pour
Its sanctifying Rays.
LORD, fill me with Thy Fulness ; give me Grace
To commune with JEHOVAH Face to face.

Reveal Thyself e'en now
Within that inmost bound
Where the Immortal Effence dwells
In solitude profound ;
Where thought is lost, and strong emotions keep
Their ceaseless watch above the Mystery deep.

Do with me what Thou wilt,
Low at Thy Feet I fall ;
Absorb me in Thyself ; be Thou,
FATHER, my All in all :
Show me the glorious Beauty that is Thine,
And the deep lowliness that should be mine.

Non sum ingrata, sed amo.



T is not I am thankless, LORD,
That still I long for more and more,
And sateless still look high and
higher ;

But listening to Thy holy Word
My warm affections upward soar,
And keener grow with new desire.

Not thankless I ; Thy Gifts increase
More than desert and far above ;
But yet beneath my loving vows

Unsatisfied, I cannot cease,
Borne not by reason on but love
To woo for more, my Heavenly Spouse.

Still, while I linger here I mourn
In painful absence wrapt, apart
Far from the Fount of Life and Light,

Exiled from Thee, my homeward bourne,
To Whom the pulses of my heart
Beat ever with renewed delight.

Yet may I weep and beat my breast,
That still will wandering thoughts unkin
To Thee, my GOD, perforce intrude,

And jealous of Thy holy Rest,
Wake up the ready slaves of sin
To raise unseemly inward feud.

Yet thou art near, and still for love
Teach me to bear an exile's trial,
Submissive to Thy chastening Rod,

Meekly resisting such as prove
Severe the most, by self-denial,
Restraint and penance, gall and goad.

Till purified, the day shall come
When joined with Spirits of pure fire,
The heart shall rest in ample peace

Called upwards to its Heavenly home,
Where unalloyed of all desire
All Love henceforth shall never cease.

Eucharistic Longing.



AST flies the panting Hart athwart the
glade
While fiercely glows the parching
noon-tide heat,
Nor dares to linger in the forest shade
While close pursue the baying stag-hounds fleet.
Like as the Hart the water-brooks desireth,
So longs my thirsting Soul, O God, for Thee ;

Like as the Hart a refuge safe requireth,
To Thee for shelter doth my Spirit flee.

Ruthless the Hunter is my Soul who chafeth,
The Lion, ever ready to devour ;
I hide me 'neath the Tree my LORD embraceth,
And find its outspread Arms a sheltering bower.

And see, from purest Founts, five Streams are welling
To cleanse and heal the way-worn Souls that
come ;

Deep, widening Waters, ever onwards swelling
To the full River of my Heavenly home ;

The solemn music of whose peaceful flowing
Chimes to the Angel-harpings on the shore ;
Its waves 'neath sunless skies of glory glowing
Where no unrestful sea shall murmur more.

The Tree of Life, its twelve-fold Fruitage bearing,
And healing Leaves, o'er shadows that fair River ;
Beneath no hunter lurketh, prey-ensnaring,
But Souls set free find shelter safe for ever.

O Sacred Stream, thy waves like crystal clearest
Of living Water, gladden evermore
The City of our GOD—that City dearest,
Whence they who enter shall 'go out no more.'

Like as the Hart the cooling shade requireth,
So to that Home of Peace my longings flee ;
Like as the Hart the water-brooks desireth
So longs my thirsting Soul, my GOD, for Thee !

The Footsteps of Christ.



WITH Virgin Heart, undazzled Eye,
The Virgin-born went on,
Each snare surmounted or passed by
Until His Task was done.

With bleeding Feet but lifted Head
The waste of life He trod,
Tinging each Step with holy red
The consecrated sod.

Those Steps our earth doth yet retain ;
And when dark vapours hide
That Sun which lights our pilgrim-train,
She too can be our guide.

FATHER of Him and us, Thy Grace
On us and all bestow,
Who seek the goal He sought, to trace
His Footmarks here below.

O joy to follow Him in hope
For days, for months, for years ;
Our steps in turn o'er His to drop
And o'er His BLOOD our tears.

Expostulation.



ART thou not coming when thy FATHER
calls?

Or wilt thou lag in fear when JESUS
leads?

Or does the dreadful shame of former falls
Make thee forget thy Spirit's present needs?
O foolish Doubt! O most unworthy Dread!
So long to bar thee from the Living Bread.

Art thou not coming to confess thy sin,
And rid thy Soul of that unsleeping Foe
Who maketh false without, and foul within?
Or where so near the SAVIOUR canst thou know?
O cruel Doubt! to keep thee with the dead
When 'Come to Me' the LORD of Life has said.

Art thou not coming, weary Child of care,
Who findest not on earth the Fount of Peace?
Did not the SON of GOD our nature share
To bring the captive Soul a sweet release?
O cruel Doubt! to keep thee so opprest,
When CHRIST is calling—I will give thee Rest.

Art thou not coming, Soldier of the Cross,
Devoted at the Font to CHRIST the King?
Say, what shall save thee from eternal loss,
If thou no prayer, and He, no succour bring?
O cruel Doubt! to let thee helpless fight
When CHRIST is calling—I will be thy Might.

Art thou not coming, thou who fearest Death,
The bondman of a shadow and a word?
Is there not Life beyond this passing breath,
And canst thou find it, but in CHRIST the LORD?
O cruel Doubt! to keep thy Soul in fear
When CHRIST the Word of Life is waiting near.

Tu es certe, Quem habeo.



SAVIOUR, Thou Whom close I hold
Art He for Whom I thirsted sore,
Thee, Whom I yearning sought before
I now in loving clasp enfold.

For all these priceless Gifts of Thine
What payment can I make to Thee,
Who, when I hunger, fillest me
With Bounties precious and Divine?

O **GODHEAD** evermore adored,
In faith I call upon Thy Name,
Behold and hearken to my claim,
Thou Wonderful and Gentle **LORD**.

O let the Heaven of Thy Might
Be opened to my eager gaze,
And may the glory of Thy Rays
Shine on me with refulgent light.

With Thy Salvation, I intreat,
In mercy visit me to-day,
And make me worthy, LORD, I pray,
To come into Thy Presence sweet.

Make Thou my Spirit stronger grow
With Meat of Heavenly richness fed,
And let Thy swift Flame, hither sped,
Kindle my heart with burning glow.

Unlock for me Thy treasured Store,
Rain down true Manna from above,
And unto Thine unfalling Love
Bind my whole being evermore.

To me who, needy, press my suit,
And on Thy Pity take my stand,
Open, O CHRIST, Thy bounteous Hand,
Be gracious to the destitute.

O Thou, the Loving FATHER'S SON,
Weigh not the guilt of my vile heart,
But Thyself show me what Thou art,
Most merciful and sweetest One.

Vouchsafe to hearken to my prayer,
Who now, despised and lowly, plead
That Thou wouldst make me in Thy meed
Of sweet Abundance ever share.

O GOD, my asking grant to-day,
That I may be from sickness healed,
And that Thy Countenance revealed
May cause my love to burn for aye.

Lenten Communion.

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Drive far away my slothfulness
By Thine own Gift of present Grace,
And leave within my Soul no place
For any mark of sinfulness.

Above me in Thy Mercy bend,
O DEITY supreme in Power,
And now, in this most holy hour,
Unto Thy Servant condescend.

Lo! now unto the meanest things
Are bound in union things Divine,
Then hasten to Thy lowly Shrine
O Beautiful, O King of kings!

Grant me by Grace to be possesst
Of that free Bounty Thou dost give,
And bid me, LORD, in Glory live
Within the Mansions of the blest.

Lenten Communion.



AND dost Thou fast, and may I feast,
O Bread of Heaven, on Thee
One day in seven, from grief released,
Set by Thy Mercy free?

And art Thou day by day distrest
With cares that round Thee close,
While I may in Thy blessed rest
One day in seven repose?

Heavy Thy self-imposed Load,
Thy burden on me light;

The lonely desert Thine abode,
But mine Thy Garden bright

Where I beneath the Tree of Life
May gather living Food,
And far removed from sin and strife
Grow to be wise and good.

Thy forty days must all be spent
Ere thou, O LORD, canst prove
Thy FATHER's tender Mercies, sent
By Angel hands of Love :

But weekly in my time of need
Thou com'st to comfort me,
And through my fast dost let me feed,
O Bread of Heaven, on Thee.

Thy Table in the wilderness
For my refreshment spread,
Thyself the Food, and Thou to bless
And break the Heavenly Bread.

LORD, in these days of holy calm
I'll gather strength in prayer,
My sorrows soothe with Gilead's Balm
And lighten Lenten care ;

In pastures green my portion cast
Beside the waters still,
My meat and drink, through all my fast,
To do my FATHER's Will.

How He was known of them in Breaking
of Bread.

HOW shall they know Him but not now,
Behold Him but not nigh,
The Risen see who by the Tree
Stood not to see Him die?
When unredeemed Himself He seemed
Who died the world to save—
Three blessed years all turned to tears
The third day in the grave.

Not though He walked and sweetly talked,
As evening's shadows grew,
To calm their fears Who Mary's tears
Dried with the morning's dew;
Though Angels said He was not dead
Who watched to see Him Rise,
The shadow's gloom still sealed the Tomb,
Still held their waking eyes.

How should those Feet the wayside beat—
Less wondrous when they pressed
Bethsaida's steep, then strode the deep,
Buoyed on the billow's crest—
By nail-prints tied, or flinging wide
To earth death's broken chain,
How should they trace the bounds of space
Or tread life's paths again?

But when they break the Bread they take,
 The Hands which Blessed and Bled—
 As when they bowed all Tabor's Cloud,
 Beside the Quick and Dead—
 The hearts that burn together turn,
 Their eyes no longer tied
 See Him Who lives the Life He gives,
 And show Him as He died.

Confido et Conquiesco.



RET not, poor Soul, while doubt and
 fear

Disturb thy breast ;
 The pitying Angels, who can see
 How vain thy wild regret must be,
 Say—Trust and Rest.

Plan not, nor scheme—but calmly wait ;
 His Choice is best :
 While blind and erring is thy fight,
 His Wisdom sees and judges right,
 So Trust and Rest.

Strive not, nor struggle : thy poor might
 Can never wrest
 The meanest thing to serve thy will ;
 All Power is His alone : Be still,
 And Trust and Rest.

Desire not : self-love is strong
 Within thy breast ;
 And yet He loves thee better still,
 So let Him do His loving Will,
 And Trust and Rest.

What dost thou fear ? His Wisdom reigns
 Supreme confessed :
 His Power is infinite ; His Love
 Thy deepest, fondest dreams above—
 So Trust and Rest.

Last Communion.



ESU, enthroned for evermore,
 O GOD, at GOD'S Right Hand on
 high,

Yet touched with feeling as of yore,
 O MAN, of man's infirmity ;

Thou patient Bearer of our pain,
 Thou gracious Weeper of our tears,
 Truly Thou hast not borne in vain
 This weary Flesh for thirty years.

Who pitiest still as then the woes
 Of our so frail humanity,
 Who drawest near to comfort those
 That cannot rise and come to Thee.

Health of the Soul, though cheeks grow pale,
 Once more we feed on Thee by faith,

Our Strength though flesh and heart shall fail,
Our Life although we look on death :—

Death ?—LORD, Thou knowest : none beside :

We cannot tell if it be so :

We only know that Thou hast died

And risen for us : we only know

All things are possible with Thee :

But fast the outward man decays,

So much the more then inwardly

Strengthen us ever by Thy Grace.

LORD, not our will be done but Thine :

Though we no more as now we do

Drink of Thy Fruit, O Living Vine,

Until in Heaven we drink it new.

I am the Rose of Sharon.



HERE was a Vale where Roses bloomed,

And all the live-long year perfumed ;

And they were roses passing fair,

Most meet for beauty's brow to wear ;

So sweet, that not a nightingale

But loved amid those flowers to wail ;

And all confessed such Heavenly dyes

Could only bloom in Paradise :

Oh, canst thou tell, within that Vale

Why Roses scent no more the gale ?

For sunbeams there are still most bright,

And softest dews of Heaven delight ;

And hoary Carmel's rugged crown
Still rolls its genial currents down ;
And teeming round, its fertile soil
Implores the busy hand of Toil,
While generous Nature yearns to bless
Each thoughtful care with large success :
Then, tell me, why within that Vale
Those Roses scent no more the gale ?

O Sharon ! spot so famed of yore,
Are all thy vaunted charms no more ?
And must our footsteps only press
Through a wide howling wilderness ?
Alas ! thy very echoes lone
Seem now to sigh in piteous tone,
As if they grieved a stranger's eye
Should e'er such shame and woe descry :
Then, tell me, why within thy Vale
Blooms there no Rose to scent the gale ?

Sharon ! shall flowers no more again
Spring from thy ancient fruitful plain ?
And must yon glittering sun illumine
Nought but a drear and voiceless tomb ?
No ! brighter hours are yet in store
When sin's dark reign of grief is o'er :
Oh, then shall shine such glorious hues
As ne'er was kissed by Israel's dews,
And Roses deck thy happy Vale
As never bowed to mortal gale.

The Words of Consecration.



THIS is My BODY—Thou hast said,
 Thy dying showed the same,
 This is My BODY—of that Bread
 Four Preachers still proclaim ;
 And this Thy FLESH is Meat indeed,
 The Antidote of death, of endless Life the Seed.
 Mysterious Words ! like Priests of old
 We eat the Sacrifice ;
 But half the meaning is not told,
 Untold the countless price ;
 We hear, and do Thy last Command,
 Our hearts adore Thy Words, but cannot understand.
 I eat Thy FLESH, I drink Thy BLOOD,
 I cannot tell the rest,
 But this I know, 'tis very good,
 And I therein am blest.
 Thy Priests, Thy Word bring down the Same ;
 I from their hands receive, and take It to Thy
 Name.

Sunday in Paradise.



IS there a day
 In all the ever-brightening chain
 Of blessed Paradisal gain
 Most blest alway ?
 Does Sunday fall there with its thrill
 Of joy increasing still ?

When the blue sky
Seems but the intervening screen
Earth's nave and Heaven's choir between ;
Do those on high
Unite with our less worthy throng
In one Cathedral song ?

Is the veil stirred
By waftings craving entrance there,
Of highest praise and deepest prayer
Only Heaven-heard ;
Revealing to each faintest Priest
His people's Altar-feast.

Do Angels teach
Some holy Sacramental lay
That all their scholar-flock may say
In lisped speech ?
That tender speech for earth too sweet
Only for Eden meet.

Ah ! who can tell ?
Some memory that earthward clings,
Some sympathy with former things,
Some soft pure spell,
May make the first day of earth's seven
The best, ev'n in Heaven.

Our Sundays seem
To meet those endless Sabbaths spent

In holy joy and sweet content
Beside Love's stream,
That bears all Souls yet on its breast
Unto eternal Rest.

Too late : all Hope is past.



TOO late ! all hope is past !
Not so, while life doth last.
Go ! wash away thy fears
With Sacramental tears
Of prayer-wrought penitence,
Sin's only recompense.
And having made thy shrift,
Go ! offer then the Gift
Which CHRIST commanded thee,
First-fruits of Charity.
Take, eat the Mystic Bread
Which raises from the dead ;
Will staunch the running sore,
The Oil of Gladness pour,
And pay the debtor's score :
Nor shrink, with trembling lip,
The Cup of Bliss to sip,
True Wine that cheers man's heart,
And soothes the rankling smart !
For JESUS, GOD and MAN,
The Good Samaritan,
To such as thee hath said—
'Tis I ; be not afraid :

Water Hoch in Himmelsthor. 391

And He, the Lamb and Priest,
Himself will be thy Feast ;
Fill thee with Heavenly Food,
His Living FLESH and BLOOD ;
Thy Wedding-robe put on,
And own thee for a Son.

Water Hoch in Himmelsthor.



FATHER, on Thy Heavenly Throne,
O JESUS CHRIST, God's Only SON,
O HOLY SPIRIT, ONE in THREE,
The Ever-blessed **TRINITY** :

Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy GOD most High,
So great in Sacramental Mystery,
To us Thy Mercy and Thy Grace extend,
Both now in life, and when our days we end.

O JESU, GOD and chieftest Good,
Thou Very **MAN** of Flesh and Blood,
Who in Thy Gifts most wondrous art,
Who dost Thyself indeed impart :
Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy, &c.

JESU, Thou Lamb of offering led,
Who on the Cross Thy **BLOOD** didst shed,
Unbloody for us sinners now
A Consecrated GOD art Thou :
Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy, &c.

JESU, the pilgrim's Sunshine bright,
The Way, the Truth, the Life, the Light,

Unseen—beyond all human ken,
Yet here discerned by faithful men :
Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy, &c.

JESU, of Souls the Shepherd good,
Who feedest us with Heavenly Food,
Who giv'st true Mercy from above,
And unto death Thine Own dost love :
Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy, &c.

JESU, of Life the very Bread,
In Whom the faithful live, though dead,
Through Thy most Holy FLESH and BLOOD,
Of Souls the everlasting Good :
Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy, &c.

JESU, Thou Prize of Christendom,
Thou Pledge of Glory yet to come,
Let us hereafter blessed rise,
Thy Glory share beyond the skies :
Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy, &c.

O Lamb of GOD, our Hope and Stay,
In Mercy hear us when we pray ;
Thyself, the Bread of Heaven, supply
Both now in life and when we die :
Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy, &c.

O JESU, Lamb of GOD, That here
Dost ever unto us appear ;
Let laud to Thee be always given
In this blest Sacrament of Heaven :

Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy, God most High,
So great in Sacramental Mystery,
To us Thy Mercy and Thy Grace extend,
Both now in life, and when our days we end.

The Soul-Dirge.



HE Organ played sweet music
Whileas on Easter day,
All heartless from the Altar
The heedless went away ;
And down the broad aisle crowding,
They seemed a funeral train
That were burying their spirits
To the music of that strain.

As I listened to the Organ,
And saw them crowd along,
I thought I heard two Voices
Speaking strangely, but not strong ;
And One, it whispered sadly—
Will ye also go away ?
But the Other spoke exulting—
Ha ! the Soul-dirge, hear it play !

Hear the Soul-dirge ! hear the Soul-dirge !
And see the Feast Divine.
Ha ! the Jewels of Salvation,
And the trampling feet of swine.
Hear the Soul-dirge ! hear the Soul-dirge !
Little think they as they go,

What priceless Pearls they tread on
Who spurn their SAVIOUR so !

Hear the Soul-dirge ! hear the Soul-dirge !

It was dread to hear it play,
While the famishing went crowding
From the Bread of Life away :
They were bidden, they were bidden
To their FATHER's festal Board ;
But they all, with gleeful faces,
Turned their back upon the LORD.

You had thought the Church a prison
Had you seen how they did pour,
With giddy, giddy faces,
From the consecrated door ;
There was angels' Food all ready,
But the bidden—where were they ?
O'er the highways and the hedges,
Ere the Soul-dirge ceased to play.

Oh, the Soul-dirge, how it echoed
The emptied aisles along,
As the open streets grew crowded
With the full outpouring throng.
And then again the Voices—
Ha ! the Soul-dirge, hear it play !
And the pensive, pensive Whisper—
Will ye also go away ?

Few, few, were they that lingered,
To sup with JESUS there ;

The Revelation of the Christ. 395

And yet, for all that spurned Him
There was plenty, and to spare ;
And now the Food of Angels
Uncovered to my sight,
All-glorious was the Altar,
And the Chalice glittered bright.

Then came the Hymn Trisagion,
And rapt me up on high,
With Angels and Archangels
To laud and magnify ;
I seemed to feast in Heaven ;
And downward wafted then,
With Angels chanting round me,
Good Will and Peace to men.

I may not tell the rapture
Of a Banquet so Divine ;
Ho ! every one that thirsteth,
Let him taste the Bread and Wine.
Hear the Bride and SPIRIT saying—
Will ye also go away ?
Or—Go, poor Soul, for ever !
Oh ! the Soul-dirge, hear it play !

The Revelation of the Christ.

Wayfarer.



BEHOLD ! I stand at the door and knock :
Hear My Voice ; thy heart unlock ;
It is I Who speak to thee,
I will come in and sup with thee, and
thou with Me.

Soul.

Who is this Who stands alone
 In the shadow of the night ?
 The rain falls fast, the night winds moan,
 My joy has fled with evening light ;
 The world's day waxes old, the stars are dim ;
 Who says He comes to sup with me, and I with
 Him ?

Wayfarer.

Sorrow-burdened Child of sin,
 Open quickly : it is I :
 See My Feet and take Me in,
 They are bleeding wearily ;
 Pierced through and bleeding are they : haste
 and see :
 I would come in and sup with with thee, and thou
 with Me.

Soul.

Yes : the road is old and rough,
 Narrow, strewn with many a thorn ;
 I have tried it oft enough,
 My feet too are pierced and torn ;
 I am as Thou art. How sayst Thou to me
 That Thou wilt come and sup with me, and I
 with Thee ?

Wayfarer.

Heavy-laden, dim of sight,
 Child of Adam, loose the door,

The Revelation of the Christ. 397

Even through the shades of night
See My Hands how they impore ;
For they are pierced and bleeding, all for thee ;
Thus would I come and sup with thee, and thou
with Me.

Soul.

Wounded Hands and aching Brow,
Since the hour when Adam fell,
Are the lot of man below ;
Each man feels it—oh, how well !
Thou art but one of us, Who claimst to be
Both Guest and Giver, and to come and sup with
me !

Wayfarer.

Yes : as thou art, so am I.
Son of man, dost thou repine ?
Doth thy brow ache ? Come, draw nigh,
Raise thy eyes and look at Mine.
Was ever sorrow like My Sorrow ? See
With what a festal wreath I come to sup with thee.

Soul.

Fathomless Eyes of awful Love
Beaming from the thorn-crowned brow,
Tell me who that garland wove—
Strange Wayfarer, Who art Thou ?
I dread, yet know Thee not. Oh, show to me
Whence comes the Banquet which my lips shall
share with Thee.

Wayfarer.

The shadows break, and morning-tide
 Reddens the east with dawn at hand,
 I lift the veil—Behold My Side!
 Yet do I unadmitted stand?
 Be not afraid. 'Tis I Who speak to thee,
 I will come in and sup with thee, and thou with Me.

Behold! I stand at the door and knock:
 Hear My Voice; thy heart unlock;
 It is I Who speak to thee,
 I will come in and sup with thee, and thou with Me.

The Return to God.*The Voice of the Penitent.*

LORD of Mercy, King of Might,
 In suffering Flesh for sinners given,
 A stranger seeks Thy Altar's Light,
 O high and holy Bread of Heaven;
 For here Thy SPIRIT long hath striven,
 And here Thy fell foes still would stay;
 O royal Victim, Mystic CHRIST,
 Come down in Thy high Eucharist
 And take my sin away.

Thou hast another Cross in me,
 A new rebuke Thy heart hath broke,

The pride that would not learn of Thee
And chafed beneath Thy easy Yoke.
O dumb cold heart to Lips that spoke
In Love, O sloth that deadens sorrows!
How long shall lips that nightly pray
Confess the falls of yesterday
Then make their guilt the morrow's?

O Strength and Mercy! grant once more
Thy Strength in weakness mirrored be;
O Sacrifice of Love! restore
The cleansing Grace of tears in me,
Of tears that should fall bitterly
O'er contrite works till life is flown;
For oh! such pain is Satan's loss,
And whoso'er would find Thy Cross
Must seek it with his own.

It is not with a passing pain
Thy Children walk the narrow way
When they have burst th' Accuser's chain
And cast his cords of guilt away;
And none may tell but Thou and they
What bright hopes have what strange alloy;
Unstoried conquests who may guess?
Each high heart veils its bitterness,
And none may mete its joy.

Though in Thy Balance of their ways
Their mansion in Thy House be won,

And only life the clog that stays
Their eagle-spirits from the sun,
They may not rest till toil is done,
They may not, dare not slumber now,
For where they linger sin is breath ;
They live—their life is daily death ;
They die—their death is Thou.

If Saints beneath the Altar cry,
If flesh-thorns buffet even these,
If Thou wert homeless, how may I
The chief of sinners hope for ease ?
Though what may come hath ecstasies
Repentance weeps o'er what is past ;
What though the first less dimly shine
Not grief alone but fear were mine
If mine were not the last.

The Mystic Bride is bridal-dight,
The eager Faithful ask their Food,
O Love of Love, and Light of Light,
This is Thy BODY, This Thy BLOOD.

The Voice of the Beloved.

Draw near Me, ransomed multitude ;
Do thou My bidding, faithful Priest ;
Be ye not fearful, I am He
Who said—Ye weary, come to Me
And I will give you rest.



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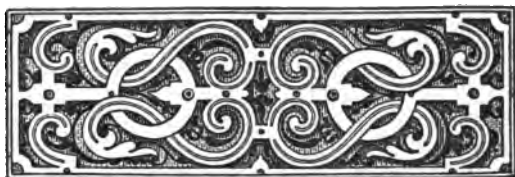
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"Next to Theologians, the greatest literary benefactors to the Church have been her Hymnographers. We happen to be writing

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on a day well fitted to remind us of this fact,—the feast of the great S. Thomas Aquinas, who shone like a burning light in both departments of religious lore. The sacred truths which the Theologian elucidates in his study, the Hymnist invests with those attributes of popular interest and poetic beauty which enable the faithful at large to appropriate and apply them as a portion of their own inheritance. . . . Meanwhile Catholics may well be grateful to Mr. Shipley, not only for presenting to them some of their old favourites in the form of a spirited and elegant translation, but for introducing to them many choice specimens in the same department with which they are less familiar.”—*The Dublin Review*.

“A new volume of sacred verse, by the Author of *Lyra Eucharistica*, contains a large and choice selection of devotional poetry from various sources and of every age of the Christian Church. Ancient Breviaries and mediæval Missals furnish some of the Hymns, and in their quaint symbolism betray their origin through their English dress. The translations are well done, and many of the Latin and Greek Hymns are now first published in verse.”—*The Westminster Review*.

“This is the ninth instalment of Mr. Shipley’s researches in devotional literature, in prose and verse, and we think it is likely to be as acceptable as any one of its predecessors. Mr. Shipley prefaces the Poems with an interesting historical account of them, and of the objects kept in view in the present selection. . . . Some most pertinent observations are made on the value of the ancient Hymns, and on our duty to use them. . . . The selection is an admirable one; and complete Indexes furnish full information respecting the sources of the Hymns, the first lines of the Latin ones being given. There are in all 343 pieces.”—*The Clerical Journal*.

“Mr. Shipley’s two handsome volumes [*Lyra Messianica* and *Lyra Eucharistica*] are most valuable contributions to the everyday literature of the Church. Neither trouble nor expense appear to have been spared in their compilation, and the result is well worthy of the pains bestowed.”—*The Church and State Review*.

“Amongst other Hymns the Editor has, with a few exceptions, avoided inserting Hymns already well known and printed in various collections. Besides translations, selections have been made from the published works of many of the first writers of sacred verse in the present age. The same rule is applied to these as to the other selections, and scarcely any are admitted the popularity of which has obtained for them a considerable notoriety. Some of the pieces are of considerable merit and beauty, but as a rule they rarely rise above mediocrity, while the sentiments expressed are sometimes questionable. . . . We do not know when the present passion

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for selections of poetry of every kind will cease. A love of poetry, especially devotional poetry, is a highly commendable taste, but we think that it is far better to be contented with a moderate amount of good poetry than a large amount of indifferent specimens of versification."—*The English Churchman*.

"The reverend Author of the *Lyra Messianica* is already favourably known as a hymn collector by his previously-published volume, *Lyra Eucharistica*. He has gone to the source of the fountain for his inspiration, and dug into the mine whence the true metal is to be extracted. He has searched the ancient Service-books of the Anglican Church prior to the Reformation, the Missals according to the Use of Sarum and York, as well as the Breviaries of the Italian and Gallician Churches. He has collected also from the more famous Latin hymn-writers, S. Damiani, Innocent III., S. Bonaventura, and others. Nor has he neglected to avail himself of the treasures of the Eastern Church as made known to the English reader by the translations of Drs. Neale and Littledale. The various collections of mediæval Hymns published during the last thirty years have all been made, with the sanction of their respective Editors, to contribute to the perfection and fulness of this present volume. The Hymns are mostly of an objective character, and group themselves around the various events in the life and history of our Blessed Lord, accompanying Him through the successive stages of His humiliation to the record of His glory as an Ascended Man, 'exalted with great triumph into His kingdom in Heaven.' The Author has furnished a rich source of enjoyment to that now happily numerous class of readers who find pleasure in these elevating and cheering poetical illustrations."—*The Press*.

"This volume, like its predecessor, *Lyra Eucharistica*, published under the same editorship, consists for the most part of a translation of ancient and mediæval Hymns of the Church, of which about ninety pieces are from Latin originals, sixteen or seventeen from the Greek Office Books, two from the Swedish tongue, three from the Italian, five from the Spanish, and twenty-one from the German. Some hundred and seventy are of purely English origin; and of these about ninety may, 'in their present form,' says Mr. Shipley, 'be termed original.' . . . It cannot be questioned that Mr. Shipley's volume contains much of antiquarian interest, poetic beauty, and religious expression."—*The London Review*.

"It is instructive to note how eager just now is every section of Christians, from the distinctly dogmatic even to the most latitudinarian, to gain for their different forms of faith the effective help of genuine poetry. Even those who are least inclined to pay much deference to the intellectual gift of modern thought, avail them-

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selves of every current by which they can help themselves forward in modern taste and feeling, and from every quarter—rigidly spiritual no less than luxuriantly ritual, scrupulously rational no less than traditionally imaginative—we have selections of religious poetry to aid the inadequate efforts of spiritual terror, authority, and argument. . . . Mr. Shipley's Collection is full of fine pieces, but its very principle is to give us poetry that does not express our mode of faith now, so much as the 'definite and dogmatic truth,' and the mode of translation is often needlessly stiff. It is a fine collection of old Hymns, which, by their rendering into English, generally increase, instead of diminishing the distance between ourselves and them."—*The Spectator*.

"It is a wisdom as old as the Church of CHRIST to propagate theological ideas by means of Hymns. Songs are more powerful teachers than sermons. They are things of beauty as well as of truth, and linger in the memory through their artistic forms; they appeal to sentiment as the handmaid of conviction; they both gratify and nurture religious feeling. A Hymn may catch him who a sermon flies. It is not that it teaches us any new truth; it is not merely that it reminds us of any old truth. This might be done by the most homely prose. It is that it puts familiar truth before us in a form that both the heart and the imagination delight in. And the heart always retains the most tenaciously that which the imagination shapes for it. . . . Making full allowance both for the spirit of exclusion and the spirit of inclusion, the collection is a valuable one. It can hardly be regarded as the worship-book of any congregation; but it supplies a number of valuable Hymns and translations for the compilers of the worship-book that is to be; and, unlike Mr. Shipley and his school, Nonconformists will do well to use it and to make their worship as catholic as the Church of Christ. The Hymns of the ancient Church are the possession of no sect, the badge of no creed, but the glorious inheritance of the whole Church of God."—*The Patriot*.

"In a Book which contains most of what has been written of reverent and devotional Hymns in ancient and mediæval times on the Life of CHRIST it is not necessary to do more than indicate our favourites. Lovers of Hymns will have observed for themselves that, of all the phases of our Blessed Lord's Life, the Passion is that which has called out the most telling Hymns for devotional use. The more Hymnology becomes a science, the more this rule holds good, and the beautiful and touching exceptions which *Lyra Messianica* here and there supplies in its Ascension and Easter-tide selections do but prove what is continually observed. Rightly to appreciate the Book, readers must study it and use it as it is intended to be used—as a Book of devotion."—*Events of the Month*.



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